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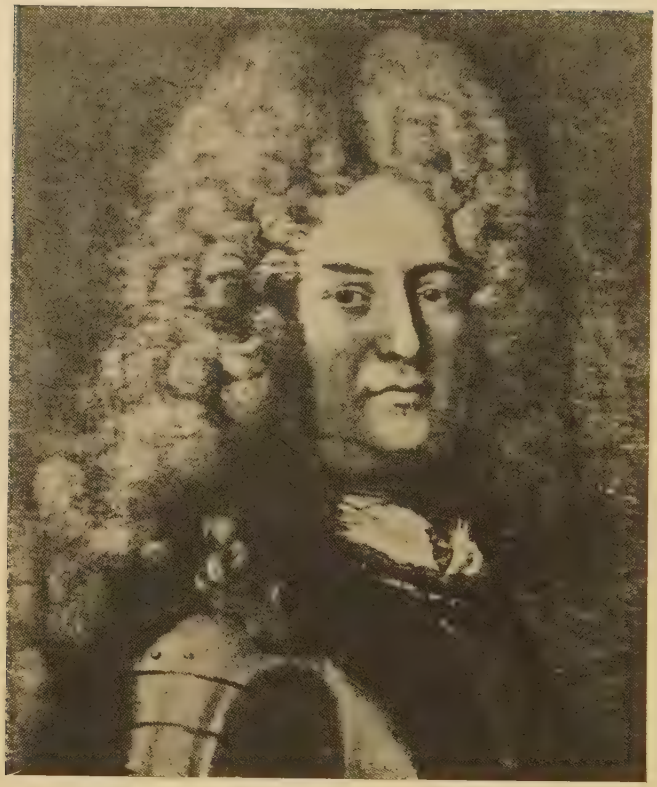
Dedicated to

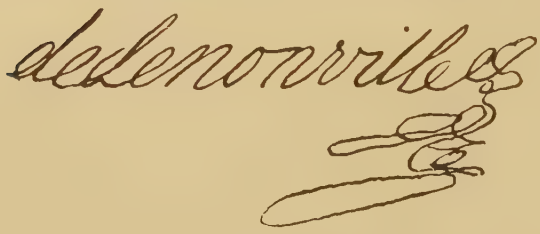
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Alling

and those Associated Citizens of Rochester whose gracious generosity made possible the publication of this volume and the acquisition of other rare and valuable material for the library of

The Rochester Historical Society



Jacques-René de Brisay,
Marquis de Denonville



THE ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATION FUND SERIES
VOLUME IV

Edited by
EDWARD R. FOREMAN
CHAIRMAN *of the* PUBLICATION COMMITTEE
under authority of the Board of Managers
CHARLES H. WILTSIE
PRESIDENT

Rochester, N. Y.
Published by the Society
1925

SEATTLE GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.

HENRY CONOLLY COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Our lives are little, but our times are great.
We come, we see, we linger, and we pass—
Weave but a single thread in web of state,
Or give the field a single blade of grass.
We are in action like a boyish Class,
Where each one stumbles through his dozen lines,
And looks bewildered at the stubborn mass
Of foreign words and intricate designs—
But, lo! when all is done, through all an
Iliad shines.

R. J.

Written for The Rochester Historical Society
by Dr. Rossiter Johnson

The Rochester Historical Society

Rochester, N. Y.

1925 - 1926

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Being duly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, The Rochester Historical Society is competent to hold and dispose of real estate, and to receive loans, gifts, bequests and devises. When making your will, remember the needs of the Society.

Presidents of
The Rochester Historical Society

From first organization in 1860 to 1925, inclusive

THE FIRST ORGANIZATION

*LEWIS HENRY MORGAN, first organizer of The Rochester Historical Society, 1860. (Incorporated, L. 1861, Ch. 258)

THE PRESENT ORGANIZATION

*EDWARD MOTT MOORE, SR., M. D.,	1888-1889
*REV. AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, D. D.,	1890
*HON. JAMES LANSING ANGLE,	1891
*CHARLES E. FITCH,	1892-1893
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ADELBERT CRONISE,	1900-1901
EUGENE H. HOWARD, M. D.,	1902-1903
*WILLIAM H. SAMSON,	1904-1905
*CLINTON ROGERS,	1906-1907
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CHARLES F. POND,	1913
EDWARD R. FOREMAN,	1914-1918
HARVEY F. REMINGTON,	1918-1921
CHARLES HASTINGS WILTSIE,	1921-

LIFE HONORARY PRESIDENTS

*MRS. GILMAN H. PERKINS, the Founder of the present organization in 1887, was elected Honorary President, to serve for life, June 25, 1914. Mrs. Perkins died, March 21, 1919.

*HIRAM HASKELL EDGERTON, Mayor of Rochester, 1908-1921, was elected Honorary President, to serve for life, January 29, 1922. Mr. Edgerton died, June 18, 1922.

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*Deceased

The Two Organizations

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Rochester Historical Society was first organized, May 18, 1860, by Lewis Henry Morgan, Rochester's most noted scientist-author, called "the father of American anthropology." (For full account of his life and works, see Vol. II, Publication Fund Series).

The New England Historical and Genealogical Register for the year 1860 (Vol. XIV, page 375) contains the following record:

> "ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—A preliminary meeting was held in the city of Rochester, Monroe Co., N. Y., May 18, 1860, Lewis H. Morgan, Esq., in the Chair, and Jarvis M. Hatch, Secretary, when a Historical and Genealogical Society was formed, with the title of "The Rochester Historical Society;" and committees appointed to complete the organization. On the 28th of June, a second meeting was held, when a constitution was reported and adopted, and the organization completed by the election of the following persons as officers, viz.:—
>
> "President, Lewis H. Morgan; 1st Vice Prest., Lysander Farrar; 2d Vice Prest., Henry O'Reilly; Rec. Sec., Jarvis M. Hatch; Cor. Sec., George G. Munger; Treasurer, George F. Danforth.
>
> "Monthly meetings were agreed to be held, on the last Thursday in each month.
>
> "J. M. HATCH, Rec. Sec."

In 1861, Mr. Morgan served as a member of assembly of the State of New York, from Monroe County, at which time he caused to be introduced and passed a special law incorporating The Rochester Historical Society, (Laws of 1861; Chapter 261; passed April 15, 1861). The Incorporators mentioned in the act were Lewis H. Morgan, Lysander Farrar, Henry O'Reilly, Jarvis M. Hatch, George G. Munger, and Edward A. Raymond.

The proceedings of The Rochester Historical Society, as organized by Mr. Morgan, have never been deposited to date (1925) in the library of the present Society. It is known, however, that the early Society held meetings, at which papers were read, on historical themes. (See "Memoir of Calvin Huston, Jr.," read by Mr. Morgan before the society March 31, 1862; listed in Vol. II., Pub. Fund Series, page 93.) Also, historical material was collected, as appears from The New England Historical and Genealogical Register for the year 1861, (Vol. XIV, page 299) where a report is published from Jarvis M. Hatch, Secretary, giving extracts from the manuscript Account Book and Journal kept by

Captain Enos Stone, of Lenox, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, and afterwards of Rochester, New York. The Journal covers the year 1777, when Captain Stone served in the Northern Army, at Ticonderoga, was taken prisoner, and carried to Quebec.

For an account of the re-organization of The Rochester Historical Society in 1888, under the leadership of Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, see "Origin and Mission of The Rochester Historical Society," Vol. I, Publication Fund Series, pages 9-14.

Foreword

By Edward R. Foreman

Often we think of our local history as beginning with the purchase of the One-Hundred-Acre Tract and its development by Colonel Nathaniel Rochester; overlooking the fact that the territory we inhabit was the scene of a drama of intense human interest centuries before the city of Rochester was dreamed of.

For one hundred and seventy-nine years after the Dutch settled at Albany (1609-1788) European settlements were confined to Long Island, the Mohawk, Champlain and Hudson River Valleys, while the balance of the present State of New York was under absolute control of the fierce Iroquois, as their ancestral domain. But white men visited the Genesee Country before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock; and the great League of the Iroquois already was established.

Etiènne Brûlé, "the pioneer of pioneers," crossed Western New York in 1615, just preceding the time Samuel de Champlain invaded Central New York; the Franciscan, Rev. Joseph de la Roche Dallion, conducted a mission among the Indians of the Neutral Nation as early as 1626; and the Jesuits, Brébeuf and Chaumonot, first labored near the present site of Lockport in 1640. The religious impulse sent the Jesuit missionaries into the Seneca villages for twenty years before Denonville came; and the trade spirit brought La Salle on his first visit to Irondequoit Bay, in 1669. It was ever the fleur-de-lis and the crucifix.

Central and Western New York became the theater for the game of Empire played between France and England. The echo of Champlain's arquebuse, in its murderous discharge against the Mohawk chiefs in 1609, resounded through all the remaining years of the seventeenth century; a constant warfare being maintained between the French and those fighters of appalling ferocity, the Iroquois, inter-

rupted occasionally by negotiations and brief intervals of false peace.

For over a hundred years French activities in this region crowd our historic background with episodes of adventure and romance. It was a time of picturesque coloring. Across the motion-screen of memory a strange procession passes: plumed and painted Indians slip through the shadows about their wild, fierce business; we see gallant, mail-clad soldiers, girt with swords or bearing arquebuses; friars with peaked hoods and rosaries; explorers, voyageurs, traders, scouts and trappers; with military expeditions and frontier garrisons; and all the adventurous life of the forest. It seems almost a dream of romance rather than a chapter of stern history.

In this Volume IV of the Publication Fund Series, first prominence is given to material covering this French and Indian period. George B. Selden, Jr., tells the story of "The Expedition of the Marquis de Denonville against the Seneca Indians—1687," also the earlier adventures of "Etiènne Brûlé;" Dr. Arthur C. Parker discusses the first Indian inhabitants and "The Natural Forces that Molded the Genesee Country;" while Nathaniel S. Olds, in "The Jesuits and Their Missions," with great sympathy and respect, pays a tribute to the Jesuit Fathers, who gave their lives in the attempt to bring hither the gospel of peace and good-will.

The French occupation was not one of settlement. The French were traders, seeking the wealth of furs to offset the financial losses of the colony of New France. After the English conquest, followed by the American Revolution, came the period of pioneer settlement, and the coming of the home-builders. It was then, like magic, that our local communities leaped into being.

The pioneer period is covered by two papers in this Volume: "Adventures of a Surveyor-Pioneer in the Genesee Country—Augustus Porter," by Charles Mulford Robinson; and "The Twenty-Thousand-Acre Tract," by Moses B. King.

The story of Rochester before 1830 is told in "Memories of Village Days," by Jesse W. Hatch; Dr. Porter Farley covers a later period in his "Rochester in the Forties;" and Dr. Augustus H. Strong, D. D., in his fascinating style, opens our eyes to Rochester as he knew it, in his "Reminiscences."

The influence of the revivals of Rev. Charles G. Finney on the lives of many of our citizens was remarkable; H. Pomeroy Brewster has told the story of these revivals in his paper, "The Magic of a Voice."

"The First Church Sun-Dial" is the theme of a paper by Charles Hastings Wiltsie, President of The Rochester Historical Society. Here is restored, in memory, the charm of that old clock-of-nature which checked off the heart-throbs of days that are gone.

Oswald P. Backus, Jr., has contributed for publication his paper on the "History of the Monroe County Court," written for The Rochester Bar Association; while George H. Humphrey, "the literary lawyer," chats in a most entertaining manner on the "Changes in the Practice of the Law in Rochester."

Interesting stories are told by Horace McGuire in his "Two Episodes of Anti-Slavery Days;" also by Ira L. Otis in his "Henry Clay's First Visit to Rochester;" and Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker introduces us to "Lawrie Todd," the first novel written about Rochester.

This volume includes, also, the paper by Hon. John D. Lynn on "The United States Marshal's Office in the World War." Judge Lynn is a rare man. He has the historic sense and touches any subject adroitly. In this instance he has told the story of his personal experiences as United States Marshal in the days of intense war excitement when he was the responsible agent for the government in dealing with enemy aliens, slackers, and other war problems. His paper is a human document of great interest and value.

It is hoped that the offerings of Volume IV will meet with the approval of our generous Publication Patrons.

PUBLICATION FUND SERIES
VOLUME IV

The Rochester Historical Society

The Expedition of the Marquis de Denonville against the Seneca Indians: 1687

By George B. Selden, Jr.

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, April 23, 1923.
Revised by the Author for publication in Volume IV,
Publication Fund Series, 1925.

DRIVEN by a fateful wind the ships of Jacques Cartier entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence and placed the future French colony as a participant in an old family quarrel. For over a hundred and fifty years this struggle blighted the colony with all the horrors of savage warfare, which eventually included a most interesting chapter of local history.

The cause of this Indian war is far beyond our horizon of written history and we depend on legend as well as the relics left by these people to trace the story. It is probable that there was a migration of these early Indians moving slowly from west to east across the Mississippi Valley. This was a leisurely shifting of village sites as the previous ones became uninhabitable, due to the accumulation of refuse, the scarcity of firewood and the driving of game from the vicinity. This movement resulted in separating these people, the Algonquin, into different groups of families or tribes which had spread over Eastern America by the time the European arrived. At the western end of Lake Erie, occurred one of the principal points of separation, one band crossing the Detroit River into Canada, while the balance continued eastward along the southern shore and into New York State.

The natural boundary of the lakes separated them, but their language, implements and mode of living remained practically the same. Their food supply was produced by

the simplest forms of agriculture, supplemented by supplies of fish and game. The question of the best territory for hunting became an acute one as the years passed, some seven thousand acres of forest being required to support a family. This led to difficulties between the tribes and many small raids resulted.

The eastward movement of the two branches brought them together again at the St. Lawrence River. At first this union seems to have been friendly, as the southern family cultivated the fields while the northern one did the hunting. At last a time came when a party of both tribes went into the woods together. The Algonquins, the hunters, met with no success; this caused the Iroquois to try their skill. Many animals were killed by them and that night the successful hunters were murdered by the jealous Algonquins. For this act the Algonquins refused to make amends; the Iroquois were helpless and fearing a further massacre took their way across the Adirondack Mountains into the Mohawk Valley. Here, filled with a spirit of revenge, they waited their opportunity, which was not long in coming.

Charlevoix, one of the early authorities, fixes this exodus as about the year 1570 and adds with truth that they learned war and "they poured all at once upon the Algonquins, and commenced that war of which we saw only the conclusion, and which set all Canada on fire."

The Iroquois were the victims of the war parties of the Algonquins who swarmed across the lakes and mountains into their country at will. Champlain's first knowledge of them he received while at Tadoussac in 1603, when he saw a war party return from the Iroquois country, flushed with victory, with a hundred scalps carried in triumph on poles. This and some other equally disastrous experiences led the Indians of central New York into a defensive league through the efforts of the Onondaga chief, Hiawatha. At first this was simply a loose alliance to prevent war among these tribes, but as it became stronger it undertook the aggressive. At times it was almost torn asunder by quarrels between its tribes, but most of the time it kept its members a united group.

The movement for the formation of this alliance, the League of the Iroquois, was strongest with the Onondagas, Oneidas and Mohawks, who were the most exposed to attack. The Cayugas and Senecas being protected more or less by the Neutral Nation whose territory must be crossed by the invader, were not so enthusiastic over it. Its scope allowed its nations to make war or peace for themselves, and if attacked, each tribe conducted its own defense. Aid was usually offered, but not given. Its merit lay in the fact that definite boundaries were established and this prevented many fights between them. A very clever system of similar clans existed through the tribes, so that they all felt a personal relationship with each other. Women played a large part in the administration of its affairs and had the power of selecting chiefs, and while not participating in the council they had their representative. The children were members of their mother's clan as well as her nation. A unique feature of the laws of the Iroquois was that the value of a woman's life was double that of a man's.

The entrance of the Senecas into the League gave it five members and was, according to their own statements, four years before Hudson sailed up the river of that name or in 1605. This is also confirmed by Champlain, if we correctly interpret his statement that Iroquois and Senecas lived south of Lake Ontario. Many of the neighboring tribes were invited to join the growing League, but declined and were henceforth treated as enemies. Their territory was as follows: The Senecas owned the Genesee Valley and east to beyond Canandaigua Lake; from there to the region of Syracuse belonged to the Cayugas; the site of Syracuse and the Oswego River belonged to the Onondagas; the Oneidas were on the lake of that name and in the upper Mohawk Valley; the Mohawks occupied the rest of this valley, but not all the way to the Hudson. The total Iroquois population was probably not as great as twelve thousand, and their warriors about two thousand. Opposed to them were some hundred and thirty thousand foes who could put into the field, had they had the organization, a force of fifteen thousand men. It is not surprising that the League was barely holding its own when the white man came. That it

survived at all was due to the superior qualities of the Iroquois. They carried on wars with more prudence than did their foes, who rarely guarded against surprise. They were hated intensely by the Algonquins, who felt that they were outcasts.

The year 1609 opened the conflict between the French and the Iroquois. Champlain, who felt that much was to be gained by a loyal support of the Indian allies of the French, joined a party of Ottawas in the annual attack against the Mohawks. With two Frenchmen and sixty Indians he paddled up the Richelieu River and into Lake Champlain, a territory where the Iroquois had formerly lived. There the battle was carefully rehearsed by the chief assigning each man his position by the use of a little stick and drilling them. Shortly the scouts reported the presence of two hundred Mohawks and the chiefs of both parties made an amicable agreement that as it was too near evening the battle would be postponed until the following day. All camped for the night and insults were yelled back and forth with the enthusiasm and joy of men who went into a stone age fight. Confidence reigned in both camps. The Mohawks had a few shining tomahawks of iron whose owners were anxious to try them, the rest had only stone axes, bows and arrows. Many of them wore an alleged armor made of rushes. The Ottawas rested supremely satisfied that they held the trump cards in Champlain and his two arquebusiers. Daylight came at last, ushering in a new era and two centuries of war.

Without fear the Mohawks left their fortified camp and advanced against the Ottawas, bow in hand, who with suppressed excitement awaited them. Arrows began to fly as the distance between them lessened. Soon they would be in hand-to-hand combat as their fathers had fought from time immemorial. When only a few paces separated them the ranks of the Ottawas parted and revealed to the astonished Mohawks, Champlain and his two companions, in bright armor with leveled arquebuses. For a moment the Mohawks paused and then advanced, Champlain fired, and as his gun was loaded with slugs, down went the Mohawk

chief and two of his warriors. The other Frenchmen then fired and the combat became general. The surprise and the failure of their arrow-proof armor, contributed to another severe defeat of the Iroquois, and a few days later the Mohawk villages were steeped in gloom at the disaster, while they mourned their fallen warriors. They realized that a new and deadly foe had appeared, but were not aware that fate was even at that moment bearing across the Atlantic another explorer, Hudson,* who would open the way to European allies, bringing to the Iroquois the weapons that would give them victory.

The other nations of the League heard the story of the encounter with Champlain, and with each telling the wonder grew as they pondered over it during the long winter nights. Legends of the men of stone from whom arrows glanced may have come from this source, and a deep and bitter feeling towards the French resulted. Nor was this lessened by the experience of the following summer when Champlain attacked a fort defended by a hundred of the Iroquois. For a time they repulsed the attack, but Champlain succeeded in felling a tree across their barricade over which swarmed his Indians and few of the Iroquois escaped.

The following years witnessed the arrival of other Europeans. The Dutch settled at Albany near the Mohawks. Sweden shortly planted a colony, further south, which perished, owing to troubles in the mother country; and the wars of the Old World began to have their counterparts in the New, made doubly horrible as the Europeans employed the savages as allies.

Shortly after the Dutch fort at Albany was completed in 1614, seven courageous Dutchmen, who hoped to establish favor with the neighboring Mohicans, joined them in an attack on the Mohawks. The result was most satisfactory to the Mohawks, who ambushed and killed or captured the entire party. The bodies of the Dutch were taken to their towns to be eaten, but there were not enough to

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*Editor's Note: Hendrick Hudson, at the time of this battle, was in Penobscot Bay.

furnish an adequate feast for all of them. However, the Mohawks were loath to start a war against a foe who could be so valuable as a friend, so an embassy was sent to inquire the cause of the recent attack and see if a peaceful adjustment could not be made. The Mohawks now became frequent visitors at Albany, and later the Dutch became acquainted with the other tribes of the Iroquois. As the Holland franchise of the Albany company required a certain amount of exploration to be done, the Dutch slowly penetrated further into the country of the Iroquois and met the other nations. Our word, Seneca, is probably the result of this. The term "Sin-aki" was applied to all of the Iroquois except the Mohawks, it being the Algonquin for the Oneidas or "the people of the stone." Later as they visited these people it was applied to those further west, the Onondagas and Senecas. When the Onondagas had been distinguished from the rest, there still remained the Senecas and with them the name rested.

Champlain, not content with his two previous successes, now undertook another campaign against the Iroquois. Crossing the foot of Lake Ontario with some two hundred Hurons he advanced upon the Onondagas after their harvest season. He had previously sent his aid, Etiènne Brûlé, to lead a war party of the Andaste Indians from their principal town, which was situated near the present site of Waverly, N. Y., to join in the attack.* The failure of these Indians to arrive caused Champlain to undertake the capture of the Onondaga town alone. Several days of fruitless fighting ensued without French success and Champlain's allies began to feel discouraged. As the Andaste reinforcements had not arrived and Champlain was suffering from many arrow wounds, the attempt was abandoned and the Hurons returned home. This failure encouraged the Iroquois and from this time on the Hurons as well as the French colony were the victims of a series of skillfully executed raids.

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*Editor's Note: See article on "Etiènne Brûlé," by George B. Selden, this book, pages 83-102.

The development of the colony of New France proceeded rapidly and many of the Canadian Indians were converted to Christianity through the heroic efforts of the French priests. Among these was the Huron confederation, living in the country between Lake Simcoe and Georgian Bay. The Iroquois were active whenever a small party of Hurons could be safely attacked, and the conditions finally became so critical that Champlain wrote Cardinal Richelieu in 1635 for aid in obtaining troops to destroy the Iroquois, who were now receiving firearms from the Dutch and becoming most proficient in their use. The Senecas continued to attack and defeat the Hurons, who promptly made peace, a fatal mistake, as the Iroquois, intoxicated with success, immediately commenced another war. Between these combatants lay another nation, the Neutrals, who prided themselves on their ability to keep out of the conflict by permitting both the Seneca and Huron warriors passage through their country. Often their cabins would shelter parties of both tribes, who would glare savagely at each other, bound by their oath that there should be no bloodshed in the villages of the Neutrals. They now became alarmed and moved out of Western New York into Canada. The New England Indians began to receive visits from the Mohawks, who now had 400 men with muskets. These usually left the white colonists alone, but were held in great fear by the Indians. Governor Colden states:

"I have been told by old men in New England, who remembered the time when the Mohawks made war on their Indians, that as soon as a single Mohawk was discovered in the country, their Indians raised a cry from hill to hill, 'A Mohawk! A Mohawk!' upon which they all fled like sheep before wolves without attempting to make the least resistance, whatever the odds were on their side."

In the west the war continued unabated, while the St. Lawrence became the scene of numerous minor encounters which effectively ruined the fur trade, the colonies' source of revenue. In these water fights the Canadian Indians with their birch bark canoes usually were victorious, as they were the better boatmen, the Iroquois being handicapped by their clumsier canoes of elm bark.

Fathers Brébeuf and Chaumonot, who visited the Neutral Nation in 1640, estimated their population as 12,000 people in forty villages which were soon to fall victims to the Iroquois. Steps were now taken by the French to protect their country by a series of forts, the first one being constructed at Sorel. Also an attempt was made to induce the Dutch to stop supplying the Iroquois with firearms. Neither of these measures had any material effect on the rapidly growing struggle. Fresh troops were sent into the Lake Champlain country to fortify it. The Mohawks lost no time in attacking these, and for a time it looked as if the French would be annihilated. Recovering from their surprise, they succeeded in repulsing the Indians. The Mohawks now gained control of the lower Ottawa River and the St. Lawrence above Montreal. The Hurons came to rescue the French and defeated a large party of Iroquois in canoes. The Iroquois now adopted the tactics of avoiding any large encounters and kept a number of small war parties in the field. This made matters even worse and caused Father Vimont to say:

> "I would as soon be besieged by hobgoblins as by the Iroquois. The one is scarcely more visible than the other. When they are afar off, one believes that they are at our doors; when they throw themselves upon their prey, one imagines that they are in their own land."

The Senecas now conceived the ambitious plan of destroying the Huron nation and approached the other members of the League with the proposition. As this aid was refused, the Senecas proceeded to make the attempt without assistance. Assembling their total strength, some thousand men, they departed for the Huron country, before winter should set in. Waiting near their victims, until the first March thaw, they fell upon them like a pack of wolves. So sudden was the onslaught that the Hurons hardly made any resistance, five towns were captured and their inhabitants either killed or driven into the forest, there to perish miserably from cold and starvation. The Jesuits, Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, were captured and tortured to death. The power of the Senecas is significantly expressed by Brébeuf's statement that the Huron Nation comprised at that time some thirty thousand persons. One of the towns,

Scanonaenrat, surrendered without a struggle and was moved as a village to the Seneca canton.* After the invaders had departed, the Jesuits gathered together the survivors of their converts and removed them to Quebec for safety. The Senecas, drunk with their new power, through the use of iron axes and muskets gave their attention to the Neutral Nation, their former neighbors. They too succumbed, and Father Garnier, the Jesuit, was mercifully killed by a bullet as he was leaving his chapel to rally his flock. Some sixteen hundred of these people were spared and adopted by the victors. The rest of the League felt jealous of the success of their western member and the Mohawks plotted to add to their laurels by the extermination of the few surviving Hurons, safely settled as they believed beneath the guns of Quebec. The Onondagas had similar ideas, and as an attack was out of the question, thought to accomplish this by treachery, so negotiations were opened with the French and a mission was placed among the Onondagas. The Mohawks objected to this, and cautioned the French to do all outside business through the eastern door of the League and not to come through "the central chimney as they might fall into the great council fire."

The Senecas now opened a campaign against the Eries, a tribe located to the west of them, who were finally destroyed after a stubborn resistance in which the attacking force lost heavily. After this, in order to allow greater scope for their war parties, it was considered desirable to arrange a peace with the French, and a chief was despatched to Quebec to arrange this. On passing through the Mohawk country he was murdered because of jealousy. This threatened to separate the League by a Seneca-Mohawk war. To avoid this the Dutch acted as arbitrators and succeeded in averting the disaster. However, the Mohawks felt no security after these negotiations. The following year they asked for refuge with the Dutch in

*Editor's Note: The Jesuit name for this town, St. Michel, was continued in its new location. Scanonaenrat is defined by Father A. E. Jones, S. J., as being a separate nation—"The One White Cabin."

case the Senecas should attack them and for horses to drag tree trunks to strengthen their palisades. The Mohawks made an attack on the Quebec Hurons and killed many. Peace was granted to them if they would move to the Mohawk country. Some accepted this offer and were massacred while on the way. Some encouragement was given the French by the opening of missions by Father Chaumonot among all the nations of the League except the Mohawk. This hope was short-lived, as the Onondagas' enthusiasm over their new friends was replaced by a desire to kill them. This becoming known, the entire mission of fifty-three persons was enabled to escape. The war now reached a new intensity and even the outskirts of Quebec saw the activity of Iroquois scalping parties. During the early spring of 1660, a small party of French and Hurons took their position on the lower Ottawa River, one of the routes used by the Iroquois. A party of Onondagas discovered them and, being aided by Mohawks, captured the fort after ten days of fighting. The Iroquois next blockaded Quebec. It now became a serious question if the colony could long survive. At this time the Cayugas appeared at Montreal and wished the French to know that they were not in this last outbreak. The following year the war became even more general and not a friendly Indian or a Frenchman was to be found on the entire St. Lawrence outside of the fortified towns. Conditions were desperate. The fur trade was ruined, the fields neglected and bankruptcy as well as famine faced all. In the midst of this gloom, two chiefs arrived at Montreal and wished the missions reopened among the Onondagas and Cayugas. The Jesuit, Father Le Moyne, departed for the fifth time on a peace embassy to the Iroquois. He was received with a great ovation and felt that at last he had triumphed. Captives were returned with hopes of peace and friendship. It was not quite perfect, as Garangula, one of the Onondaga chiefs who had been imprisoned at Quebec, desired revenge and started for Montreal to obtain it. The Senecas, not to be left out, started a peace embassy for the same place, but they turned back when they met Garangula wearing the black robe of an ecclesiastic he had murdered. The League was again

in danger of disintegrating over the question of the French conflict. Two of its members had made peace, so the others searched for new foes and found them with disastrous results. A force sent against the Ottawas was surprised during a revel and defeated near Sault Ste. Marie. England had sent troops to assist the Andastes of the Susquehanna, and a party operating against them had been annihilated. The Kennebecs of Maine had been attacked by the Mohawks and the English complained about this. The Mohawks threatened to ravage Connecticut if the English persisted, but later returned their prisoners. A force of Senecas, Mohawks and Onondagas were repulsed by the New England Indians. Smarting under these reverses, in 1663 a powerful force was despatched against the Andastes, expecting an easy victory, but they too had been learning war and had fortified their town with cannon. There was keen disappointment among the Iroquois when they saw this, but they dared not attack, so resorted to treachery. Twenty-five warriors were sent with a flag of truce to the town to treat for food, intending, when once inside, to capture the gateway and admit their companions. The Andastes seized these and burned them alive on scaffolds in sight of their helpless friends who, far from pleased with their reception, went home, where a greater and far less merciful enemy than any they had encountered awaited them, in an epidemic of smallpox which swept through their villages.

In 1664, England took possession of the Dutch colony in New York and with it went the friendship of the Iroquois. New treaties were made and they became subjects of the English King, who instructed them to look to him for assistance and to the Archbishop of Canterbury for spiritual counsel. It does not appear that they ever troubled the bishop about their souls or even felt they were subjects; however, they did ask the king to investigate the high cost of rum, gunpowder and other necessities. The Iroquois still regarded the English Colony of Virginia as a fair target for their war parties.

Vigorous steps were now taken by the French to protect themselves from the persistent attacks of the Mohawks. Regardless of the claim that they were British subjects, De Tracy, the French governor, planned their complete destruction. Forts were built at strategic points, whose only effect was to cause the invading Indians to portage around them. More troops were sent from France to occupy the forts, and undaunted by the difficulties, a winter campaign against the Mohawks was made by Courcelles. For a month his men struggled through the Adirondack wilderness, now deep with snow. Finally they reached the Mohawk Valley, too benumbed by cold and weak from exhaustion to attack the Indians. This exploit filled the Mohawks with apprehension and respect for their adversary, but they did not make peace. Soon afterwards they started another attack against the French. On the way they were surprised by a large force under Captain Sorel. They said they were on their way to make peace, and one of their chiefs returned with the French to meet Governor De Tracy, who, with the honor due to an ambassador, invited him to dinner. All might have gone well had it not been for the egotism of the chief. While the meal was being served, some remark was made about the murder of Chazy, a French officer, and the Indian, with more pride than sense, raised his arm and told them that was the hand which had killed Chazy. De Tracy called the guard and the guest was promptly strangled. This made a deep impression on the Mohawks and shortly a peace was made which lasted for seventeen years. The bitterness of war now gave place to friendship as the Jesuits labored in their villages. The missions flourished and many converts to Christianity were made. The sick were cared for, and the Indians learned how to improve the crops the fertile valley would yield. Among the first Mohawk converts was the wife of their great chief, Kryn, who at this time was away on the warpath. When it was proposed to build a settlement for these converts close to Montreal, she, with some others, eagerly embraced the opportunity. When Kryn returned, he was furious at his wife's actions, but later as his rage cooled and curiosity developed, he visited her. He was so charmed

by the order and happiness there, that he went to the Mohawks and returned with a large following. The advantage of this was twofold to the French, as it reduced the number who might become hostile under some evil influence, as well as increasing the number of their allies. These were the Mohawks who fought with Denonville and the chief who led them.

The French colony entered on an era of development when Count Frontenac became the Governor, and had it not been filled with jealousy and bigotry, it might rapidly have outdistanced the feeble colonies of England. Frontenac was too familiar with war to expose the French to any more Indian conflicts. He knew the weakness of the European in the field against such foes, the importance of the control of Lake Ontario, and the friendship of the best fighters of America. Although his resources were meager he planned to construct two forts on Lake Ontario, one at Kingston and the other at Niagara, and to accomplish this he must first win the favor of the Iroquois. In 1673 La Salle, who had traveled extensively among the Iroquois, invited them to meet the Governor at Kingston in their own country, as he was coming to visit them contrary to the usual custom of having the Indians go to Montreal. A swarm of savages of all ages awaited his arrival and with awe saw the few troops Frontenac landed with. These were all he had, but the Indians were told that they were only his personal guard, as he had come to talk peace and, naturally, did not bring his army. With presents and carefully chosen words, Frontenac, who was an able diplomat, told the Indians of his wish to build a trading post among them, not a fort. They were to be his children and to come to him with their troubles; he was their father, not their brother, as many of the white men had addressed them. He even wished some of their children to return with him to Quebec that he might show his friendship and educate them. After the meeting he made good his words by going among their families and kissing their dirty babies, also he had a small present for each. No wonder his request was granted and he accomplished more than the fifty previous years of fighting. His

quarters at Quebec were freely visited by the Indians, much to the discomfort of his other guests, who remarked that Frontenac always had a couple of greasy Indians dining with him.

The fort at Kingston was constructed and La Salle was placed in charge of it. Furs poured in from the Indians and enriched the Governor. La Salle did not long remain at Kingston. He visited the Senecas to ascertain the truth of the story that a river rising in the Iroquois country flowed into a distant ocean, which he hoped might be the Pacific, with an easy access to the riches of the Orient. Finding that this was not true, he devoted himself to the project of building a colony in the rich beaver country of the Illinois, which could be reached by the Mississippi River. A ship was constructed on Lake Erie, and soon a fort was built near the present location of Peoria, Illinois.

With Frontenac matters went badly. He was opposed to the Jesuits as they hampered his plans. He favored the Order of Recollets, who were the first to come to Canada, but on finding the task beyond them had invited the more powerful Jesuits to assist. Frontenac wished to have dances and a theater to help dispel the gloom of the long winter; this met with their stern disapproval. Brandy too must not be traded to the Indians. The fur trade was now in the control of two factions. Frontenac headed one, and this added fuel to the fire, which rapidly grew, with a host of petty incidents to increase its intensity. The Lieutenant-Governor entered into it, and the two bitter factions sent scores of letters to France, until Louis XIV, exasperated beyond words, ordered Count Frontenac to return.

Never was there a time when a people needed a leader and received so poor a substitute as the next Governor proved to be. The successor to Frontenac was a lawyer, De La Barre, whose recommendation to this office consisted of a victory gained over the English in the West Indies. Of this he was inordinately proud, so proud that he wished to be called General instead of Governor. He arrived in 1681 at a moment of great difficulty for the colony. A fire had swept Quebec, destroying most of the town. The memories

of a recent earthquake and the awful nights when Halley's Comet lit up the heavens were still fresh in their minds as omens of misfortune. Nor were these fears lessened by the news that another Iroquois outbreak was imminent. Hardly had the General taken office before he succumbed to the temptation of using his powers to form a monopoly of the fur trade. He could use the King's ships and evade much of the payment of duty. So the members of his faction were soon on the road to wealth and the old clique of Frontenac were left out of it. There had been trouble with the Senecas, who had attacked the Illinois and burned one of their towns, a Recollect friar had been killed, and some six hundred prisoners taken. This incident the General preferred to forget, as another war would ruin the fur trade. The Iroquois now found themselves in an extensive struggle with the Andastes, and the French were safe as long as it lasted. It was soon ended, and another and greater campaign against the Illinois started. For days the Senecas pursued the retreating Illinois, killing hundreds of them. The Ottawas feared complete destruction and appealed to the French to save them, as eight hundred Iroquois had invested Michilimackinac. Then De La Barre asked for a conference with the Iroquois. The Senecas were firm that the Illinois and Ottawas must die, in spite of the lavish presents made in the vain hope of averting further bloodshed. This much was gained by the General. He explained that his own canoes of furs must not be stopped, but they were free to plunder all others. A force was now despatched by him to capture La Salle's fort among the Illinois, to prevent more trouble as well as give him complete control of the fur trade. It was useless, as the Senecas had already destroyed the fort. This pleased the short-sighted opponents of La Salle, that he was thus ruined. But the savages were unable to make a fine distinction between the different owners of the furs that went through their country and the Senecas seized a shipment of De La Barre's on Lake Ontario. This so enraged him that he began to carry out his instructions of making war on the Iroquois should it become necessary. He wrote a bombastic letter to his King that he would attack them, and

even perish at the head of his army, that he had defeated the English and could do the same to the Iroquois. As the clouds of war began to gather, instructions to leave were sent to the Jesuits among the Iroquois and all returned except Father Jean de Lamberville, who was among the Onondagas, whose chief, Garangula, favored the French.

Nine hundred men were mustered and slowly took their way up the St. Lawrence on flat-boats. Delays were frequent. In the heat of summer they camped beside the marshy Rideau at Kingston while the General, who too had been stricken with a low fever like most of his army, decided what to do. The Seneca country was still a long way off. His men were more suited to retreat than advance. He decided to make a feint. Word was sent to the Onondagas to meet him in council, a last warning before their destruction. He embarked with his fever-ridden troops and crossed the lower end of Lake Ontario and continued along its shore to the mouth of the Salmon River in New York, where a storm compelled him to land. This was a place well known to them by the name, "La Famine," where the people of one of the first missions sent to the Onondagas had received a most unpleasant disappointment. Having been pillaged of their provisions on the St. Lawrence by the Mohawks, they had hoped to find a fishing village here to relieve their hunger. After some days of paddling they reached it, only to find it deserted, hence its name.

After a long wait a few Onondagas appeared. Of this Meulles, the Intendant, wrote his King:

"There came altogether on the embassy, only a certain sycophant who seeks merely a good dinner, a real buffon called among the French, La Grand Gueule, accompanied by eight or ten miserable fellows who fooled the General in a most shameful manner, which you will perceive by the articles of peace."

Grangula, as Lahontan calls him, saw that the French were powerless to carry on the campaign, and with a deep sarcasm born of this confidence he replied to La Barre's harangue:

"The General raved in a camp of sick men. The sun had not dried up the swamps which protected the Iroquois towns. Our children and

old men had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camp, if our warriors had not disarmed them and kept them back. The tree of peace planted by Frontenac at Kingston was in danger of being stifled by so many soldiers. They were free and would trade and go when they wished."

This ended De La Barre's attempt. Humiliated, he returned to Quebec with his troops and reported to the King. Meulles also sent a letter to France and shortly afterwards La Barre was recalled for his failure to assist their allies, the Illinois, in their hour of need.

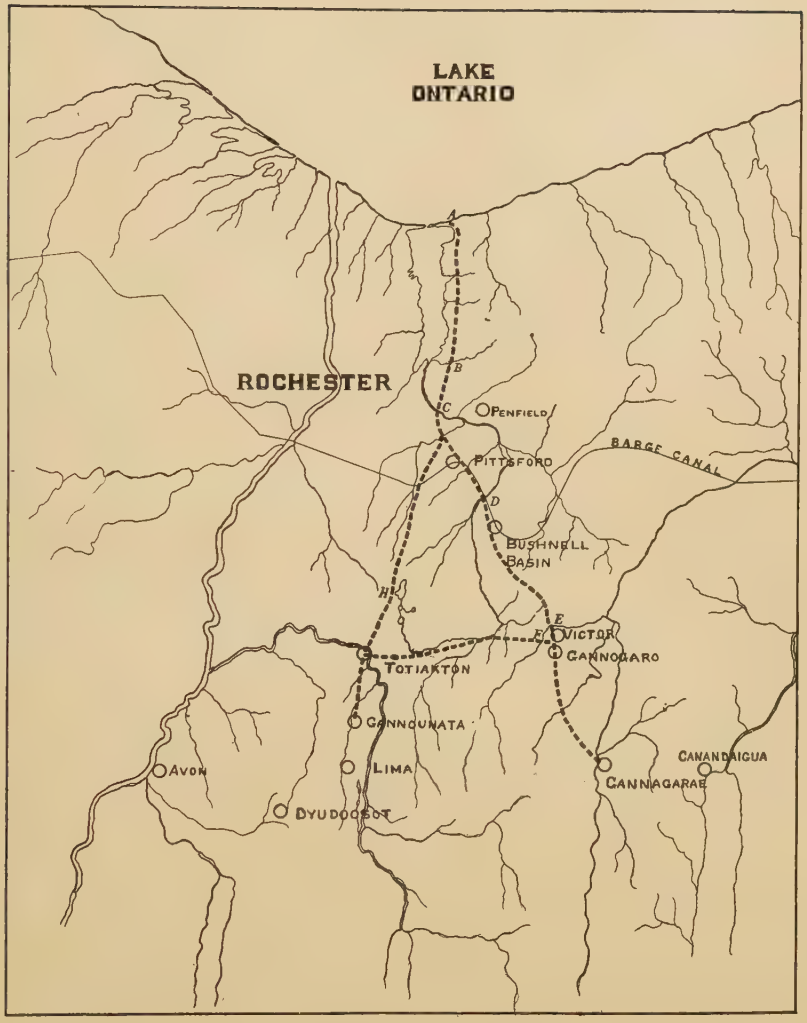
The golden moment for France in America had gone, for now a new rival appeared in the form of England and her governor, Thomas Dongan, of Limerick, in charge of the colony of New York. He promptly placed the King's Arms in many of the Iroquois villages and promised them protection. Many of his policies did not increase the weak friendship between the various English colonies and he was left practically alone in the controversy with France. He persuaded the Onondagas and Cayugas to place their Susquehanna lands under his protection, thus hoping to join them with New York, lest Penn's agents should secure them. Later he paid a hundred pounds to Penn for them. As the land of the Iroquois was not rich in beaver, the traders must go to the west where the French already were located. When the question of ownership of this country came up, the French claimed it by right of discovery. Of this Colden remarks:

"The courage and resolution of many of these adventurers are deservedly recorded by the French; but the English give it another turn, and say it is the barrenness and poverty of Canada that pushes the men of spirit there upon enterprises, that they would not have attempted, if they had lived in the Province of New York."

The problem of finding a new governor for the colony of New France perplexed Louis XIV. However well he might succeed in European affairs, nothing had come from the New World except trouble. The men and material sent there had disappeared like water in sand and there was ever a clamor for more, with nothing to show for the expenditures. Many times he had been advised to abandon the project, the obstacles of its remoteness and barrenness had been pointed

out, but perhaps he had vision far beyond his advisers. He decided not to give it up, and guided by reasons for the failure of the two previous incumbents, he searched for a man to fill this difficult post. Frontenac had quarreled with the Jesuits. De La Barre lacked military ability and had been guilty of gross peculation. There had recently come to court a colonel of dragoons, who by the skillful handling of his cavalry had forced the Turks out of a large portion of Austria. He was a son-in-law of the wealthy Germain Courtin, in whom the King laid great trust. His success merited recognition, and so Jacques-René de Brisay was made the Marquis de Denonville. He was born in 1638, in the small town of Denonville, in the Department of Eure-et-Loir. His qualifications were excellent, being an executive as well as a military leader, with a passion for details, as his voluminous correspondence testifies. In fact, it is difficult to see how he found time to do anything except write letters and reports. He appeared to be the ideal man and only asked for a chance to prove his loyalty. His wish was granted and the position of Governor of New France offered to him. He accepted with alacrity and spent many hours with the King and the minister for the colony in going over the problems.

With his pockets full of notes on how to administer its affairs, his mind filled with ambition, and with the promise of all the troops he should need to destroy the Iroquois, he hurried home to help his wife and two daughters prepare for the voyage to Canada. In June, 1685, they embarked at Rochelle on one of the ships of a squadron carrying five hundred soldiers. Hardly had the sails been hoisted when a storm broke over them. For several days they were buffeted, and then ensued a period of lifeless days when the ships hardly made any progress. The quarters were crowded and the food none too good. Before the voyage ended, scurvy appeared in all its horrors and soon every day had its funerals. One hundred and fifty of the troops were dropped over the rails into watery graves. In the midst of these trials, Denonville behaved in such a manner



MAP OF DENONVILLE CAMPAIGN

Drawn by George B. Selden, Jr., 1925

A. Landing point at Irondequoit Bay, July 10, 1687. Site of stockade to protect boats and supplies.

B. Camp on night of July 12th.

C. First defile, Irondequoit Landing, where French expected to be ambushed.

D. Second defile, Jeschys Mills. Crossing of Irondequoit Creek between Pittsford and Bushnell Basin.

E. Third defile, scene of ambush during afternoon of July 13th and camp of that night.

F. Fort Hill—A stockaded fortification of the Senecas, burned July 15th by the French, and their camp of July 17th.

H. Camp of July 23, while the army was returning to the lake from Totiakton.

as to delight Saint-Vallier, the Bishop of Canada, who too was a distinguished passenger. He states:

"He spent nearly all his time in prayer and the reading of good books. The Psalms of David were always in his hand."

The new governor on taking up the duties of his office, found himself confronted with many problems: the English advance; the wavering of the French allies who were liable to become foes at any moment; the protection of the colony from Iroquois raids; the collection of duties on the furs; and the establishment of order through thousands of miles of wilderness.

Of this man, who was expected to accomplish miracles, Parkman states:

"Denonville, like Frontenac, was a man of the army and the court. As a soldier, he had the experience of thirty years of service; and he was in high repute, not only for piety, but for probity and honor. He was devoted to the Jesuits, an ardent servant of the king, a lover of authority, filled with the instinct of subordination and order, and in short, a type of the ideas, religious, political, and social, then dominant in France."

A careful study of the conditions led him to advise the purchase of the colony of New York as the best solution of the difficulty, as it would deprive the Iroquois of their source of firearms. These negotiations were opened with the English court and would have succeeded had it not been for some opposition on the part of the advisers of Louis XIV. Denonville next considered the method of attack on the Iroquois should it become necessary. He wrote a long letter to the King setting forth all its details and apologized for its length. Personally he regarded war as unavoidable and welcomed it as a chance to prove his ability and loyalty. The construction of a second fort on Lake Ontario he urged, feeling that it would give the French complete control of the lake. It would awe the Senecas and ultimately win their trade and friendship, at least it would afford a convenient base for the western Indians in their attacks on the Iroquois. Much time was spent by Denonville in the preparations for this, and he speaks of the difficulty he had to get the plans drawn. Villeneau, who was the only

draughtsman in the colony, was an inebriate. For days the energetic governor pursued this man through the saloons of Quebec to get him to finish his work. It was only the fact that there was no one else available that saved him from Denonville's wrath.

Against Denonville was Dongan, who plainly saw that the actions of the French meant an end to the English colony; but as he had a personal matter engrossing his attention and there was nothing to be gained by a quarrel, he wrote his new neighbor expressing his friendship and pleasure at his arrival. Later Dongan brought up the fact that while in the employ of the French in their army, he had not been fully paid, having twenty-five thousand livres still due, and he asked Denonville to present this claim. The simulated friendship between the two governors soon vanished as the rival interests of the colonies conflicted in the west, and their letters became cool, then acrimonious. Dongan learned that the French contemplated a fort at Niagara. This he felt was on his King's territory and he wrote protesting against it. The English sheltered French deserters and outlaws, as they formed valuable guides as well as being a source of information. These Denonville wished returned, and cautioned Dongan against believing any information that these persons might give, such as the rumor about the fort. He also asked his King for permission to execute any civilians who joined the English. The priests among the Iroquois, too, came into the discussion. These had been most helpful to the French in their plans and to the suggestion of Denonville as to the desirability of continuing the spread of Christianity, Dongan replied, that he would supply English Catholic priests. As their verbal duel is too voluminous to be repeated here, we will only give the two retorts Parkman has carefully sifted from the mass:

> Denonville—" Think you that religion will make any progress while your traders supply the savages in abundance with rum, the liquor, which, as you ought to know, converts them into demons and their lodges into the counterparts of Hell!"
>
> Dongan—" Certainly our rum doth as little hurt as your brandy, and, in the opinion of Christians, is much more wholesome."

In another letter, when it had become necessary for Dongan to use more civility in writing his opponent, he concludes, " Sir, I sent you some oranges, hearing that they are a great rarity in your parts." Apparently they did not stand the canoe trip very well, as Denonville replies, " Monsieur, I thank you for your oranges. It is a great pity that they were all rotten."

To the King, Denonville wrote that since the colony could not be purchased, enough troops should be sent to enable him to destroy it. Dongan was being curbed by the English court and could not take any active steps to prepare for the conflict, beyond getting behind the Iroquois shield. So long as they were hostile to the French the colony was safe. It was a triangle and any two of its sides could defeat the third. The Iroquois must be kept loyal and encouraged to oppose the French. Peace with the Iroquois and the French allies, as well as establishing trade with them, were part of Dongan's program. As the feud became more bitter, Dongan's vision of the twenty-five thousand livres back pay faded, as the French minister for Canada wrote Denonville as follows:

" His Majesty has no knowledge of the claim of Col. D'Ungent for 25m. liv. which he pretended to be due him in France; therefore has nothing to say about it."

Denonville now became bolder in his actions and sent a small force to Hudson's Bay and captured the English trading posts. This aroused a storm of protest in England. Street meetings were held to clamor for revenge, but the King, James II, was a friend of Louis XIV and they faced serious European conditions together, so were not inclined to rush into war. A commission was appointed to consider whose country the posts were located in and the difficulty was settled on paper to the satisfaction of both courts; and by that time the people had forgotten all about it. It resulted in Dongan being instructed to be careful of his actions. The French insinuated that his removal would be welcome. Denonville was left to follow his projects, which he proceeded to do with great energy. Fortunately for the English, Dongan was not a man to be easily defeated and

he continued his efforts to thwart the French. He warned the Iroquois of the danger they were in, so when the Lambervilles invited them to meet Denonville at Kingston, they suspected treachery and refused to go. One of these two priests now went to Quebec to explain conditions and see if the threatened break could not be averted. Denonville was firm and continued his work of preparation. He instructed the commander at Kingston to plant what crops he could the following year to help feed his army. Peas were the most suitable and of these an enormous quantity was raised. Money, supplies and men were sent to the colony from France, and the Intendant, Meulles, was replaced at Denonville's request by Champigny, a man as religious as himself. As more rumors of this campaign reached Dongan, he used this threat to bring the Iroquois closer to the English. Awed for the moment by the danger, they wished the protection of the King and came to Albany. But Dongan could not openly help them beyond sending word to them that he would furnish their villages with a shield bearing the English Coat of Arms to show that they were the King's subjects and giving them a present of powder and lead, leaving the Senecas to return to their country to meet the foe alone. They were worried but not discouraged over the lack of support. As they made their departure, a chief closed the appeal with these words:

> "Since we are to expect no other assistance from our brother, we must recommend our wives and children to you, who will fly to you, if any misfortune shall happen to us. It may be we shall never see you again, for we are resolved to behave so, as our brothers shall have no reason to be ashamed of us."

In September, 1686, a party of white traders left Albany for the west under the command of Johannes Rooseboom. Their guide was Abel La Marion Fontaine, sometimes called Fontaine Marion, one of the French deserters who had so annoyed Denonville. Journeying up the Mohawk and portaging to the Oswego River, they passed near where Father Lamberville was and the good Father lost no time in reporting their passage to Denonville. The traders spent the winter on Lake Erie so as to arrive at the Indian towns near Detroit for the spring trade. A second party followed them

under a man, who is described as, "A Scot gent, Colonel Patrick McGregorie." These too were a part of Dongan's plan for driving the French from the Upper Lakes by making peace between the French allies and the Iroquois. The Iroquois appreciated the fact that this would make their country an important trade route with its advantages, and to help negotiations were returning some prisoners to these tribes. Denonville despatched troops to the Niagara to head off the English. He was too late, as they were already beyond this point. However, his efforts were unnecessary, as events subsequently proved. To keep alive the hostility, he sent messengers to invite the western Indians to join in a crushing campaign against the Senecas. Ordinarily they would have welcomed this, but with the English offering rum and cheaper goods in plenty, together with an Iroquois peace, raised serious obstacles for the French to overcome. They remembered also the failure of De La Barre, when they went to Niagara, only to be told after weeks of waiting that there would be no war.

Denonville labored incessantly on the plans for the campaign. He asked for more troops to take the place of the levy he contemplated making on the habitans. Supplies were gathered with precautions not to alarm the Iroquois. So secretly had this been done that a petty clerk at Kingston sold the precious pea crop, much to Denonville's indignation. The early summer was chosen as the most feasible time, for the reason that the colonists would be required at home to harvest the crops when they ripened. There were to be two parts to the expedition. One body was to strike the Mohawks through Lake Champlain to prevent them from assisting the Senecas and to intimidate the English by an attack close to their settlements. The main body was to be led by himself, using Kingston as a base, and joining the western Indians at Irondequoit Bay for an advance into the Seneca country. He knew the Indians would vanish into the forest on his approach, so planned to cut down their crops in the fields and burn the storehouses with their contents, thus hoping to produce a famine that would destroy them. The Senecas were the most powerful and insolent

of the Iroquois and this blow could be followed by a series of raids from the French allies, using the new fort at Niagara, which would complete the work.

His estimate of the fighting strength of the Iroquois is borne out by other authorities, and he planned to have double the number of men opposed to him. He gives the following figures of the warriors of the League:

Father Le Mercier (1665): Senecas, 1,200; Cayugas, 300; Oneidas, 140; Onondagas, 300; Mohawks, 300.

Colonel Courcey, English Indian agent for Virginia: Senecas, 1,000; Cayugas, 300; Oneidas, 200; Onondagas, 350; Mohawks, 300.

His success depended on concealing his objective as long as possible and then in carrying out the campaign with great rapidity to prevent the Iroquois from having time to unite. By the use of Kingston any of the Iroquois might expect to be attacked except the Mohawks. He was coming through the "western chimney of the Long House," and nothing could stop him.

The winter settled over the wilderness and none ventured forth, the streams were closed and the woods deserted, but the preparations for war went on. The allies, thirsty for revenge, looked forward to it, and Denonville at Quebec watched the finishing touches on the batteau that were to carry him and his army against the Five Headed Hydra. The spring of 1687 was long-delayed in its coming. Patches of brown earth appeared tardily on the highlands only to be buried again beneath the snow. Slowly the rivers and lakes lost their icy covering. At last navigation was again open and war with the Iroquois possible. Denonville had impatiently awaited this time, but he was to suffer further delays. Few joined in his enthusiasm, least of all the colonists who remembered the abortive attempt of three years previous. Two hundred boats for the campaign had been completed in the warehouses by the river and these were now launched. They were heavy flat-boats of great beam, carrying over a ton each, and manned by eight men using oars as well as sails. A party of voyageurs in heavily laden canoes now left for Kingston with supplies in order to lighten the load which the army would have later.

In spite of all these preparations, the men who were to be in the militia of the expedition were little interested in it. So the order for mobilization was received with disfavor and open criticism by the colonists, who cared more for their homes than another attack against the Indians. It was not until the church endorsed it as a New World crusade against the realms of Satan that, grumbling, they made ready to leave their firesides. Now a furious northeast storm swept the valley and for a week prevented their departure. At last it abated and the chilled habitans began to assemble in the camp at Quebec. As the time for leaving approached, enthusiasm displaced the gloom and all was ready for the mighty attempt of France to win a continent by the most powerful military force that had as yet been assembled in the history of America. On a bright June morning the townsfolk crowded the wharf while the troops maneuvered their pumpkinseed-shaped craft into formation. Each boat was numbered, and took its place in columns of twenty-four each behind the section leader, who carried a white flag. The Governor and his staff were there, some of them clad in light armor; the Bishop, Saint Vallier, and his sombre-colored following; the Indian allies from the lower St. Lawrence, brilliant in their war paint; the soldiers from France in their olive-green uniforms; the militia in whatever their scanty wardrobes afforded; and those to whom the weeks would slowly pass while their hearts were filled with anxiety for the absent ones.

At last they started, with the cannon of the fort booming and the people on the shore waving a last farewell. Proud they might well be of their army, for the colony of New France had put into the field nine hundred thirty militia, nearly one for every twelve of its population. While France had sent eight hundred thirty-two troops of her army. With oars and sails they now moved slowly up the broad river towards Montreal, past the little settlements whose inmates watched their defenders until they were lost to view and prayed for their success. The trip was uneventful and the men became familiar with their boats as they progressed through the smooth water. At Montreal, in

camp were some more militia, on the ground which is now the city's principal amusement park. Here the troops were drilled under the supervision of the ever-watchful Denonville. They were two divisions, the regular French army and the colonists. Their formation while moving was to have alternate companies of each, to distribute evenly the woods ability of the colonists with the trained discipline of the army men. The entire force was under the command of the Marquis de Denonville, with M. Callières-Bonnevue second in command. M. le Chevalier de Vaudreuil led the regulars and Sieur Duguay (Dugay) the militia. The companies had about two hundred men each, under the following infantry officers: D'Orvilliers, St. Cirq, Valrenne and De Troyes. The officers of the colonists were selected from their own neighborhood and were Berthier, La Valterie, Granville and Le Moyne. Among the troops from France was a minor officer, the Baron de Lahontan, who was later to become the most famous of anyone in the expedition He was exiled to New France while still a young man so that his relatives might spend his fortune which his father had acquired from deepening the harbor of Bayonne. The relatives were so successful that Lahontan was left penniless in his advancing years. To maintain himself, he wrote a vivid description of his experiences, claiming that he made a trip to the mouth of the Mississippi River. His book proved so remunerative that he followed it with a second volume, a dialogue of criticism between himself and an Indian, called by him Adario, but generally known as " The Rat." This book was the pioneer of that school of thought to which Voltaire belonged which ultimately produced the French Revolution.

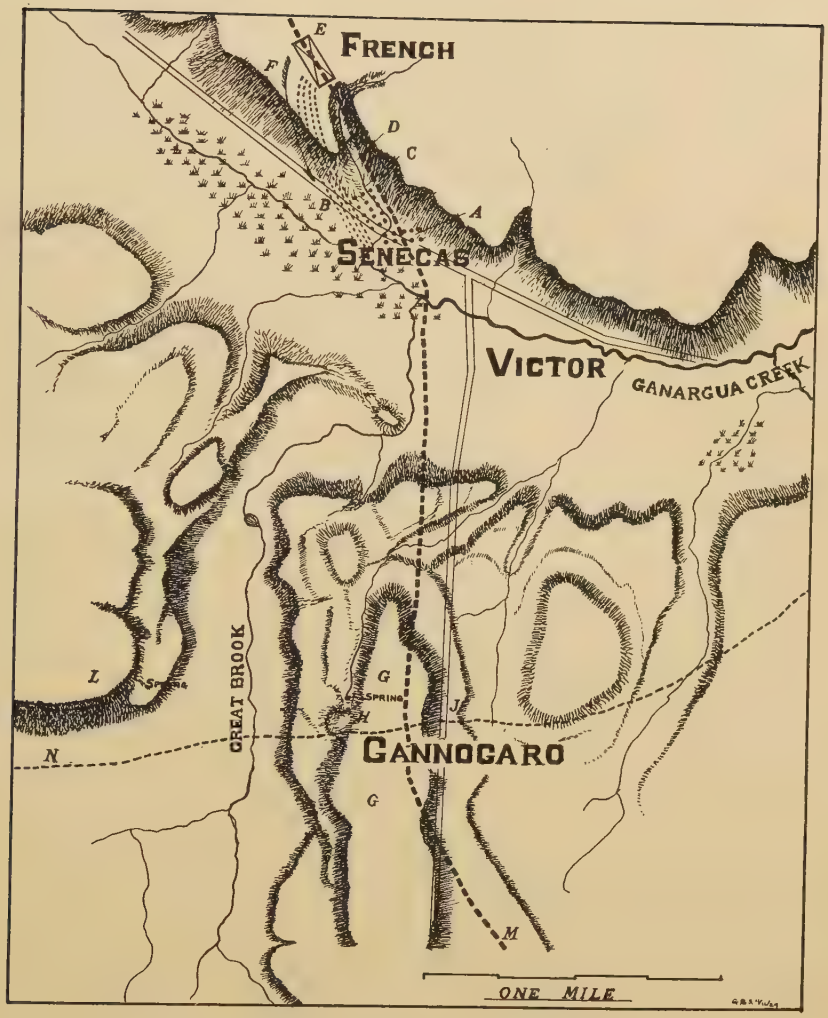
While at Montreal, news was received that the King's ship, Arc-en-ciel, had arrived at Quebec with the promised eight hundred troops to guard the colony. These were quartered in the homes the militia had so recently left. Denonville does not tell us what they thought about this, but does state that the ship made a new record for crossing the ocean in thirty-three days.

On June 13th, 1687, the army launched their boats in the widening of the river called Lake St. Louis and proceeded a few miles to where camp was made; partly on the Island of Cartier and the balance on the nearby Isle Perrot. Here some two hundred Mohawks from the Jesuit Missions near Montreal, under the leadership of Chief Kryn, who was now leading them against another nation of the League of the Iroquois, awaited the arrival of their white brothers. They would not have fought against their own people, but had no scruples about the Senecas. As a war party of this magnitude could not be started without ceremony, they prepared a feast from "two lean cows and some dozen dogs roasted in their skins." After which the Indians yelled and danced all night much to the discomfort of the tired French.

When the morning dawned, a gale with driving rain greeted them, the broad junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence River was white with wind-blown spray, so the day was spent in drills and amusements. On June 16th, the storm having spent its force, they had a taste of the first real difficulties, as there were rapids to be overcome. The army launched their craft and moved up the river in a flotilla of three hundred and fifty boats and canoes; the French in their batteaux, in a double column, while the Indians in birch bark canoes, paddled in every direction, like a flock of black birds, amenable to no discipline, nor did the orderly Denonville attempt it. At the upper end of the Isle Perrot, the rapid compelled them to portage all the supplies through the bushes along the shore and when this was completed the men dragged their stubborn flatboats against the rushing water. The Indians had carried their canoes, but it was not so easy with the batteaux. By pulling on ropes and pushing, the men working like beavers in the water, the first two battalions got as far as Cedar Rapids that night. With daylight they were again at the task and soon all had arrived here and beheld the Cedar Rapids in their grandeur. Here the wide, green river was coming down a flight of stairs between the dense woods of its shores, at many places it burst into white spray and then into a whirlpool of dark green water that ever bubbled and eddied onward. Nearly a century later another army

passed this place bound in the opposite direction and for another purpose, to lower the last flag of France that floated over the St. Lawrence, and they left the bodies of eighty-four men together with the wreckage of over sixty of their boats in the still water below this rapid.

In a single line, one at a time, the French pulled their boats through the white water with long ropes, making six miles by dark. Two boats were swept away and wrecked, but no lives lost. As the next rapids were even worse, Denonville ordered all the boats brought ashore. Swearing and panting under their weight, the men carried them along the uneven trail. Eight miles were accomplished and the fatigued troops made camp at a place near the present entrance to the Soulanges Canal. Easier work was ahead of them and they looked forward to a lazy time sailing through Lake St. Frances. When they reached this lake they found it in the grip of a severe wind-storm, and they were obliged to make camp at Point Baudet. The wind dropped with the sun, and clouds of mosquitoes appeared and made life miserable. Soon these were forgotten as Péré, a French scout, arrived with prisoners, the first trophies of the campaign, four Cayuga Indians with their women and children who had been captured while fishing in the river. This pleased Denonville, as La Barre as well as himself had been instructed by the King to get as many prisoners as possible, because of their splendid physique, to pull oars in the royal galleys "with convicts and Huguenots." La Barre never caught any and this doubtless added to Denonville's satisfaction as he sent them to Quebec. It also showed that the Indians were not as yet alarmed over his advance or at least had not expected it. The ruse of not informing Father Lamberville, who was among the Onondagas and acting under instructions to tell them that Denonville was friendly, was probably disarming their suspicion. However, it could not remain a secret much longer and no effort was made to warn the Father. Better that he should perish at the torture stake than that they should suspect the French designs. This was a matter of military necessity. The next day, being rainy, the army



Map of the Victor Battle between the French Army of Marquis de Denonville and Seneca Warriors, July 13, 1687.

Drawn by George B. Selden, Jr., 1925

remained in its cheerless camp until the storm ceased and that night arrived at the island in the upper end of the lake. On June 21st it rained again, and only about fifteen miles were made before the drenched troops stopped at Point Maligne. The following day was spent among the terrible rapids of the Long Sault. Two companies failed to complete the passage. Denonville, to his regret, had to wait a day for them, while his men nursed the bruises and injuries they had received. One soldier had been drowned. Most of the boats were so damaged that they needed repairing.

The next morning the work of making repairs to the boats was started, but had to be given up because of more rain. Near this place a Cayuga, with three women and two children, were captured. As the warrior had some cords among his effects, Denonville concluded that he was on the warpath and intended to use the cord to bind his prisoners. Why the women and children should have been brought along was not explained. News was received that a large number of Iroquois were fishing at the island of Toniata (Grenadier Island), where they had a summer camp. Le Moyne with a hundred savages were sent to gather some more slaves for the galleys. As there were not enough boats in condition to carry the army, Denonville started ahead with the regular troops, leaving Callières and the militia to finish the repairs and overtake him. The advanced party made fifteen miles that day and on the next passed the Rapid Plat near Morrisburg, Ontario. Another soldier was drowned, being swept out of the reach of his companions. That night the tired French were cheered by the news that Le Moyne had surprised the Indians at Toniata and captured all of them. Another pleasing incident was the arrival of ten Temiscoming Indians, who had heard of the proposed attack on the Senecas and had traveled hundreds of miles to take part in it. Callières and his men arrived during the night.

A favorable wind springing up, enabled the army to make great speed with little effort, twenty miles being made and by nightfall they were above the last rapid, the Galop. They made camp at La Gallette, Ogdensburg, New York.

This place was considered the strategic point of the river and later fortified. The men looked forward to an equally satisfactory day on the morrow, but a violent head-wind blew and another day was lost. A messenger from Kingston arrived with the information that all of the Iroquois who lived near the fort had been seized some days before and were now prisoners, one had escaped, so now it became certain to Denonville that his advance was known to the enemy. Anxiety was felt for the safety of Father Lamberville.

At sunset the wind dropped and the army started to make up for the lost day. By rowing all night they made twenty miles and then rested. Again it rained and all day the men remained in camp trying to protect themselves from the heavy downpour. On the 29th the sun came out from behind the clouds and the spirits of all revived as they rowed, or now and then hoisted sail, and passed through the Thousand Islands. On making camp, a canoe with one man was seen approaching from the west. To the great joy of everybody, and Denonville in particular, it proved to be Father Lamberville. That night he told the story of his escape. While he was working among the Onondagas, in ignorance of what was happening, an Indian arrived at the village, telling how the French had seized him with some others at Fort Frontenac, but he was fortunate enough to jump the wall of the stockade and escape into the woods. He told them that Denonville was even then advancing with a powerful army. Amazed and filled with wrath, the chiefs summoned Lamberville before them and told him the news. He was even more surprised than they, and as an apparent partner in the treachery expected a horrible death. During his life among the Onondagas they had trusted him, and now they refused to believe him guilty. Charlevoix says one of the chiefs spoke to the Father as follows:

"We know you too well to believe you meant to betray us. We think you have been deceived as well as we, and we are not unjust enough to punish you for the crime of others. But you are not safe here. When once our young men have sung their war song, they will listen to nothing but their fury, and we shall not be able to save you."

After this they guided him to meet the French. The story seems probable, as the time required for the fugitive to reach the Onondaga country and for the Father to meet the army agree with the dates. Denonville does not mention the incident, possibly because it reflects no credit to him and is a glowing tribute to the character of his enemy.

On the last day of June, 1687, the army beheld the broad blue expanse of Lake Ontario and for a time their troubles were over. Denonville, anxious to save time, left his men, and that night arrived at Fort Frontenac to arrange about their provisions. On arriving he found captive Indians very securely tied to stakes driven into the ground. This was most brutal, as they were unable to protect themselves from the insects who permitted them no rest; the savages were singing in a dismal tone as was the custom among captives. Among them were two Onondagas, the son and brother of their chief. These, Denonville thought it advisable to release, as in the past the chief had been a loyal friend of the French. Some of the allies when they arrived begun to torture the prisoners by burning their fingers in pipe bowls. This enraged Lahontan, who had friends among them. A scuffle ensued and Lahontan was confined to his quarters. The tormenters were not satisfied and wished to leave in a body until it was explained that Lahontan was drunk. Under their law, a man in this condition was not accountable for his acts and this closed the incident.

On the shore of the Rideau were two of the small ships La Salle had used in his enterprise. These were leaky and required caulking as well as refitting. This had been delayed in order not to arouse the Indians' suspicion. Cannons were to be mounted to cover the landing of the French in the Seneca country. A third ship, which was in good condition, was sent to the Niagara River with supplies for the section of the expedition, recruited from among the western allies of the French.

For the moment let us leave Denonville safely at Kingston and follow the narrative of the western section of his

army. All winter long the French had worked trying to intensify the fires of hatred that the western Indians had for the Iroquois. Tonty, commander of Fort St. Louis, experienced little difficulty in recruiting two hundred of the Illinois, who with his sixteen soldiers marched across country to Detroit. With the others it was very different. The Jesuit, Jean Engelran, at Mackinaw, Durantaye, Du Luth and La Forret, were among Indians who had not the same incentive that moved the Illinois. The English were offering goods at a lower price and their rum was preferred by many to the French brandy. At times it looked as if the French would sacrifice their lives in the attempt to bring them into the war. Another frontiersman, Nicholas Perrot, had induced some of the Indians from the Mississippi River and Lake Michigan to join in the campaign; these he now led to Mackinaw and added to the hundreds of Algonquin warriors, fickle allies of the French, who were gathered there. Mutual jealousy as well as personal hatred swayed these fighters. Pottawatamies, Sacs, Ojibwas, Ottawas, Sioux, Foxes, Kickapoos, Mascoutens and others had tribal differences that came first. With each day the feeling would change and the murder of the French was openly planned, when affairs took an unexpected turn.

Durantaye, while en route with some of the Algonquins, suddenly came upon the English trading party of Rooseboom. The situation was one that required rapid action. Here were the well-liked English traders and at his back were the uncertain savages who had not yet decided which side to take. At once he summoned Rooseboom to surrender. The trader did not know that the Indians would probably attack the French if he resisted, so he complied promptly with the order. In triumph the captives were brought to Mackinaw and their goods given to the delighted Indians. The liquor the French saved for themselves, dreading the consequences should the savages get it. As it was, the faint-hearted Ottawas, who were among the doubtful, got a keg and invited some of the Pottawatamies to join them, saying to their guests:

"We are all brethren; we ought to make one body and to have one soul. The French invite us to make war against the Five Nations, with

design to make ourselves the tools to effect it. As soon as they have destroyed the Five Nations, they will no longer observe any measures with us, but use us like those beasts they tie to their plows. Let us leave them to themselves and they will never be able to accomplish any thing against the Five Nations."

To avoid any further trouble the French started without the Ottawas. Below Fort St. Joseph on the Detroit River they were joined by Tonty and his Illinois. Some of the Miamis and other plains Indians were not familiar with canoes, so preferred to walk along the shore. The French with their loyal Indians paddled eastward on Lake Erie for the Niagara. On their way they encountered a second trading party, that of Colonel McGregorie. For a moment the Colonel may have thought of fight, but on seeing the number of his foes, he too, hastily surrendered and was carried a prisoner to Niagara, reaching this point June 27th.

Durantaye now sent La Forret to Kingston to inform Denonville of their arrival and obtain orders. The latter was delighted to hear of the capture of the traders with their French guide, Marion, and sent the messenger back with orders to meet him at noon on July 10th at Irondequoit Bay.

The Ottawas, whom the French had left at Mackinaw, changed their minds and paddled in haste to Georgian Bay, and by the short route arrived at Niagara at nearly the same time as the others.

The French at Kingston had now finished their preparations and were ready to advance against the Senecas. The repairs to the ships were completed and cannon mounted, with the further armament of *arquebuse á croc,* a long heavy gun fired from a forked rest. The crew of twenty men for each ship were picked, and plans were made to start on July 3rd, should the men sent to capture two nearby Iroquois towns return.

Although most of the Iroquois villages were in New York, a few bands of them had taken their abode on the north shore of Lake Ontario, and for a time some of the Cayugas, who had been driven from their home on Cayuga Lake by the onslaught of the Andastes, had a village in

Weller's Bay, but most of them preferred the more sheltered Bay of Quinte, where the fishing, together with their crops, supported them. Perre, while on a scouting expedition, saw them in their towns, but as his force was too small had not attempted their capture. To accomplish this, a detachment under Captain Repentigny and Lieutenant Portneuf was sent. These Indians had lived on the most friendly terms with the French, often bringing presents of fish and game to the fort, and within their villages were missions where the priests of the Order of Sulpitian instructed them. This attack upon these unsuspecting and peaceful people had nothing to commend it. Probably it was prompted by Denonville's desire to send as many prisoners as possible to France. Little difficulty was encountered by the French in capturing these places, Ganneious, west of Fredericksburg, and Kenté, in South Bay. Eighty more Indians were added to the crowded prison pen, making a total of fifty-one men, one hundred-fifty women and children who were sent to Quebec and distributed among the missions, except thirty-six who were shipped to France as galley slaves, the first fruit of Denonville's campaign. The Bishop Saint-Vallier was pleased by their capture and mentions it as a reward from heaven to the piety of Denonville. Lahontan felt that it was simply treachery.

An attempt to start was made as soon as Repentigny returned, but as a gale raged over the lake, it was not until the next day, July 4th, 1687, that the army embarked and headed towards the south through a calm lake. Camp was made that night on Galloo Island, one of the chain which lies between Cape Vincent and the peninsula of Prince Edward. Hardly had they landed when a south-east squall with a heavy sea struck the island. The camp was thrown into confusion. With haste the French pulled their boats away from the shore well out of the reach of the waves, and spent an unpleasant night. Dawn came and with it the wind increased, sweeping across the flat island with terrific force until the following morning when it abated. Not until noon did the sea calm down enough to permit the boats to be launched. As luck would have it, the wind died

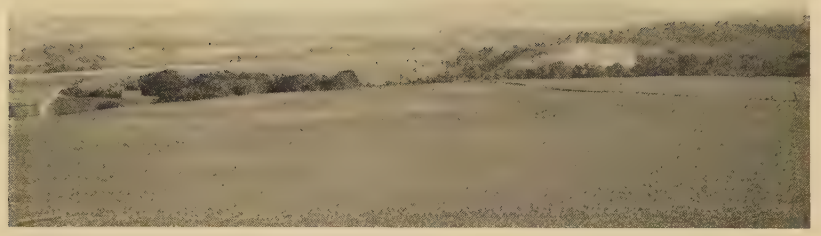
out entirely, forcing the men to row. They were able to make only a few miles by nightfall when they stopped at the mouth of the Salmon River, the La Famine of La Barre's effort. On landing, their Indian scouts found some fresh footprints of Iroquois. A vigorous pursuit started which met with no success beyond finding the food and canoes of the enemy. The next night was spent about four miles east of Oswego. Here, too, some of the Iroquois were seen, but they vanished into the woods. During the night the weather changed. All day the men rowed through a heavy sea, and were drenched by frequent rains. They used a sheltered spot, eight miles west of Oswego, for the camp of July 7th. On the following day they passed Chroutons, as Denonville calls the spot, and landed five miles west of it. Mr. Marshall thinks this was Little Sodus Bay. A sail was sighted in the west which proved to be the supply boat returning from Niagara to advise Denonville that Durantaye and his savages would meet him as ordered. It was desirable to have the two forces arrive at Irondequoit Bay at the same time if possible in view of the danger of the Senecas being there in force. One of the Indians who was with the French, wandered outside the camp and was captured by the Iroquois. Fortunately for him they were too busy watching the French to torture him then, and each night he was carefully tied to prevent his escape. He had a knife attached to a string around his neck which his captors had not noticed, as it was under his shirt. Finally he succeeded in getting this out, cut the cords which bound him, and rejoined his friends at Irondequoit.

Before dawn on July 10th the French and their allies broke camp at Pultneyville and were soon on the lake, anxious to reach their destination on time, in spite of a strong wind and a heavy sea. Keeping close to the shore to avail themselves of its meager shelter, they slowly progressed and shortly after noon, beheld the long white sandbar of Irondequoit Bay. As they approached it, they were delighted to see the canoes of La Durantaye's party coming from the west. Men, with a common motive, from the tidewater of the Atlantic to beyond the Mississippi, had come thousands of miles to meet here, and they arrived at the

same moment. A miracle! So thought the Indians, who little understood the white man's measure of time, and they now became loud in their praise of the French and predicted a glorious victory. Denonville, himself, was pleased that plans should work out so well. As it had been really arranged between Niagara and Kingston, it was not at all wonderful.

Their arrival at Irondequoit was not unexpected by the Senecas, who had been notified by the Onondagas of the presence of the army, and were watching the lake for the foe. A few days before, one of the French ships had been sighted near the bay. Several of the Indians paddled out to visit it and their reception is best told in their own aggrieved words: "The French answered in base language: 'Enus toganhorrio, squa.' Which in their language is equivalent to "The Devil take you." Whereupon the Senecas returned to the village and a scouting party of twenty went to the lake.

While the troops waited in their boats, the French ships, with their cannon loaded and ready, approached the shore as closely as they dared, but not a living being was to be seen. On the bluff where Sea Breeze is, the Senecas were watching the French so intently that the Miami Indians who were coming along the shore from Niagara surprised them and almost cut off their retreat. A few shots were fired and the watchers fled. As there were no hostile Indians to be found, the French now landed and Denonville saw Irondequoit Bay in all its glory, the gateway of the people he had come to destroy. The long white sand beach that separated the lake from the bay, reaching between the wooded headlands, was broken by small clumps of wind-bent trees, and divided by the deep outlet that cut through it. On one side was the storm-tossed blue water of the lake and on the other the still bay, the green of its water blending with the rushes, and these with the darker shades of the pine on the steep hill-sides. The narrowing of the bay to the southward suggested a doorway leading to splendors beyond. All of this beauty made little impression on the Marquis, who was only concerned with its mili-



View looking east in Irondequoit Valley showing the Barge Canal which, at this point, follows approximately the line of Denonville's trail. The bare ground appearing at the right of the center is part of the hill near which was the second defile mentioned by Denonville, as a place of possible ambush.

View looking north from Boughton Hill, the site of Gannagaro, near the village of Victor, New York. In the left foreground appears the ancient spring which supplied the Indian village through basswood-bark pipes, which gave the name Gannagaro, meaning "the-basswood-used-to-lie-there."

Photographs by Henry R. Selden

tary features, while contending with a powerful foe who would neither give nor ask for mercy.

Denonville now went along the beach with his staff and spent the few remaining hours of daylight in searching for the most suitable site for a fort to protect their boats while the army was in the interior of the country. The bluffs at the ends of the bar were of no value as they would not be close enough to the boats, also considerable clearing would have to be done. Years later a fort was built by the French on the hill at Sea Breeze, a small trading post, called Fort des Sables, where a garrison of four Frenchmen played cards all winter without even bothering to bolt the door, as peace with the Senecas then existed.

The fort site chosen by Denonville was very wisely situated on the eastern side of the outlet, at the point now (1925) covered by Snyder's ice house. The constant changing of the beach since 1687 due to the action of the waves has probably narrowed the sandbar, while the drifting sand caused the outlet to shift some fifteen hundred feet from the east end of the bar, to the western end. The construction of the railroad fixed this nomadic outlet at its present midway location. Mr. George H. Harris determined the location of the Denonville fort beyond any reasonable doubt when the excavation for the Rome-Watertown railroad uncovered a quantity of relics at the eastern end of the sandbar, rusty gun-barrels, iron and stone axes, arrow points, and underneath a large tree two human skeletons. At this spot the bar attained its greatest width and there was a sandhill fifteen to twenty feet high. In the early days this hill was covered with trees, several small mounds and numerous graves. The site was a construction camp for the railroad, which accounts for the harness buckles and other articles that the drifting sand reveals.

Near this place early settlers found an iron plate, supposed to mark a grave, with an inscription in some language unknown to them, neither Dutch, Spanish nor French. This plate may not have been connected with a grave, but possibly was a possession plate such as De Celeron placed in his Ohio explorations to show that the country belonged to

the French monarch. Another possibility is that it was one of the plates sent by Dongan to the Indians and left, with a touch of sardonic humor, as a headstone for Marion, the Frenchman who deserted to the English and was executed as described below.

During the afternoon the boats were brought into the bay and made secure. After which the army settled down to an anxious night with their arms close by. Sentries were posted along the bar, but nothing disturbed the slumbers of the tired troops.

In the morning construction work was started, a guard was placed in the woods on the shore of the bay, and the colonists cut many trees and rolled them into the water while other gangs towed them to the site of the camp. Here the ground was leveled and a trench dug. It was a busy place; the commissariat, too, was not idle, getting ovens ready to bake thirty thousand small loaves of bread.

There was one man who had little interest in this activity, Marion, the guide of the captured English trading party, who was simply waiting the time of his execution. Denonville, during the controversy with Dongan, had applied to the French King for authority to execute any of his subjects who aided the English. The request had been granted and now came the first opportunity to put it into effect. The fact that peace existed between the two nations and that Marion had been denied a trading license by the French before he joined the English, does not seem to have excused his offense. The trial, if there was one, resulted in a death sentence. Lahontan felt that it was most unjust. Denonville makes no mention of it. Now the closing act of Marion's pathetic life had come. Guilty of no crime beyond that of independence, he was to suffer an ignoble death. After receiving absolution he walked to the beach with the priest, the center of gaze of nearly three thousand men. Denied the honor of a military execution by facing a firing squad, he kneeled and the executioner raised his arm clutching a war club. A quick movement and Marion sank lifeless. There are two accounts of this execution differing in details. Lahontan states in one

account that Marion was "put to death;" later he says he was "shot." De Baugy, aide-de-camp to Denonville, says he had his "head broken." The latter is favored because the alleged offense was not military but civil. The incident is not mentioned in the military report of the Marquis. The captured Englishmen were placed on board one of the ships and sent to Fort Frontenac, where they were put to work rowing the boats that were getting the material to repair the fortification. Later they were sent to Quebec where some of them escaped. McGregorie and Roosebloom served as farm laborers until the following fall, when they were released and returned to the English. McGregorie was killed while attacking a fort during the Leister Rebellion in New York. Roosebloom settled at Albany, where some of his descendants still reside.

From the accounts of Abbé Belmont and Saint Vallier, Parkman gives a vivid description of the expedition as it appeared at this time. Sea Breeze and Irondequoit Bay never had such a show before or since:

"Never had Canada seen such a sight, and never perhaps will she see such a sight again. Here was the camp of the regulars from France with the general's headquarters; the camp of four battalions of Canadian militia, commanded by the Nobelesse of the country; the camp of the Christian Indians and, farther on, a swarm of savages of every nation, their features were different and so were their manners, their weapons, their decorations and dances, they sang and haranged in every accent and tongue. Most of them wore nothing but horns on their heads, and the tails of beasts behind their backs. Their faces were painted red or green with black or white spots, their ears and noses were hung with ornaments of iron, and their naked bodies were daubed with the figures of various sorts of animals."

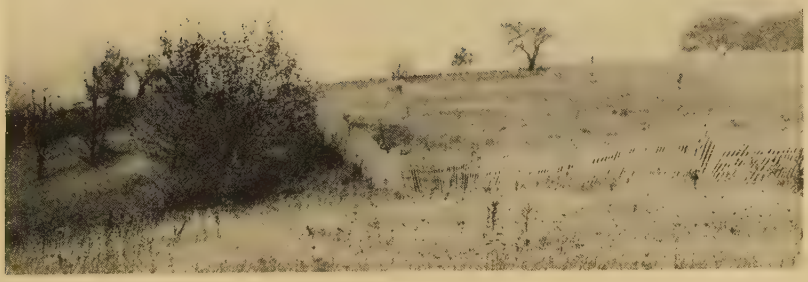
The eastern shore of Irondequoit Bay where it meets the lake forms a pronounced cove, with three clay banks that may be seen easily from the opposite side appearing like white half-circles among the green of the woods. This high ground commands the site of the fort and is only a few hundred feet away; from here, during the evening, some Senecas called to the French, asking what they meant to do. An "Xtian Maquasse," as the Christian Mohawks were called, replied that they came to meet them. The

Senecas replied: "Why do you make a fort? You should come on, for we intend to kill you all in a short time." The Mohawk replied, "We came to fight you, you blockhead," and proved his assertion by a volley fired at the questioners, who promptly disappeared.

With daylight the temperature greatly increased, but this did not hinder the preparations for departure. The fort was nearing completion, at least it was now in a defensible condition. Two thousand posts had been cut from the forest and driven into the sand to form a huge rectangular palisade, ten feet high, with loopholes to fire through. The fort was flimsy enough, but formidable to an adversary who could not readily climb over the stockade and had no artillery with which to destroy it. The boats were sunk in the shallow water of the bay to prevent the wind from blowing them away or the sun from opening their seams. The rations prepared were now issued, ten small loaves of bread per man, to be carried on his back. Captain D'Orvilliers and four hundred men were detailed to remain as a garrison and also to strengthen the fort.

At last, at three o'clock in the afternoon of July 12th, the men were in formation, with the battalions of regulars and militia alternating, the Indians freshly painted and eager for the fray in groups according to their tribe. It was a motley army, the regulars in their green uniforms, the colonists in buckskin and homespun, and the savages with the sun glistening from their naked painted bodies. For a while they waited to be certain that the advance guard had not found an ambush at the place the Senecas had appeared the previous evening and then started to the east along the beach, leaving a broad trail in the loose sand. The men who were to guard the fort watched them go and then settled down to the long anxious wait until they should return. Climbing the sharp hill at the corner of the bay, they turned to the south along the trail that skirted the deep ravines. The country was glorious and Lahontan was charmed with the vistas of the primeval forest. Through openings of oak and chestnut, all magnificent trees, with little underbrush, the army was able to march

View looking west at Fort Hill, situated one-half mile west of Boughton Hill. Upon this high ground once existed a palisade, "eight hundred paces in circumference," used as a place of refuge by the Senecas living at Gannagaro. This palisade was burned by Denonville, July 14, 1687, and never was rebuilt.



View looking north from site of the cemetery of the Seneca town of Gannagaro, Boughton Hill, near the village of Victor, New York.

Photographs by Henry R. Selden

in parallel columns, while the clearly-defined trail showed them the way to the Seneca towns.

Much discussion has occurred as to the route followed by the army. At this time the country was a wilderness, broken only by streams and trails. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the Indian towns were frequently moved and the knowledge of their former location lost with the coming of the European. We can only be guided by what seems to have been the most logical route between given points, remembering the characteristics of these paths to keep to the higher ground and avoid the swamps. Our present roads in many cases follow these old trails. Marshall, who is the greatest authority on this campaign, and later George H. Harris, claim that the army followed the eastern side of the bay. General John S. Clarke and Nathaniel S. Olds advocate the western side, which claim is supported by a map of Father Raffiex, made in 1688, showing a trail west of the bay and none on the east side. That there were trails on both sides of the bay is not open to doubt. In favor of the west side is the fact that Irondequoit Creek would not have to be crossed. None of the men who were in the army suggest anything directly beyond Lahontan's statement as to the character of the country and the door leading to any further information from eye-witnesses is forever closed.

The first survey map of the territory which is now Monroe County, made in 1781, shows an important trail leading from the lake to the towns on the east side of the bay, but there were no permanent Seneca towns, as it was too exposed to attack. The letter of Father Beschefer, S. J., to Cabart de Villermont, dated at Quebec, September 19, 1687, is of significance, in which mention is made of the height on the shore of Irondequoit Bay the Senecas called from; and also the account of De Baugy, who speaks of the care used in approaching this place. This would seem decidedly to favor the eastern side. Another interesting, though not conclusive fact, is the relic found by Colonel S. P. Moulthrop near West Webster. This is a bronze halberd head, of the type carried by staff officers of Louis XIV.

Denonville states that they advanced "three leagues," a league of his equalling two and a half of our miles. They had started when the afternoon was well spent, and would not under any circumstances march after dark in a hostile country where they might at any moment be attacked. This is a reasonable distance for them to have come. One of the requisites for a camp is a supply of water and we find a little stream flowing through the fields on its way into the Irondequoit above Float Bridge. This was the site of their camp the first night. Some twenty-five years ago a farmer, while digging at this camp site, found five iron tomahawks of the type traded by the French. As these appeared to have been buried in a circle, in orderly fashion, it suggests that they were placed by some of Denonville's Indians as the symbol of an alliance between them and the French, held by this pledge in the land of their mutual enemies.

The army bivouacked for the hot sultry night with their headquarters on a small hill. As some fear was felt that many of their allies would desert, troops were placed to assist the guard should the mutiny occur.

The faint dawn of July 13th, 1687, the last sunrise for many, found the army astir. The strengthening light of a hot summer morning saw the men kneeling in prayer before Father Engelran. Perhaps the good Father had some premonition of the evils that this day would bring, as his prayers were lengthy and tried the patience of the pagan Indians who in silence watched the white men and the red converts make their medicine. Breakfast was eaten, a part of a loaf and a drink of creek water, and the army was ready to move. The Indians and the militia forming the advance guard started, and shortly afterwards the rest followed, conscious of the fact that they had a long day's march before them. The day grew intensely warm, with scarcely a breath of air to stir the thick foliage of the forest.

Turning to the west they now descended one steep ravine only to climb another and then down to the Irondequoit. Here a refreshing ford was made. It was simple, as they had no artillery or baggage beyond what each man

carried on his back. Bearing more to the south they followed up the gulley leading from Irondequoit Landing. Denonville and Father Beschefer state that there were three difficult places where they might be ambushed; these gave Marshall the basis on which he worked. These points were to be passed by advancing as rapidly as possible. The first of these places or defiles was at Irondequoit Landing, where the troops wading the stream would be at the mercy of their foes. The ford was safely crossed and the French then followed the Landing Road. This territory was familiar to them. It was the end of navigation on the Irondequoit, a trail center, a summer town of the Senecas, now deserted. Here Father Hennepin, at an earlier date, had spent several days in retreat and here La Salle had visited when he was exploring this country for a route to China. This entire vicinity has been most fully described by A. Emerson Babcock in his paper on "The Landing Road" (Vol. I, Publication Fund Series, pp. 188-209).

Had the French not crossed Irondequoit Creek here they would have been compelled to go through a broken and wooded country to the east and south, without any towns or many camp sites. It would have been a shorter distance to their destination, but much more difficult. It is not likely that they advanced through Penfield, as has been suggested. Arriving at Allen's Creek, they waded the shallow stream at a point below where the present East Avenue crosses it, and went through the low sandhills, coming to East Avenue and following its general line to Pittsford. Through the glades they marched while the heat became more intense, gasping for breath in the sultry air. The advance guard under the leadership of Kryn, the Mohawk, the grandfather of Joseph Brant, peered into every copse looking for the expected ambush. At Pittsford the trail left East Avenue and followed what is now the line of the Barge Canal, to the east. On the Mitchell farm at a tiny brook is a small camp site, which judging from the fragments of pottery found here, has been occupied by those who used this trail. At Jeschky's Mill, where the Irondequoit passes under the canal, was the second of the three defiles of danger. It, too, was safely passed. Near

here also is another Indian camp site. The change at this place, due to the construction of the barge canal, makes it difficult to comprehend its primitive condition.

Noon was approaching and even the Indians felt fatigued and asked for permission to stop "to boil their pots," but the request was denied, and in a surly mood they continued, unable to understand the white man's haste, as they usually regarded a war party as a matter of pleasure. Leaving the line of the canal before Bushnells Basin was reached, they turned to the south and entered a broad valley. On the right of the trail is Lily Pond, which was one of the stopping places on the trail, as here are found potsherds and the characteristic triangular arrow-point of the Senecas. Continuing along the valley the trail passes up a ravine to the left to avoid the swampy broken country of the Irondequoit. Crossing several large hills and another village site it passes by the present Ballentyne's Hall, which is the site of a small Seneca town. This trail line is sometimes called the "High Road," between Bushnells and Victor.

The heat became even more unendurable as the sun passed midday and was intensified by the sandy hills covered with pine. The weary troops were now approaching their objective, the Seneca village of Gannogaro, which was on Boughton Hill, south of the town of Victor.

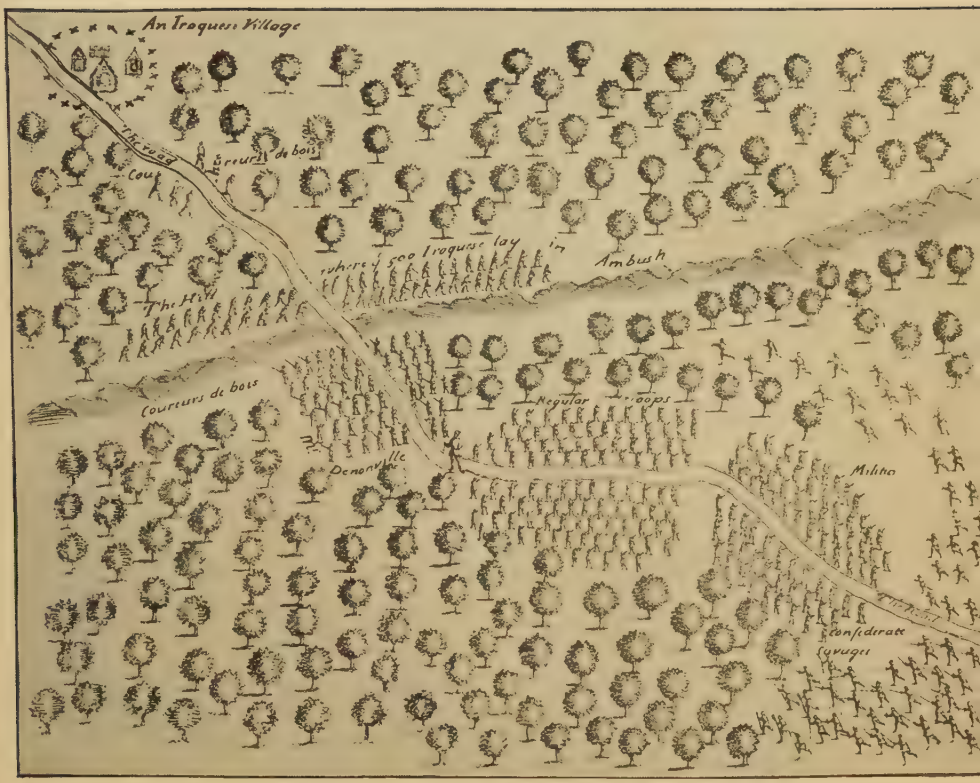
At Gannogaro a Seneca council of war had considered the defense which could be made against the invader. They were weakened by the absence of some of their warriors, in spite of the warning of Governor Dongan. The fact that the French were at Irondequoit had been known to them for several days. There was much dissension. Some were in favor of occupying the fort across the valley to the west and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Others did not care for the martyrdom of being in a garrison that would perish to a man when the fort was captured. The majority of the young men preferred open warfare, so an ambush was planned. The Seneca canton was well adapted for defense against attack from the north, as the two principal towns were only eleven miles apart on the south side of

the same valley. This permitted a ready concentration of fighters whichever town was threatened. The plan of the Seneca campaign, if it may be called such, depended on anticipating the objective of the French in sufficient time. Runners had been sent to the other tribes of the Iroquois to ask aid, but several days must elapse before assistance could arrive. The Senecas must fight alone. Slowly the hours passed, filled with wild rumors and false alarms, during which some enthusiast set the town on fire, thus saving the French this trouble or pleasure. The warriors spent their time in singing, dancing and redecorating themselves with all the paint they could find, in a wild frenzy of excitement. At last there burst into the town, from the woods to the north, a scout yelling, "The French are coming." Instantly a mob of Indians, men, women and children, swarmed around him and added to the confusion, while he told of having seen the long columns of the soldiers of the King of France reaching through the forest as far as could be seen. He stated that they reached back to the bay. Panic now seized many and they fled, some to the region of Honeoye Lake and others to Canandaigua, while a few remained to see the outcome of the battle. The Senecas later explained to the English the cause of their defeat by saying that all except a hundred men fled in this panic. Later three hundred warriors returned to join the defenders. The excitement continued while the chief got his braves together. It was with difficulty that he restrained them from rushing to attack their foes, and it was this impatience which later spoiled his plan of attack. Women were sent into the fields to give the impression that the village was inhabited, or to try to create the idea that the enemy was at least not expected. The Seneca forces now silently left the village and filed through the swamp to make their stand. In the moment of disaster, with the foe close to their village, some of the Seneca women joined the fighters. After passing through the marsh, the Senecas divided into two bodies, one of which placed themselves besides the trail near the end of a small valley. The others took their position in the swamp, on both sides of the trail. It was their intention to have the first body attack the French from the side, when

they turned to defend themselves, the others would attack and complete the rout.

There is some confusion and variation in the accounts as to the number of the Senecas engaged. About eight hundred seems to be the most reliable statement. The report of Dongan's gives the number as three hundred and fifty men, which probably refers to those who were in the fort before its defense was abandoned. As their total strength was at least twelve hundred, the balance may have been away on war-parties. There is the likelihood that the Senecas were outwitted by the rapidity of Denonville's march from the lake, exactly as he had intended, and did not have their entire force in this fight. The French were being closely watched by the Senecas, as either of their two towns might be attacked first. They did not know which. To anticipate this was important, but impossible if the foe moved swiftly. Not until the French reached East Avenue could it be determined. If they kept to the south, it meant Totiakton, at the present Rochester Junction. Should they turn east, Gannogaro would receive the initial blow. In short, it was a triangle, with the apex at the fork of the trails, at the ends of the base were the Seneca towns. The French would have one side about twelve miles to go, while the Senecas scouts, to get all their forces at either threatened town, would have the side and the base, a total of twenty-three miles to cover. Denonville certainly was an able commander in some respects and he may have had this in view when he refused to halt, much to the discomfort of his allies.

The French advanced a few more weary miles across the high land and came to where a tiny brook flowed southward down a ravine to lose itself in the vast swamp of the Victor valley. It was now almost three o'clock in the afternoon; twenty-four hours since they left the lake shore, and they had come seventeen miles since breakfast over an Indian foot path, through a hilly, wooded country on a torrid day. They were tired and welcomed a pause while many drank from the little stream. Across the valley to the south of them lay the ruins of the Indian town, the fire-



Sketch of the Victor Battle between the French Army of Marquis de Denonville and Seneca Warriors, July 13, 1687.

Drawn by an eyewitness of the conflict, Louis Armand, Baron de Lahontan

blackened poles of its lodges standing specter-like amid the trees of the surrounding forest. Here and there, untouched by the fire, were the dome-shaped, bark, corn storehouses, appearing like the backs of turtles, who tiring of the water have climbed on a half-sunken log to enjoy the sunshine. Near the town were the fields where the Indian women with crude implements tilled their crops. Some of them were at work apparently regardless of the heat and the impending destruction of their people. Three of Denonville's Indians saw these and hurried back across the marsh to report to him. Others came in with a very different story, they had seen the trail left by a large body of Senecas, they were unable to locate them but believed they were in the swamp. To which story Denonville paid the most attention we shall never know. The first was indeed good news, although we cannot believe it deceived him. Was Heaven again rewarding the piety of the Marquis by delivering the entire village with its inhabitants into his hands? He hardly could have been egotistical enough to have thought so. As the accounts of the persons who saw this struggle differ so widely we cannot reconcile them all, and we must remember that there were no disinterested observers.

Denonville, now on the edge of the third defile of danger, waited for the rest of the army to arrive and then sent Callières, the Christian Indians and the men of his western forces down the ravine. Its slope was gentle at first, but soon it became so steep that it was with difficulty that the troops could move along its side. On their left the hill rose abruptly, on the right was the stream and a dense beech wood. When the men reached the end of the slope they began to pick their way cautiously through a dense swale, where the underbrush grew so thickly that their companions a few feet away were hidden in the silent, leafy wilderness. Suddenly from the right came musket shots, then the roar of a ragged volley. The long-dreaded attack had come with all its horror. Bullets cut through the leaves and men began to drop, shot by an unseen foe. Gone were the thoughts of heat and fatigue as each man now faced his end. In an instant all became confusion as they tried

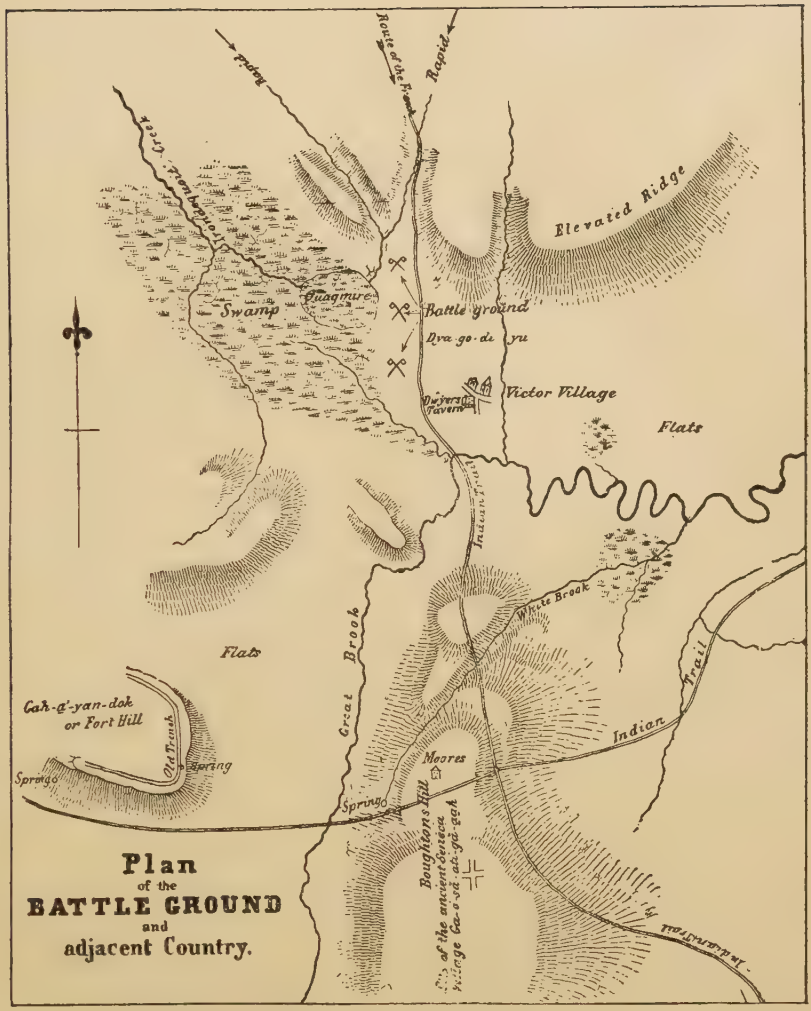
to reach safety, some rushed for the hillside, others tried to hide, and some returned the fire of the Senecas. The officers ran to and fro vainly trying to collect enough of their men to charge the enemy. Their appeals, mingled with the shouts and firing, were heeded by none; their troops were scattering in all directions through the woods, like frightened partridges. Then, as if the gates of hell had opened, five hundred more Senecas with a yell poured in their fire and leaped from cover. With blood-curdling screeches they closed with the French, tomahawk in hand. The fierce onslaught of these naked, painted demons swept all before them. The Ottawas ran as one man. Officers who were veterans of many European wars, men who had never known fear, now threw themselves on the ground hoping to escape the slaughter. Then ensued a terrific hand-to-hand encounter in which each thought of himself only. With clubbed musket, axe and sword the fight raged in the swamp where uncertain footing added to the terror. The woods rang with the terrible Seneca war cry, "Sauqua! Sauqua!" Echoed from the sides of the valley, these screeches added to the din. Slowly the smoke of the firing thickened until it hung like a veil in the still air, making it impossible to tell friend from Indian foe. Like dim shadows appeared the fighting mass of men and now the French often shot their own Indians. The Christian Mohawks, like heroes, were holding one thicket and returning blow for blow; the Abenikas from Maine joined them; Durantaye and Duluth, too, had gathered some of their command who huddled together fighting desperately. Father Engelran, conspicuous in his black robe, was calmly searching for the wounded, and giving absolution to all he could find. Tranquil in this inferno, believing he stood on the threshold of heaven, he fearlessly labored until a bullet struck him down. With the Mohawks, fighting against their brothers of the League, things had gone badly. Garonhiague, chief of the mission of the Sault, and Tegaretwan, chief of the Montreal mission, had been killed, with many of their followers. But the first shock of surprise was now over and the stiffening resistance of the French and their allies in spite of the vicious attack of the Senecas was

costing the latter heavily. To the ambushed it was like a fearsome nightmare, because of its suddenness, the terrific combat, and the helpless blindness making it impossible to know what was happening a few feet away.

Approaching the scene of the combat were the Montreal Militia under Berthier; they halted upon hearing the firing and when a moment later the Indians came running from the fight, they too joined them and ran back up the ravine. Here they met Dugay, who succeeded in rallying them and leading them back; but this was not enough to relieve the pressure of the Senecas on the French at the mouth of the ravine, who felt that they were surrounded and cut off, with only the question of how long they could withstand the assault. Then, as suddenly as the ending of a summer shower, the fighting ceased, and hundreds of Senecas, calling their cry of retreat, and carrying their dead and wounded, came running from the beech thicket where the fight started, past the astonished French, and in another moment those in the swamp ambush had gone and the road to the town was open. The French had defeated the Senecas at a frightful cost.

The main body of the French were at the entrance to the valley, when the sounds of the combat reached them from the woods. It sounded terrific and nothing could be seen. For a moment terror seized them and this increased as exhausted and panic-stricken fugitives began to arrive. Denonville, the man who had won his glory as a cavalry leader, was fighting a new kind of warfare, but he was equal to it, and did exactly the right thing. His troops were wavering and might at any moment break; the situation was serious and death as well as a severe defeat confronted him. Due to the heat he was clad in his underwear, a pair of boots and his sword; under ordinary circumstances he would have appeared comical to his men, but he was still the commander. Drawing his sword he ordered his men to form, they obeyed him and confidence was restored. Now the drums began to beat and trumpets sounded. Lines formed, and the panic was over. Leading in person, Denon-

ville began a flanking movement; keeping to the right, he marched his men down the ravine, passing close behind the Senecas of the first ambush. These, on hearing the drums and seeing the great number of men the French were putting into the combat, lost their courage, and retreated before they could be surrounded. Their flight caused their companions to abandon their position. Denonville, when he reached the marsh, found Callières and they discussed plans for the immediate action. Their Indians appeared and wanted the French to pursue the fleeing Senecas, being loathe to neglect the infrequent opportunity of hunting defeated Iroquois. The cowardly Ottawas came back and joined in the clamor. Denonville had several reasons for not heeding them. There was the danger that the foe might again attack and his troops were exhausted. Dusk was rapidly approaching and the swamp was filled with his dead and wounded. Many of the indignant Indians departed to carry on their own war, and soon returned with a few scalps and other trophies. They reported having found a pile of miserable, dirty blankets, the property of the enemy who had not stopped to get them in their hasty flight. Parties were sent to search the underbush for the wounded and they found that many of the thickets hid ghastly secrets. The army now moved back up the ill-fated valley, to where the water was good, and bivouacked for the night. Not so with their Indians, and in particular the Ottawas. They, too, searched through the woods, but for another quarry, the Seneca dead, whom they scalped and carried to their camp. Now they cut the throats of these and drank their blood, while they yelled and screeched, after which the bodies were cut up to make them fit into the cooking pots. Fires were built and songs of triumph were sung while with the bloody scalps on poles they danced round the kettles waiting for their repulsive contents to boil. Twilight came, and with it the lightning of an oncoming storm lit up the ghastly scene. Tired, heavy at heart over the day's losses, and disgusted with their cannibal allies, the French rested. At last rain came and put an end to the Indian banquet of victory.



Map of the Victor Battle between the French Army of Marquis de Denonville and Seneca Warriors, July 13, 1687.

Drawn by Orsamus H. Marshall

The losses in this encounter are variously stated. Denonville in his report to the Marquis de Seignelay, the minister for Canada, states:

"We had five or six men killed on the spot, twenty wounded. We learned from some prisoners who had escaped from the Senecas that this action cost them forty-five men killed on the field, twenty-five of whom we had seen at the shambles; the others were seen buried by this deserter and over sixty very severly wounded."

The Baron de Lahontan says:

"We lost on this occasion ten savages and a hundred Frenchmen; we had twenty or twenty-two wounded, among whom was the good Father Engelran. Our savages killed more than eighty, the heads of which they brought away, not counting the wounded who escaped."

All of the other accounts give the casualties as greater than those stated by Denonville, the size of this action would seem to indicate a greater loss than the figures of his report.

The morning of July 14th dawned, and as it still rained the French forces stayed where they were until noon, when they formed in order of battle and advanced down the ravine, past the scene of yesterday's conflict, leaving their own dead where they fell in the swamp and the half eaten bones of the Senecas, now partly trodden into the mud, to feed the crows by day and the wolves at night. The Senecas were astonished that the French did not stop to bury their dead. With care they crossed the marsh to its southern edge, and then climbed the three hills upon which the town stood, and entered its ruins. They expected to find the Senecas entrenched in what Denonville calls the "new town" or the fort to the west of the village, and preparations were made to attack it from the rear. However, it proved to be deserted. The troops now rested and protected themselves from a drizzle of rain during the afternoon. Profiting by the experience of the fight, Denonville, in order to avoid the danger of his savages being mistaken for enemies, had a large green tree branch tied on each. With night the rain ceased and on the following day the work of destruction started. The storehouses were burned and the crops in the nearby fields hacked down. The Indian

allies at once wished to go home, saying that the French were only capable of making war on corn fields and bark houses, which could be rebuilt in four days. Denonville says of them:

> "'Tis an unfortunate trade, my lord, to command savages who, after the first broken head, ask only to return home carrying with them the scalp which they lift off like a leather cap. You cannot conceive the trouble I had to detain them until the corn was cut."

It should be remembered that changes in the calendar have been made since that time, making the dates nearly two weeks later; therefore the corn at the time of destruction was in the condition it is about the beginning of August.

Many of the Indians left on war-parties in search of the Senecas, with varying success. One party captured several women and two men, one of whom was a very old man, a close relative to the chief of the village. Unable to comprehend the rapid course of events and the destruction of the town, he was wandering in a helpless manner through the woods, too old to fight and too proud to run. When he was questioned by Denonville he said that there were two hundred and twenty warriors in the first ambush and five hundred and thirty in the second. The other tribes were sending help, but only Senecas were present at the battle. Most of his people had fled to the Cayugas. In their panic they had neglected to take food, so were suffering from hunger. Father Bruyas, on speaking to him, found that he was a Christian, having been converted by the Jesuits some years before, so he baptised him at once and succeeded in persuading his captors to forego the pleasure of burning him alive. On his knees, with a crucifix in his hand as the symbol of his refound faith, he received a merciful blow of the tomahawk. The other Seneca was killed by torture and the remains of both the Christian and the Pagan captive met the same earthly fate, for their bodies were cut to pieces and boiled to make soup for the French allies.

In the afternoon Father Belmont, who was not employed in the work of destruction, went sightseeing. Here was the Babylon of the Senecas, from which many of their converts had entered heaven and he took in all its details. He

visited the cemetery and it filled him with horror as innumerable snakes crawled over the sunken graves while wild hogs fled at his approach. Here, too, was an instrument of the devil, a huge mask with teeth and great glaring eyes of brass, used to scare away the evil spirits. In the town was a huge bear skin used by the jugglers or medicine men in their devil worship. Turning away from these, filled with loathing and pity for the believers in such a faith, he descended the hill and saw the spring that had given the town its name, Gannogaro as the Mohawks called it, Ga-o-sa-eh-ga-aah to the Senecas—"The-bass-wood-used-to-lie-there." Its significance is this: Some Indian anxious to have clean water and filled with public spirit built a pipe line from the spring down the hill to a convenient spot by stripping the bark from bass wood trees, which when dried curled up into the tube used to convey the water.

The village was like the other Seneca towns; it contained about one hundred houses in a plain about two leagues in circumference according to Galinee, who visited it with La Salle, and four corn storehouses at the corners which had not been burned. On Fort Hill, across Great Brook, stood a palisade fort to which the inhabitants could fly in case of attack, there to remain until the besiegers withdrew. Gannogaro was known to the Jesuits as the Mission of St. Jacques, and had been frequently visited by both the French and English. Many evidences of its former inhabitants have been found. It is said that in early days the village blacksmith of Victor depended on this site as a source of iron for his forge, axes, gun-barrels and other refuse being so plentiful that a short search would reveal what was required. During 1919, excavations were made there by Dr. Arthur C. Parker, then New York State Archeologist and now Director of the Municipal Museum at Rochester. Among the many graves opened by that eminent scientist was one containing some twenty skeletons. This may be the grave of some of the Senecas who fell in the battle and who were buried together as described to Denonville by an escaped Huron. The Indians if possible always recovered the bodies of their slain to prevent their being scalped,

believing that the loss of the scalp seriously disturbed the future of the soul. Frederick Houghton has given us such a splendid description of the results of his research work on this town site (Vol. X, No. 2, Bulletin of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences), it is hardly necessary to go into detail on the subject of the relics found here.

The fort, Gah-a-yau-dok, was situated most advantageously on the top of a steep hill a mile and a half to the west of the village. It was constructed of posts some ten feet high, with a sheathing to prevent the foe from firing through the crevices; also a trench protected a portion of it. The hill was so steep that steps had been cut into it. Denonville refers to it as "a mountain scarped on all sides," and further says that the fort was eight hundred paces in circumference, with an entrenchment to cover the way to a spring on the hillside. Time and the plow have now leveled the embankments, so the spring is all that is left to identify the spot. The late Irving W. Coates, of Hopewell, New York, in his pamphlet, "In the Footprints of Denonville," describes a visit to this place in 1890, when a portion of the hill had eroded away and exposed the butts of the palisade. These were of oak, from ten to sixteen inches in diameter, driven three feet into the ground, with smaller posts placed between them. The ends at the surface of the soil had been burned and the charcoal was spread over a large area, which caused him to infer that a strong wind was blowing when the French burned the fort on the morning of July 15, 1687. The owner of the farm on which the fort was located, Daniel Ellis, showed him a handsome carnelian seal in a gold mounting, which had been found within the enclosure. This is now in the collection of the Cleveland Historical Society.

The difficulty of moving the wounded, and the desire to save them the pain of being carried in litters through the campaign, caused Denonville to ask the Indians to act as an escort to a detail of one hundred men who would take them back to the ships. This the Indians refused to do. Others of them wished the French to assist them in an attack on Canandaigua where the Seneca refugees were.

Denonville, knowing that they would abandon the French if ambushed, refused to risk any of his command in the project.

The fort having been burned, the army spent the remainder of the day in ruining the crop of corn, beans and other produce of the Senecas. Lahontan states that all the villages swarmed with fowl, pigs, cattle and horses. These the French killed, and the pigs, together with the green corn which they ate, according to Charlevoix, were the cause of an epidemic of dysentery which hastened the close of the campaign.

As no opposition was being offered by the Senecas, Denonville became worried over their ominous inactivity and wondered what they were doing. The situation was made worse by the fact that a large scouting-party of Indians had not returned as expected. He states that although he had been in the military service for over thirty years, at no time had he experienced the difficulties and worries that were now his. The terrible thought entered his tired brain, that perhaps the Senecas were making good their threat of destroying him and his army, and as the first step of isolating him were attacking the fort protecting the boats at Irondequoit.

On the morning of July 15th the army began its march to the village of Gannogarae, eight miles to the south. It formerly covered a portion of what is now the farm of Jesse and George Marsh in the north-east corner of East Bloomfield, on the east side of Mud Creek, which in its course out of the Bristol Valley wanders through what was once the bottom of an ancient glacial lake. Here erosion has made many small ravines and hills, a country which once sheltered many of the aborigines. At present there seems to be no particular reason why the town should have been located at that point. Probably at that time a natural clearing in the forest, a nearby deer-lick, or the main trail to the west, were factors in its location. It was a town of tragedy, as here lived the prisoners of the Senecas. Not that their lot was hard, but each was the survivor of some massacre of their people. As captives they had been driven

to the Iroquois country by the brutal blows of the victors. Here those who had not been on the war party gave vent to their hate by torturing them. Some were killed; others, if they endured all without flinching, were adopted into the Seneca Nation with full rights, except that they were not asked to join in any attack against their own people, which provision was more from caution than from a regard for their feelings. At this town lived the cosmopolitan captives, there being representatives of seventeen different tribes whose homes ranged from Alabama to the tributaries of Hudson Bay, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. All had contributed their quota as evidence of the success of the invincible Iroquois. The army was not long in arriving at Gannogarae, and the French with their allies inspected the town before burning it. This village was different from the one just destroyed, as the Jesuits had taught their converts a more advanced manner of living. Instead of crowding many families into one large bark dwelling which resulted in the same domestic privacy that might be expected in an ant hill, these people had their individual houses. Now, by a curious turn of fate, their own relatives were to assist in their destruction.

To the Mohawks, this town was known as Gannogarae, to the Senecas it was Chi-nos-hah-geh, "On-the Slope-of-the-Valley," which name was applied both to the village and to the stream, which the white man calls Mud Creek. The Jesuit Mission of St. Michel was here, and a most successful one it was, as the alien Indians had known Christianity before their capture and were far more anxious to embrace it than were the Senecas. The mission had been established by Father Chaumonot in 1656, when he met a council of chiefs to request this privilege. After giving them the usual presents to induce them to hear his words, the Father said:

"I offer myself as a guarantee of the truths which I utter, and if my life is deemed insufficient I offer you in addition, the lives of all the French I have left at Onondaga. Do you distrust these living presents? Will you be so simple as to believe that we have left our native country, the finest in the world, to come so far, and to suffer so much, in order to bring you a lie."

The chiefs were moved by his appeal and the way to salvation was opened to the Indians by the fearless Jesuits. In 1668 Father Fremin was sent to the Senecas and found that while the Huron captives were favorable towards his teachings, the majority of the Senecas were hostile. The Hurons aided him in the construction of a chapel and the mission of St. Michel was started, sixty-six converts being baptized in four months. When Father Fremin returned from a conference of the Jesuits at Onondaga, he brought Father Julian Garnier to assist him and the mission of St. Jean was opened in another village. The following year, 1670, the Jesuits settled at Totiakton, the largest of the Seneca towns, with Father Pierre Raffeix in charge of the mission called La Conception. It is to this man, who was an able scientist, that we owe much of our information about this territory. He is the author of two maps, one of which, "Lake Ontario, with the adjacent regions, and especially the five Iroquois nations," 1688, shows a trail from the lake on the west side of Irondequoit Bay. As he left the mission of La Prairie near Montreal to go to the Senecas he probably used this trail. However, the lack of details on this map suggests that he only showed trails he had traveled or was familiar with.

The hatred of the Indian medicine men, together with the increase of drunkenness, placed the lives of these priests in constant peril and greatly retarded their work. An epidemic of influenza, with a high mortality, now broke out among the Indians, with the result that several attempts were made to murder the Jesuits by fanatics who believed them responsible for it. Undaunted by these actions and the hatred of many of the Indians, they now launched their fourth Seneca mission, St. Jacques at Gannogaro. This tribe was the most difficult to deal with that the Jesuits had encountered. Father Millet, a missionary among the Onondagas, says of them: "The Onondaga is not as savage as the Seneca when he is drunk. He rather strives to caress you and protests that you don't love him enough." The increase of trade with the English led to a wider use of intoxicants in spite of the efforts of the Jesuits and their converts, and women and even children now acquired the

habit. No war or hunting party could be started without a drunken orgie, during one of which the chapel at St. Jacques was burned.

When the trouble with De La Barre and the Iroquois occurred, Father Garnier went to Quebec to use his influence to avoid the war, but as the Jesuits were recalled from the Seneca Missions, none of them were present when Denonville's army destroyed their missions in 1687. In 1701, the Senecas, with many other tribes, made peace with the French and their allies. Thereafter, the work of the Jesuits was again commenced among them, and continued until 1709, when the increase of English power compelled Father Garnier and his associates to leave their labors. The fact that the Senecas, during the next war between France and England, remained loyal to the French was the result of Father Garnier's influence, and a tribute to the regard they had for this remarkable man.

During the afternoon of July 15th the French gathered together such of the effects of the inhabitants of Gannogarae as were not worth saving. Their cabins, arms and household articles, as well as the corn store-houses were burned. To-day, on this site, there are areas of charcoal and soil sharply defined in spite of the years that the ground has been cultivated.

Numerous relics have been found at this place, showing an active trade with the European. Beads, gun-locks, brass kettles, axes and religious articles given to the converts, such as rosaries and crucifixes with the symbols of the church upon them. Some curious lead disks about the size of a half dollar, with lettering and a hole in the center, have been found. These have puzzled many. They are the seals from documents sent to the Jesuits by their Order. Many of the articles of Indian manufacture tell a pathetic story, being something from the captive's home—a Florida seashell, or a gorget to be worn on a thong around the neck, as a lucky stone, made from a material not found within many hundreds of miles, like the Virginia steatite or the Illinois shales.

Denonville's worry about the lost scouting-party was ended when they appeared with report of having been to the village of Totiakton, which they found deserted, a few of its houses having been burned by the Senecas. After spending the night at Gannogarae and completing its destruction the army now returned to Gannogaro, where they searched out some more cornfields in the clearings of the forest and hacked them down. Their Indians became even more disgusted with them, as they considered such warfare as beneath contempt.

That night the army rested amid the ruins of the fort at Gannogaro, where the steepness of the hill contributed to their safety. During the night, they were awakened by a sentry firing a shot at some one approaching him. It proved to be an Illinois woman whom he had wounded in the thigh. She had been a prisoner among the Senecas for nine years and seized this opportunity to escape. Her statement as to the loss of the Senecas in the battle is forty killed and fifty badly wounded.

Breaking camp, the army now marched to the west, into the valley of the Honeoye. Like a great red and green serpent of destruction, they wound their way along the trail into the garden of the Seneca Nation. Here the rich bottom-lands had rewarded their cultivators by bountiful crops as is shown by the numerous village sites that lay along this stream. In the heart of this country, on a large fertile plain, stood the metropolis of the Senecas, Totiakton, the third of the doomed towns. Its name, "In-the-bend-of-the-stream," is most appropriate, as the Honeoye skirts the town on the east and north in a large loop. The town was reached by the French after a march of eleven miles, and found deserted. To the delight of the troops, many pigs were searching about the town for food; these they killed and had a dinner of roast pork with green corn. The town contained about a hundred houses and was similar to the first one they had seen.

While looking over these houses, they found a board with the picture of a woman, a horse, and a bird on it. De Baugy and other officers puzzled over it until the Illinois woman offered an explanation. It represented negotiations

between the Iroquois during De La Barre's campaign, at which time the Onondagas wished to avoid the threatened war. The Senecas were represented by the bird with a powerful eye, that could see everything from afar without taking part in it. The "woman" was Aria, Arnout Cornelisse Vilele, Governor Dongan's messenger to the Iroquois. The horse meant he had come a long distance, and as there was an axe in its mouth, the rider had come to talk of war.

The torch was applied to the town and soon Totiakton was only a smoking mass of ruins.

Wentworth Greenhalgh, who visited the Senecas in 1677, describes this town (Colonial Hist., Vol. III). He states that it lay on the edge of a hill near the river Tiotehatton, which signifies bending. It was the largest of the Seneca towns, having one hundred and twenty houses. In size, these were one hundred and thirty feet long and fifty feet wide, each containing over a dozen fires. During his stay here fifty prisoners were brought in; of these two women and a man were burnt, and a child was killed with a stone. That night was spent by the villagers in making a great noise to frighten away the ghosts of the murdered.

The identity of the town was established in 1847 by O. H. Marshall. The site was purchased by Abner Sheldon in 1802, and has been under cultivation ever since. Mr. Sheldon discovered the ruins of a palisade enclosure on the edge of the hill south of the town. It covered about a half acre and had been made of posts twelve feet long set four feet into the ground. G. R. Mills unearthed some of the butts of these posts about ten years ago. That Mr. Sheldon should find this structure over a hundred years after the destruction of the town leads George H. Harris to the conclusion that it was built as a place of refuge after Denonville's attack. In fact, it may have been constructed many years later, as the Senecas occupied this section until about 1715. The palisade is not mentioned by the French.

The graveyards that are scattered over the plain and on the edge of the hill have yielded many relics, such as guns, knives, scissors, and even musical instruments, if the jews-harp may be termed as such. The presence of these

MAP OF TOTIAKTON AND VICINITY

Drawn by George H. Harris, 1884

1. Totiakton. 2, 2, 2. Cemeteries. 3, 3, 3. Bluffs. 4. Palisaded Fort. 5. Spring. 6, 6, 6. Honeoye Outlet. 7. J. T. Sheldon's. 8. J. Russell's. 9. Sheldon's Plain. 10. Sibleyville. 11. Honeoye Falls. 12. Line between Mendon and East Rush.

articles in the graves was due to the idea that food and implements would be necessary to the welfare of the departed soul in its journey beyond the grave. Fortunately for the sorrowing relatives, it was not important that the articles buried should be whole, as only the spirit was required; the odor of the food, too, served for the spirit. One resident of Totiakton was found who had ten gun-locks buried with him, while another had four gun-barrels. These articles shed light on when the town was occupied, as the Indians had a great reverence for their dead and a town that had been abandoned was regarded as dead and a place to be avoided. Certainly they would never go there to make further burials.

Much information is to be gained by a study of the fire-arms discovered there, as these were changing rapidly. It seems probable that the Indians did not get the improved weapons as soon as they appeared, but received in trade and by purchase the obsolete arms not required by the European. In the development of the musket we find, first, the German wheel-lock, 1620, in which a spring was wound up with a key like an old-fashioned watch. When the trigger was pulled, the spring revolved a wheel, covered with pyrites that fired the powder. Its successor was the snaphance, the first flint-lock, in which the hammer struck towards the shooter, so he was quite apt to get a spark or a flint chip in the eye. Neither of these have been found at Totiakton. The bell-mouth blunderbuss, the gun of the Puritan, a short, heavy weapon with the barrel flared into a funnel to facilitate pouring in the powder and shot, has been found here. It was discarded for a long-barreled weapon of 45 calibre; and from this the development went on in the lock only, for the period we are considering. First, a cover for the striking pan was added; next, the hammer was stiffened; and later, the method of clamping the flint was improved. The last feature is not contained in the guns found at this site; which would lead us to believe that the town was not occupied after 1690.

After the burning of Totiakton the French had more difficulties with their Indians. Some of the Iroquois deserted

to rejoin the League. Their liberty was short-lived, as they encountered a party of Miamis, a brief but savage struggle ensued, and they were killed. Their death-cries were heard by an escaping Illinois woman who told the French of their fate. The Indian allies reported Senecas in the neighborhood, which caused Denonville to keep his troops under arms all night, but there was no attack. In the morning, the weary men continued the gloomy work of destruction of the crops. On July 21st, they left for the town of Gannounata, the Mission of St. Jean.

The location of this village is open to question. Marshall placed it on Gore Brook, or the Little Conesus, in Livingston County, two miles north of Livonia Station, on the farm of John Cleary. He based this on the statement of Blacksmith, an aged Seneca, who as a boy had hunted over this country. His interpretation of the place as Dy-do-soot or "at-the-spring" was because this site is not far from a very large spring. The most forcible argument against this location is that these villagers did not possess European articles such as are found at the other town sites, which leads us to the conclusion that it was occupied before this period. Denonville states that the town was two leagues, or five miles, distant from Totiakton; while the Gore Brook site is eight miles away. In searching for the probable location of Gannounata, if we draw a circle of five miles radius from Totiakton we are confronted with several sites, the most likely of which is the one two miles north of Lima and four miles from Totiakton. This was excavated during the construction of the railroad between Honeoye Falls and Lima. A quantity of Jesuit articles, French coins of this period, as well as European trade articles, were found by the nearby farmers. The collection of Alvin H. Dewey contains much material from here.

On approaching the village, Denonville saw beside the trail at the entrance to the town the Coat of Arms of the Duke of York, a symbol of English sovereignty. He was filled with indignation and his rage increased when he found it dated 1683, a year before it had been placed there. Here was a direct affront from his old rival, Governor Dongan, in the midst of the wilderness, a result of the

Senecas' appeal for aid. The feelings of Denonville were somewhat appeased by the antidote he prepared. The army stood at attention while the process verbal, the act of taking formal possession of the country, was read. He states:

"Although it is beyond question that we first discovered and took possession of that country and for twenty consecutive years had Fathers Fremin, Garnier and others there as stationary missionaries."

Gannounata was completely destroyed with all its food supplies. The quantity of grain in storage surprised the French. While the work of destruction was in progress, one of the Hurons of the Lorette Mission, who had gone on a private war-party, returned from Canandaigua and proudly exhibited two fresh scalps, those of a man and a woman. This made the Mohawks jealous, and some of them left to gather similar souvenirs of their visit to the Senecas. As nothing more is said about them, we do not know if they succeeded, or even kept their own scalps.

On July 22nd the army returned to Totiakton, and the following day a large detachment under command of Callières and Vaudreuil went to destroy some distant fields. The Senecas state that the Indians the French sent out to locate these fields in the forest were so hostile to this enterprise that they did not guide the troops to them.

The bad weather with its incessant rain, the great number of sick and wounded, together with the increasing number of allies who were going home, caused Denonville to hasten his departure. Seven Illinois warriors who had been left at home arrived, "bow in hand and naked as worms;" their loyalty greatly pleased Tonty. By noon the work of destruction had been completed. The French paused long enough to estimate what they had done. Denonville says:

"We had the curiosity to estimate the whole quantity [of corn], green as well as ripe, which we had destroyed in the four villages of the Sonnontouans, and we found that it would amount to 350,000 minots of green, and 50,000 minots of old corn, by which we can estimate the multitude of people in these four villages and the suffering they will experience from the devastation."

The minot has been interpreted as being equal to three bushels, making the total amount 1,200,000 bushels, which is absurd. Denonville has been criticised for this statement. Surennes gives the minot as equalling one and three-tenths bushels, which materially reduces the amount. There also exists the probability of an error of a cipher in translation, which is found at other places in these documents. Giving Denonville the benefit of the doubt, it brings his estimate of the quantity to 52,000 bushels. It should be noted that he states they destroyed about four hundred houses and Greenhalgh gives the number of them as 324 in 1677.

During the afternoon of July 23rd the march for the boats commenced. Progress was slow, as the sick and wounded were carried in litters. The return route is open to discussion. Denonville states that the boats were reached after marching eight leagues, or twenty-two miles. Apparently they took a direct route, as they naturally would; this would be along the trail that followed the present line of Clover Street, to East Avenue at Allen's Creek, thence along the east side of Irondequoit Bay over the trail by which they came, it being about twenty miles to the lake by this course. Two leagues were made before the increasing darkness compelled a halt. On the way a Seneca, who was watching their movements, was surprised by one of the Hurons. The Seneca wisely refused to follow his captor, knowing well what fate waited for him, so he was killed where he stood. Denonville regretted this, as he wished information as to what the enemy were doing. His retreat would have been hurried could he have known that even then Canandaigua swarmed with Iroquois and hourly their strength was increasing. As Lewis H. Morgan states that only three days were required to carry news from Albany to Buffalo with their system of couriers, doubtless the entire confederacy had been aware of the presence of the French for several days. The reason Denonville was not ambushed again was because the Iroquois had a wholesome respect for the size of his force and were only waiting to be certain of their prey. As it was, he barely eluded them.

George H. Harris has given considerable attention to the subject of the return route in an effort to bring it within the boundary of the city of Rochester, but the other possible trails, one of which is by way of Red Creek to South Park, and the portage trail to Irondequoit Landing, is rejected by him as too far. It appears that there was a trail along the Indian village sites near Mendon Ponds from Rochester Junction to Allen's Creek. Chevalier de Baugy* says that upon the return march from Totiakton to the stockade at Irondequoit Bay the army marched "two good leagues," when the soldiers arrived at "three exceedingly pretty little lakes," and went into camp. This is, apparently, the first reference in history to the Mendon Ponds.

On arriving at the Indian Landing, did the French follow the east or west side of the Bay? Harris suggests that they followed a trail from here to Culver Road, and then along Woodman Road to Sea Breeze, the trail of Father Raffiex. This would bring them through a portion of Rochester. It is argued that Denonville would use it to save carrying his sick and wounded across the Irondequoit and also that it would be less exposed to attack from the east. However, the strongest presumption is that they would use a trail with which they were familiar; and the distance is somewhat shorter by the eastern route.

Denonville, in his return to Kingston, used the north shore of the lake and his comment that they did not see any of their foes does not show a particular desire to avoid them. This course was chosen because it was less troubled by storms and head winds.

During the afternoon of July 24th the fort was reached The sick and exhausted condition of his troops compelled

*Editor's Note: The Chevalier de Baugy, a young French nobleman, who served as aide-de-camp to the Marquis de Denonville during the expedition, kept a journal of his experiences during that summer: *Journal d' une Expedition Contre les Iroquois en 1687, rédigé par Le Chevalier de Baugy, Aide-de-Camp de M. le Marquis de Denonville.* This interesting and useful journal had its first and only publication in Paris in 1883—one hundred and ninety-six years after it was written. No translation has appeared.

Denonville to rest during that day and the next. Father Engelran and the other wounded, with the worst cases of sickness, were placed on board one of the ships, which hoisted sail and departed for Kingston carrying a letter announcing the results of the campaign to the Intendant Muelles.

Trouble now ensued with some of the Indian allies who refused to accompany the army further and paddled away in spite of Denonville's threats and remonstrances.

The boats were raised and loaded and all was made ready for their departure for Niagara. On July 26th, the regular troops and the Ottawas embarked and the militia heaped up the litter and, after setting fire to the fort of palisades, launched their boats and followed.

For sixteen days the Iroquois had been gathering their forces to crush the invader, and these arrived at the fort, only to find smoldering embers. Their savage eyes fiercely glistened as far out on the calm lake towards the western horizon they saw vanishing the last of the boats bearing the enemy in safety beyond their reach. For the time-being, deprived of their revenge, they prowled among the ruins searching for articles of value, and then took their way back to their people.

The sites of their destroyed villages were abandoned and soon returned to wilderness condition, new towns being constructed not far away. Houghton thinks that those who lived at Totiakton moved to a site two and a half miles south, at a place about two miles west of the present village of Honeoye Falls. When Judge Porter cleared this spot in 1800, he was compelled to use spades to fill in the graves and level the surface. He collected three thousand pounds of iron refuse and three hundred axes which he sold for junk, which more than paid the cost of the labor. Raymond G. Dann, whose father's farm included this site, collected an enormous amount of relics here and placed them in the State Museum. This is thought by some to have been the town destroyed by the French, but while there is no doubt that it was a large village, it does not fit the description of the Totiakton visited by Greenhalgh. The distances stated

by Denonville do not agree with this location, and its graves contain the type of British musket that was abandoned in 1692, which Governor Andros supplied in large number to arm his allies. It is likely that this town existed for many years after Denonville's raid until an epidemic of smallpox caused them to move to sites on the upper Genesee River where they would have the advantage of being beyond the reach of a sudden attack from the lake. Alvin H. Dewey, in the course of his study of this town, found conditions of burial where the skeletons of several children had been placed in one grave. Some of the other graves had been partly filled and then other burials made. This, together with the fact that smallpox swept through the Seneca villages in 1715, suggests that such an epidemic was the end of this town. The Indians of Gannogaro and Gannogarae moved to sites near the foot of Canandaigua and Seneca Lakes.

The westward progress of the French army was hampered by weather conditions, and a camp was made on shore in the rain. For a day the storm held the troops motionless. The following day all camped about eight miles from the Niagara River, until the breeze died out with the sun. When the moon rose they started, and the dawn of July 31st found them at Youngstown ready to start building the long-dreamed-of fort at Niagara, another link in the chain that France was forging for supremacy in America.

As the surface of the ground at the point was bare of trees, the French had to go to the woods on top of Lewiston Heights for posts for the palisade. The long distance they had to drag the timber hampered them greatly. Denonville got out the plans of his inebriated draftsman, Villeneau, and the work slowly proceeded. The post-holes were dug, and with the crude driving machinery that they had brought, the stockade was erected.

The western Indians whose patience had been so severely tried by the whole campaign, now made ready to depart. There was much speechmaking, the substance of which was that they relied on Denonville to fight the war

to a conclusion and were pleased over the construction of a fort here which they could use on their own raids against the common enemy. Denonville assured them that he would prosecute the war with such vigor that the Iroquois would soon be driven into the sea.

Soldiers were sent with these Indians to garrison the post at Detroit; among these was the hapless Baron de Lahontan, to his intense regret and his relatives' profit.

The 2nd of August saw the fort with its palisade in a condition sufficient to withstand any attack the Iroquois might make. The militia who had been gathering the posts left and Denonville followed them on the next day, leaving Vaudreuil to finish the work. Later, he too departed, leaving a permanent garrison of a hundred men under Captain De Troyes to occupy the fort.

Making "thirteen good leagues," Denonville crossed the traverse at Burlington Beach during the night to avoid the day breezes, and overtook the militia whose progress was slow, as only about half of them had strength enough to row their boats. A storm stopped them for half of the next day, but thirty-five miles were made after it cleared, and that night the army had a feast on some two hundred deer that an advance party of Indians had killed for them.

A favorable breeze enabled the army to make forty-five miles on the next day. The supply ship that was carrying winter provisions to Niagara passed them. On August 6th they camped at Gannaraske, "a place where salmon are very abundant;" next, Port Hope, Ontario, having made fifteen leagues that day. The following day twelve leagues were accomplished and they stopped on the shore of Weller's Bay, "two leagues from Kenté," likely the carrying place or the portage into the Bay of Quinte. A breeze on the 8th carried them rapidly down the shore to Point Pleasant, that night. At Amherst Island the troops they had left at Niagara overtook them, having come by the ships. The 9th they arrived at Fort Frontenac; D'Orvilliers and a hundred men were left there as a garrison for this post.

Leaving on the 10th, that night was spent on Howe Island, and aided by the wind and current they reached a point five miles above Ogdensburg. Point au Baudet sheltered them next, and on the morning of August 13th the inhabitants of Montreal were delighted to behold the victorious army of the Marquis de Denonville, exactly two months after its departure.

Governor Dongan, who had the best interests of his colony at heart, lost no time in inviting the chiefs of the Iroquois to meet him to discuss the recent attack. He wished to use this to draw the Indians closer to the English. On August 5th the council met and heard their story. The Governor advised them that he would lay the matter before the English King, as at that time the English claimed the Iroquois as their subjects. The French denied this because of their prior entry into this part of the country. Dongan told the Indians, who were for the moment humble, that he would supply them with firearms to resist the French and build a fort in their country. He advised them to establish a war college; to arrange their military affairs in secrecy without a general discussion through the entire tribe; to arrange a peace with the Ottawas, and drive the French from the upper lakes; to have no more French priests in their villages, saying that he would keep them supplied with English ones; to maintain their strength by exchanging prisoners; to induce the Iroquois who had settled with the French to return to their tribes; as they were English subjects he cautioned them against making any treaties without consulting him; and last, not to permit the drinking of liquor during time of war. The Iroquois, who wished the English help, agreed to all Dongan said, and departed saying that they would fight the French as long as they had a man left.

In spite of the campaign, the condition of the French had now become critical. For three years the fur trade, which was the life of the colony, had been stopped, the warehouses were empty and there was no money to pay for needed supplies. To make matters worse, small bands of Iroquois prowled among the settlements murdering those

whom they could find. As there was no safety outside of the fortified towns, the fields were uncared for and with the approach of winter starvation faced all. In desperation Denonville contemplated again taking the offensive and asked his King for an army of four thousand men to make a double attack against the Iroquois; one army was to be sent against the Onondagas and Cayugas, while the other attacked the Mohawks and Oneidas. Apparently he did not think that the Senecas required any further punishment. As the King could not spare any men from the European tangle, this plan came to naught. So Denonville thought of another, which had the great merit of economy; it was to remove the source of the firearms of the Iroquois to compel them to come to terms. This was nothing less than a project to destroy the colony of New York, using the troops and Indians that were available in Canada, with the co-operation of ships that the King was to supply to blockade the town of New York, while he attacked it from the land. Callierès went to France to arrange the details of this campaign.

The King thought highly of the plan and perfected it. Incidentally, we find an item allowing thirty barrels of brandy as a sufficient supply for the troops capturing New York. The fate of its inhabitants was solved, simply, by giving them the choice of becoming Catholic subjects of the French King, or emigrating into the interior to be murdered by the Indians.

In the meantime, while waiting for this plan to mature, Denonville opened negotiations with the Onondagas, who had always been the most friendly of the Iroquois. He returned some of the captives he had taken at Fort Frontenac and wrote to France for the return of those who were there. The same Garangula, who has caused De La Barre so much embarrassment at La Famine, was keenly appreciative of the advantages that would ensue if both the French and English were trying to win the favor of his countrymen. He, with some other chiefs, went to Fort Frontenac and was received with nothing less than royal honors. After feasting them, an officer was delegated to accompany

the Indians to Montreal to meet the Governor. Hundreds of Iroquois joined the party as it paddled down the St. Lawrence, so, as the head of an imposing force, Garangula spoke to Denonville with all his old time arrogance. He said that the Iroquois were the subjects of no mere European King, but were willing to be friends of both the English and French; that they never had been conquered nor could they be; that he, personally, had saved the French colony from destruction by restraining the Iroquois from their intended plan of so harassing the French that no farm work could be done and then, when starvation had reduced the colony, to capture its forts one by one; that he was willing to make peace with the reservation that the Indian allies of the French were not to be included.

Denonville reluctantly accepted, and abandoned his allies to the mercy of the Iroquois. With this accomplished, Garangula departed, promising that he would return with the rest of the chiefs to ratify the treaty.

This would have been disastrous to the English. If the Iroquois had aided the French in their proposed attack, New York probably would have been captured. The large Dutch element, together with the slowness of the other colonies to render any assistance, would have made its defense most difficult.

We will leave Denonville at Montreal, awaiting the arrival of the peace delegation during the midsummer days of 1688, and witness the tragedy at the fort on the Niagara that bore his name.

It was a cow that started the trouble. Hardly had the boats left with those of Denonville's force that were to return to Kingston, when the unfortunate troops that remained decided that they wanted a beefsteak supper from the cow of their commander, but he insisted on keeping his cow, so they had to go without it.

Men, isolated from the world in a wilderness, four thousand miles from home, might well be expected to become querulous, and these did; nor was their disposition improved any when, on opening the supplies brought them by ship from Fort Frontenac, it was found that the

flour was water-soaked and moldy, while the biscuits were inhabited by large numbers of weevils. Worst of all, De Troyes was using all the hay to feed his pet cow so the men had to sleep on the bare, chilly ground. A garden was started, but it did not thrive and an early frost soon ruined what did grow. The fishing was not successful and the hunting was dangerous, as the hunter was apt to be hunted by the Senecas. One party ventured into the woods in search of game and never returned. Another attempt resulted in two of its members being shot from the brush.

Their discontent now developed into mutiny, in which all but three joined. After some stealthy conferences, it was decided to kill the unpopular officers and desert, making their way to the nearest English settlement. But a mightier power than they had willed it otherwise. The night before the day set for the revolt, a large Seneca war-party descended on the post and, while not attempting a direct assault, kept up a desolatory fire. For some days they remained, preventing the plan of escape from being put into effect.

Before the besiegers left, with the first chill of autumn, a sickness broke out among the soldiers, due as they thought to sleeping on the damp ground, and the officer whose cow was peacefully munching their bedding became even more hated. Winter with its cold and snow now settled over the country and closed the trails to the English towns.

Alone in the snow-covered forest, broken only by the cheerless icy river and lake, this little outpost of France was bleak, desolate and forgotten. No friendly Indians stopped in with a welcome supply of game, but the great leveler of all, death, approached through its agent, scurvy. One by one they sickened with the scarcity of food and improper care, and the row of graves in the frozen soil within the fort grew. Father Lamberville became ill, but recovered. Before the lengthening days of March came, sixty of the hundred men were gone. That month added twenty more little crosses to the cemetery. De Troyes himself was slowly dying. The days were now becoming

milder, an early spring was approaching, and with it would doubtless come the Senecas, but no one cared.

At the end of April a party of eighty Miami Indians arrived who were on their way to attack the Senecas, but thought that they would stop at the fort and avail themselves of its hospitality to leave their women. On seeing the desperate condition of the remnant of the garrison, they immediately got a plentiful supply of deer and wild turkeys and remained waiting for the relief.

The companion post, Fort Frontenac, too had suffered severely with scurvy during the winter. A messenger was sent to Montreal to ask for assistance, which was sent as soon as possible. The rescue party arrived April 20th and found about fifteen men of the garrison still alive. They could imagine the terrible conditions at Fort Denonville, so made every effort to get there. After the ship bearing the supplies and men had started, the captain seized this inopportune time to become intoxicated and lost his course. On May 12th, they arrived at the stricken fort to find three officers and four soldiers with five or six dying men. De Troyes had died before they arrived. The sick men were placed in the ship, one dying as he was being carried aboard, and the ship started on its return, leaving Captain Desbergeres with a new garrison in charge of the ill-fated post. Father Millet, who too had remained, placed a huge cross of oak, eighteen feet in height, in the graveyard where rested the remains of over eighty of the men who had come from France to destroy the Senecas but would never return. The Father patiently and with difficulty, crudely carved with his own hands these letters as his tribute: "REGN. VINC. IMP. CHRS."—*Regnat Vincit Imperat Christus,* "May Christ Conquer and Rule."

When the Miami Indians saw that the fort was safe, they left their women and departed to continue their attack on what was probably a characteristic raid. A few days later one Miami returned and said that they had been ambushed after killing a Seneca. The women at once began to wail and howl in mourning for their fallen warriors. For three days and nights they kept this up, to the great annoyance of the French, and then small groups

of Miamis began to appear from the forest until there was only one man missing; thereupon they started for their home. Later, even this straggler appeared, having been delayed by an arrow through his thigh. The surgeon pulled this out and the wound healed without any further trouble and he too went home.

The summer passed with many alarms caused by the appearance of the Senecas, who resented the presence of the fort within their territory, but they made no serious attack. To his regret Denonville was ordered to abandon this post for the time being. The boat sent to take them home arrived and all made ready to depart. Probably they expected to return shortly, as they left the buildings standing, but eighty years were to elapse before France again had a fort at this important place.

Before leaving, Father Millet gathered together the small group of men and said mass underneath the cross he had erected. Then they embarked and with their departure closed the history of the failure of this one of Denonville's projects.

With the rival Governors events were moving rapidly. Denonville was waiting the peace with the Iroquois, the first step towards bringing him the mastery of America. Dongan was busy building what defense he could against the threatened disaster to his colony. Rumors of an attack by the French and Indians reached him. Later he heard that the French were making fifteen hundred pairs of snow shoes for use in a winter campaign. He ordered the exposed towns to be palisaded and garrisons placed there. Much difficulty was encountered by him in financing his army, although the pay was moderate, a major receiving $2.50 per day, and the privates sixteen cents. To meet this expense he introduced the basic principle into state politics of having the town of New York pay the greater portion of it.

At this time Dongan was fighting a lone fight for the colony, as King James was not inclined to support him, and wished to end the war between the Iroquois and French. Whatever Dongan did was on his own responsibility and

this resulted in his being removed from office. His policy of forcing the French to relinquish their claim to the Iroquois was bitterly contested by Denonville, who appealed to his King. This resulted in the demand for the removal of Dongan being made on England and shortly Denonville had the pleasure of seeing his rival depart. His triumph was shortlived, as the English consolidated the colonies of New York, New England and New Jersey under the governorship of Sir Edmund Andros.

The course of the future was not determined by either of these men, but by a Huron chief, called by Lahontan, Adario, and by other French writers, "The Rat."

The Rat had gathered at Mackinaw a war-party to lead against the Iroquois, to show his friends, the French, that he meant to fight the war to a conclusion as Denonville had proposed the previous summer at Niagara. Although he later became a Christian and used his efforts to end the war, Parkman's statement that "his morals savored of the wigwam" seems very true. Stopping at Fort Frontenac on his way to the Iroquois country, he was shocked and surprised to hear that a truce existed between the French and his enemy. He believed that this would be fatal to his people, but he craftily said that it was for the best and departed for home. After going a few miles he changed his course and went across Lake Ontario at the traverse. Arriving at La Famine, he carefully hid his men in the woods and awaited the approach of the Iroquois peace delegation on its way to Montreal. Soon they arrived and proceeded to make camp. With a yell the Hurons poured in a volley on the surprised Iroquois who, taken at a disadvantage, surrendered, except one wounded man who escaped into the woods, made his way to Fort Frontenac and told of the attack.

When his prisoners told him that they were members of a peace mission, the Rat pretended to be greatly astonished and humiliated that he could have committed such a breach of etiquette. With tears in his eyes he apologized and told them that Denonville had directed him to ambush them. Although war existed between the Hurons and Iroquois, he said that his honor was stained with the

blackest of dyes and he would let them go. Returning their arms, he bade them farewell, after keeping one of their number to be adopted by him in the place of a fallen warrior. With haste he paddled back to Mackinaw, where they had not as yet heard of the proposed peace. His people were delighted to receive the adopted Iroquois, whom the Rat said was a prisoner, and made ready to torture him. In vain the Iroquois protested that peace existed between the French and his people. The Rat said he was a coward and was lying to save himself; this explanation sufficed, so his torture was commenced, but as he begged for mercy, his captors were filled with contempt and speedily killed him. The crafty Huron now released an Iroquois slave, and told him to go home; this was to make certain that the Iroquois heard of the fate of their tribesman.

Denonville, on hearing of the ambush from the escaped Iroquois, immediately notified the Onondagas that it was a pure fabrication on the part of The Rat. They did not believe this, as they remembered the seizure of their people by him at Fort Frontenac.

Time passed anxiously for Denonville. At first he believed that matters had been straightened out and peace would come, and wrote his King to that effect. Next he heard the Iroquois were willing to make peace, but that Governor Andros forbade it.

The end of Denonville's peace negotiations came August 5, 1688, but not as he had hoped for, while he was at Montreal still waiting the arrival of the delegates.

A heavy hailstorm swept the region, driving all indoors. A large party of Iroquois used the cover of the storm to post themselves near the houses of the peacefully sleeping settlers. At dawn began the terrible massacre of La Chine. The houses were set on fire and the inhabitants slaughtered as they escaped, or if they were very unfortunate were taken prisoners. The carnage was carried up to the walls of Montreal, not entirely without opposition, as an officer, Captain Subercase, collected some troops and settlers who offered resistance. They discovered the Iroquois sleeping

off the effects of brandy they had found and would doubtless have killed most of them had not Vaudreuil arrived at that moment with orders from the panic-stricken Denonville, not to risk an attack, but to return to the fort and act only on the defensive.

The following day eighty men from one of the smaller forts attempted to join Vaudreuil, but were savagely attacked by the Indians who had now recovered, and few of the French escaped.

For days Montreal was paralyzed with terror. Although Denonville himself was there with numerous troops, a state of siege practically existed, while the savages roamed at will through the fire-blackened ruins of the settlements. They made no attempt to attack Montreal. Probably they were well satisfied with having killed two hundred French in an hour. Some authorities place the total number killed at about a thousand. This seems too large a number, as the colony only had a population of fourteen thousand. The Iroquois lost three brandy-soaked braves who were found by the French asleep in a cellar. After they were wakened they fought until killed.

Several days passed before the terror-stricken people within Montreal saw the last of the Iroquois. They were crossing Lake St. Louis and keeping carefully out of range. As they went they began to yell, and the French counted the yells with horror, as each one was for a prisoner, and there were ninety. Upon landing they started fires; and some of the captives were burnt alive and eaten, the remainder being saved for a like fate at the home villages. This reprisal crushed the colony. Denonville, in a moment of panic, ordered Fort Frontenac destroyed, and all that the French had worked and died for in America seemed to be ended.

In the midst of this despair, the Count Frontenac, now over seventy, arrived at Montreal, having been sent by the King as the one man who could save the colony. He saw the effects of the recent raid and heard of the condition of the colony that he had served so well, with scant appreciation. His successors had now brought it to the brink of

ruin because they had lacked his skill in dealing with the Iroquois. When told that his pet, Fort Frontenac, for which he had endured so much, was to be destroyed, he sent a messenger to order its commander to remain, as help was coming. An hour later who should appear but that officer and the garrison. He had obeyed the order of Denonville with great promptness and told how, after they had left, he heard the dull roar of the exploding magazine.

A few weeks later Denonville left for France, where his friends obtained a position for him in the Royal household, and we take our last glimpse of him as military instructor in the nursery, perhaps telling the future King of France how he fought the Senecas in the far-away Genesee Country.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the "Documents Relative to the Colonial History of the State of New York," appears the following: "Minute of the taking possession of the Country of the Iroquois, called Senecas" (Volume IX, p. 334):

"On the nineteenth of July, One thousand six hundred and eighty-seven, the Troops commanded by Messire Jacques René de Brisay, Chevalier, Seigneur, Marquis of Denonville and other places, Governor and Lieutenant-General for the King throughout the whole of Canada and country of New France, in presence of Hector, Chevalier de Callière, Governor of Montreal in said country, Commanding the camp under his orders, and of Philippe Rigaud Chevalier de Vaudreuil, Commander of the King's troops, which being drawn up in the order of battle, Charles Aubert, Sieur de la Chenays, citizen of Quebec, deputed by Messire Jean Bochart, Chevalier, Seigneur de Champigny, Noroy, Verneuil and other places, Privy Councillor of the King in his counsels, Intendant of Justice, Police and Finance in all Northern France, presented himself at the head of the Army, who stated and declared that on the requisition of the said Seigneur de Champigny, he was taking possession of the village of Totiakton, as he has done of the other three villages called Gannagaro, Gannondata and Gannongarae, and of a Fort half a league distant from the said village of Gannagaro, together with all the lands in their vicinity as many as they may be, and how far soever they may extend, conquered in His Majesty's name, and to that end has set up in all the said Villages and Forts His said Majesty's Arms, and has caused to be proclaimed in loud voice: *Vive le Roi*, after the said troops had beaten and routed eight hundred Iroquois Senecas, and laid waste, burnt and destroyed their provisions and cabins. Whereof, and of what precedes, the said Sieur De La Chenays Aubert has required that an Acte be granted to him by me Paul Dupuy Esquire, Councillor of the King and his Majesty's Attorney at the Provost's Court of Quebec: Done at the

said Village of Totiakton, the largest of the Seneca Villages, in presence of the Reverend Father Vaillant, Jesuit, and of the Officers of the Troops and of the Militia Witnesses with me, the said King's Attorney undersigned, the day and year above mentioned. And have signed the Minute, Charles Aubert de la Chenays, J. René de Brisay, Monsieur de Denonville, Chevalier de Callière, Fleutelot de Romprey, de Desmeloizes, de Ramezay, François Vaillant of the Society of Jesus, de Grandville, de Longueuil, Saint Paul and Dupuy."

"Collated with the Original in my hands, by me the Undersigned Councillor Secretary of his Majesty, and Chief Clerk of the Sovereign Council at Quebec.

(Signed) "PENURET."

"Compared and certified according to the collated copy on paper, lying at the Secretary's Office, Castle St. Louis, Quebec, (where it remains) by the undersigned resident Royal Notary in the Prevôté of Quebec, this twenty-fifth day of July, one thousand, seven hundred and fifty."

(Signed) "DULAURENS."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following legend of the battle at Victor between the French and Senecas was related to O. H. Marshall by an aged Seneca:

"A long while ago, perhaps almost two hundred years, a large army of French came into the bay and landed at O-nyiu-da-on-da-gwat [Irondequoit]. There were several vessels full of soldiers, perhaps as many as ten, but the exact number I do not recollect. At first they traded peaceably with our people, but soon it was discovered that they were intending war. Our warriors were all absent, fighting with the Gwah-gwah-ge-o-noh, in the country between the head waters of the Eighteen Mile Creek and the Alleghany River. Only the old men, too old to fight, and the young men, too young to go to war, and the women and children were at home. Of these there was a vast multitude, for the population of their chief town, Ga-o-sa-eh-ga-aah, was so great, that a kernal of corn for each person made a quantity sufficient to fill five vessels containing one gallon each. As soon as the old chief learned that the French were in a hostile attitude, he said, 'We shall die now, for our warriors are not here to defend us, but let us do what we can to help ourselves.' They then collected all the boys who were big enough to handle the club, and went to a place where the cliffs shut in the valley of the Genesee, into a long defile through which they perceived the enemy intended to pass. Here they sat down under the cliffs, two deep, and kept concealed until the front of the enemy were just passing out of the defile. Then they rose with a yell which was answered by the French. A desperate conflict ensued. The Indians had no arrows, nothing but the war club. The French army was so long, that the rear reached back almost to the harbor. They rushed on. The dead fell in heaps—at

length the French gave way, fled to their vessels, and left the country. Their rout was complete and effectual. Their bones filled the defile and whitened all the valley, like the seeds where a heap of pumpkins have been broken or rotted on the ground. This the boys accomplished with their clubs, under the direction of the old chief, in the absence of the warriors."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The original commission of the Marquis de Denonville, as Governor of Canada, is now in the Museum of the Ontario County Historical Society, Canandaigua, N. Y., being a loan from R. W. G. Vail. A photostat copy is in the Museum of The Rochester Historical Society, a gift from Mr. Vail. The original document, on parchment, signed and sealed by Louis XIV, was purchased by Mr. Vail at a book auction at a price far below its value. It is the item of first importance in the Denonville history because it is the source of his authority to wage warfare against the Iroquois.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Rochester Historical Society has held two field meetings on the trail of the Denonville expedition, both under the leadership of George B. Selden, Jr.; June 9, 1923, a large party in automobiles, covered the outward movement of the French forces from Lake Ontario, along Irondequoit Bay, to Victor Village and Boughton Hill; July 11, 1925, a similar expedition, covered the roads following the last seven days of the campaign, and the retreat from Totiakton.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Chevalier de Baugy, in his Journal, describes Fort Hill as follows: "It was very advantageously located, being steep on all sides and well-defended by the savages, for they had made a projection so that they could easily approach a spring at the foot."

EDITOR'S NOTE: In 1848, E. G. Squier visited Fort Hill, situated two miles southwest of Victor, New York, and made the map appearing on the opposite page. He described his drawing as follows: *(Aboriginal Monuments of the State of New York,* published by the Smithsonian Institution, 1849, pages 63-64, and plate XIV):

"The site occupied by the work here figured and the country adjacent, derives considerable interest from its historical associations. Recent investigations have satisfactorily determined that the Marquis de Denonville penetrated here in his celebrated expedition against the Senecas, in 1687; and there is good reason to believe that the traces at present existing are those of the palisaded fort which was destroyed at that time. They occupy the summit of a high hill, so steep upon most sides as to be ascended only with the greatest difficulty. The line of the palisades can now be traced only at intervals; but from the nature of the ground and the recollection of persons familiar with the site before

Map of Fort Hill, two miles southwest of Victor, New York.
Drawn by E. G. Squier, 1848. See description in Editor's Note on opposite page.

it was disturbed by the plough, it was found easy to restore with accuracy the parts which have been obliterated. The sole entrance which can now be made out is at the point marked by the letter a, where the palisades were carried for some distance inwards, leaving an open rectangular space, which may have been occupied by a block-house or something equivalent. Nearly in front, and at the bottom of a deep and narrow ravine, a copious spring starts out from the hill; probably the one alluded to by Denonville in his letter of the 25th of August, 1687.

"On the next day, says this commander, the 14th of July, we marched to one of the large villages of the Senecas, where we encamped. We found it burned and a fort quite nigh abandoned; it was very advantageously situated on a hill, * * * We remained at the four Seneca villages for ten days. All the time was spent in destroying the corn, which was in such great abundance that the loss, including the old corn which was in cache which we burnt, was computed at 400,000 minots (1,200,000 bushels) of Indian corn.

"The large village alluded to here is no doubt the one which was situated on the eminence now known as "Boughton's Hill," where abundant traces of Indian occupancy at this period are found. These consist of copper kettles, French hatchets, broken gun-barrels, arrow-heads, pipes, pottery, burnt corn, etc. The iron recovered here at the time of the first settlement of the country, was sufficiently abundant to repay the cost of clearing the grounds. Indeed it was the source whence the early blacksmiths, for a long distance round, derived the iron for ordinary consumption; and even now the smithies in the vicinity consume large quantities of the metal which the operations of agriculture continue to bring to light.

"The remains upon Boughton's Hill are mentioned by Mr. Clinton as corresponding in all respects with those which he observed in Onondaga county, and to which he was disposed to ascribe a high antiquity. They may all be referred to the same period, and no doubt mark the sites of Onondaga and Seneca villages in the 17th century."

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Etiènne Brûlé

The First White Man in the Genesee Country

By George B. Selden, Jr.

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, April 3, 1925.

IN the early summer of 1608, a ship anchored in the narrowing of the St. Lawrence River, known to the Indians as Quebec, or the strait. Champlain its commander, had selected this place as his base for the purpose of continuing his explorations which he believed would result in finding the western ocean as well as building a profitable commerce. It was one of two ships sent by De Monts to the New World for exploration and trade, the other ship had remained farther down the river to gather furs to pay the cost of the enterprise.

After landing his supplies he commenced the construction of three log buildings; of these he has left us a sketch. They were most elaborate, two stories in height, with a gallery connecting the second stories, a lookout tower, and surrounding all was a parapet with three cannon; there being more danger of an attack from the rival Basque traders than by the Indians, who still regarded the white man as a novelty with almost supernatural power.

A plot to murder Champlain having ended in the hanging of the principal conspirator and his head being added to the decorations of the place, the party settled down to the quiet of winter when the piercing winds would drift the snow high about their home. Among the occupants of this outpost of France, was a boy of sixteen years, Etiènne Brûlé, who rightly has been called our "pioneer of pioneers," being the first white man to come into the Genesee Country. Of his parents nothing is known. It is believed that he was born at Champigny, about 1592. Coming to New France, he became one of its conspicuous adventurers, devoid of fear, immune to the fatigue and

hardships of the trail, he spent his life in traveling thousands of miles with only savages as companions. He was the foremost explorer of the interior of Eastern North America, being the discoverer of three of the five Great Lakes. In character he was probably like the rest of these woodsmen, their brief contacts with white men being simply a spree. They were religious only at the infrequent intervals when they met their spiritual advisers, and were a thorn to the later development of law and order, when the practice of living with the Indians was sternly punished by death. As Brûlé was illiterate, our meager description of his life is based on the writings of his employer, Champlain, and a Recollet Missionary, Father Gabriel Sagard, who knew him personally, having been with him on one of the trips to Quebec from Lake Huron, when over the camp-fires he related his experiences. The accounts of these two agree very closely, although separated by six years of time, which is forceful evidence as to their truth.

The French at this period knew little of the aborigines; wherever they went they met new tribes and were usually received with favor. These were named and renamed, creating an endless confusion, so at the present time we are unable to be positive about their identity.

In the main, these tribes whom they met were the Montagnais living near Quebec, the Algonquins on the Ottawa River, and the Hurons of Western Ontario. Sagard cleverly describes them as the paupers, the burghers and the aristocrats of the forest, in the order named. In New York State lived their enemies, the five tribes of the League of the Iroquois, and south of these, friendly to the Hurons, on the headwaters of the Susquehanna River, were the Andastes, whose principle town was Carantoüan, now the site of Waverly, New York. The Andastes were even better fighters than the Iroquois and in spite of their closeness were one of the last enemy nations to succumb to their attacks.

With the approach of fall, a party of Montagnais, the rabble of the woods, gatherers of skins and fish, without

even the feeblest attempt at agriculture, came to catch eels in the river near the French, very grateful for the security their white neighbors gave them from the attacks of the Iroquois. After smoking their catch, they gave their slimy treasure to the French to keep for them while they went to hunt beaver. Soon they returned and getting their eels, regardless of the future, devoured them in a few days. The French now had to feed them to prevent a famine. Supplies were given in meager quantities to prevent everything being eaten at once. Later, more of their tribe joined them. A group of gaunt skeletons, they came jumping over the treacherous ice-cakes of the river, filled with joy by the prospect of food. Their first meal was a dead dog, which for two months had served as bait in a fox trap.

With February the white men of the garrison began to sicken and Champlain realized with horror that the disease was scurvy. He had seen it before and knew it to be the result of an improper diet. Post-mortem examinations were held in an endeavor to ascertain its exact cause, until the death of their surgeon ended the research. With April the sickness ended, but when the supply ship from France arrived only eight of the twenty-eight they had left the previous autumn were alive.

Champlain, after seeing a garden planted and the post repaired, left on a trip of exploration with some of the Montagnais, none too satisfactory allies. Brûlé, to his regret, was left at Quebec. While ascending the river the party met a large number of Indians from the west, who having heard of the settlement, had come hundreds of miles to see the wonder, much pleased with the promise that the white men would assist them in their war against the Iroquois. Nothing would do but that all must return to Quebec, where a week was spent in festivities, the guns were fired to their astonishment, and with a feeling of a new power they looked forward to their next encounter with the enemy. In reply to Champlain's questions, they told him of great bodies of water to the west, the Pacific Ocean as he fondly hoped, but he was cautioned that for

whatever explorations he made to the south, in the Iroquois country, he should have an armed force. He has been criticised for his first expedition against the Iroquois, which involved the colony in a long, horrible war, but he could not have gained the friendship of his allies had he not done so. Without their trade and assistance, the colony could not even have started. The story of the battle on Lake Champlain, where the Iroquois were defeated by the use of firearms, is well-known, being one of the dramatic events of history. However, it is not a part of Brûlé's life, as there is no evidence that he took part in it.

After a visit to France, Champlain returned to Quebec, and took Brûlé on his next adventure. The Hurons had promised to show him the Great Lakes and the copper mines in their country, while the Montagnais offered to guide him north to a great ocean, Hudson Bay, and in return he was to assist them against the Iroquois.

On arriving at the mouth of the Richelieu River preparations were being made for a dance and a feast of the allies, when news came that a party of Iroquois had been surrounded in the nearby forest. The dance was forgotten as the delighted Indians seized their weapons and left for the scene of the encounter. Champlain, Brûlé, and three other white men followed. Outdistanced by their nimble allies, hampered by their armor and helmets, they slowly picked their way through dense bogs, while clouds of mosquitoes searched for vantage spots. The heat, and the knowledge that they were lost, contributed to their discomfort. Finally, they located the combat and found the Iroquois fighting like trapped beasts inside a barricade of trees. The Indian allies had tried to rush the position, but had suffered so severely that they decided to await the arrival of the French. This destroyed the last hopes of the besieged, who threw themselves flat on the ground when the French fired. However, they kept on fighting and a stone-tipped arrow which split Champlain's ear and imbedded itself in his neck, warned him to be more cautious. The Iroquois believed it was impossible for the French to miss when they fired, as the range was short and they used

several balls in each load. They were further disheartened at the way in which the bullets pierced their arrow-proof armor made of rushes.

An opening was made by pulling aside the trees of the barricade, and with the arrival of some French traders who had heard the firing, the final attack was made. It was soon finished; most of the Iroquois were killed fighting, some were drowned in the river, and the hapless ones were captured to die by slow torture.

The next day, Champlain's friend, Yroquet, a chief of the Hurons, arrived with a large number of men, disappointed at not having been in time for the battle. Several days were spent in visiting and they wished Champlain to return to their country with them. Much as he might have wished to do so, he could not be spared by the colony, which was threatened by the large number of traders who had now arrived and were ruining the trade. Etiènne Brûlé asked for permission to accompany the Hurons to their home, and although it was a splendid opportunity to obtain reliable information about this unknown country, Champlain was reluctant to expose him, a mere boy, to its dangers. Brûlé was most anxious to go, regarding a winter with the Hurons no worse than one at Quebec. After considering the matter, Champlain consented.

Yroquet was delighted, but on telling his tribesmen they discouraged him for fear that some accident to the boy might cost them the friendship of the French. Champlain asked the Hurons to take Brûlé. They refused to do this until it was suggested that they send one of their number to France. This was agreed, and after giving Brûlé what arms and clothes he needed, Champlain left, agreeing to see him the following June. The news of the assassination of Henry IV now made Champlain's return to France imperative, if they were to hold their monopoly. Early in August, 1609, Champlain sailed with his Huron guest, Savignon, while Brûlé with his host, Yroquet, was already far up the Ottawa River. Savignon was to be presented at Court and to see the glories of Fontainbleu, while Brûlé was to discover Lake Huron and spend the winter, an object

of curiosity among a mob of savages. As far as enjoyment went, the Indian probably had the better trip.

The following summer, in accord with their plans, Champlain returned to Montreal with his guest, who was loath to return to the life of a Huron, and Yroquet arrived with Brûlé, who never wholly reverted to the white man's life. Champlain heard of the interior of the country and its people, while Savignon tried to describe the French Court in Huron to the Indians. All felt the closer ties of friendship, but the great number of ships arriving caused the Indians much uneasiness. They trusted Champlain, but not the heavily-armed swarm of traders, who they felt would commit murder if necessary to obtain their peltry.

Brûlé had followed the usual route between the Huron country and the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa River, being the first European to ascend it. From Lake Nipissing, he followed the French River to Lake Huron. He studied the Huron tongue, a difficult language, as the same word with the accent on a different syllable completely changed its meaning. He was well-liked and well-treated by them and had not suffered from their scanty fare. As this visit was a benefit to the colony, Champlain adopted the policy of sending young men into the Indian country as residents, to counteract the evils of the wild rumors that circulated among them and make certain that the Indians brought their furs to the French in time to load their ships. It was difficult to find persons who could endure the winter among the savages, but three of them were placed this year, and Champlain returned to France. Brûlé went to the Huron country at a salary of about $200.00 a year. One of these interpreters, as they were called, Nicholas Vigneau, by his falsehoods caused Champlain a long, profitless trip. He told of having gone up the Ottawa to the North Sea, where he saw the wreck of an English ship upon its shore, probably basing this on something he had heard about Hudson. This caused Champlain to follow the river for many weary miles until he discovered that he was beyond the point his informer had reached.

The fame of the French and their firearms spread rapidly among the Indians. The Andastes, south of the

Iroquois, heard glowing accounts of the newcomers as destroyers of the Iroquois, from their friends, the Hurons. So anxious were they to meet the French that, when a party of Mohicans from the Hudson River, aided by the Dutch, made an unsuccessful attack on them, three of the Dutch were captured and taken to Carantoüan where the chiefs debated their fate. It never occurred to the Indians that there might be other Europeans and so, rather than risk offending the French, the Dutchmen to their surprise and joy were released.

In 1615, there assembled at Montreal a large number of Canadian Indians, who anxiously awaited the arrival of the great white chief from across the ocean, as he had promised to accompany them on the war path against the Iroquois. They told him they would bring twenty-five hundred warriors and he was to come with a score of soldiers. Champlain's views as to the value of troops against the Iroquois is shown by his request to Cardinal Richelieu for one hundred and twenty-five men to subdue them. Sixty years later it was felt that many thousand soldiers would be needed to make any headway in the war.

This offensive was no small undertaking and beset with difficulties, as the men must be fed by hunting and fishing and they had many hundreds of miles to go. Here was Champlain's chance to solve the riddle of what the western ocean was by going to the Huron country first and there assembling his war-party. After several feasts, Father Joseph Le Caron and twelve Frenchmen left for the Hurons. He intended to study their language, their manner of living, and labor for his faith. Of this journey, he says that the greatest trial of all was not the fatigue of the paddle from sunrise to sunset, nor the dirty food, but the swarms of midgets, punkies and other pests that gave him no peace. A week later, Champlain, Brûlé, and a servant followed. After seventeen days of canoe travel, they reached the Nipissing Indians and were well received. Continuing on their way, they ate the last of their food, but the squashes and berries they found enabled them to reach the country of their allies and, landing in Machedash Bay, an overland

journey brought them, on August 1st, to the large Huron village of Toanché. From its two hundred bark cabins a swarm of savages rushed out to greet them. Father Le Caron was there and all assembled at mass, the dawn of a remarkable chapter in history, the Catholic Missions among the Hurons.

The Huron welcome was intensified by a rumor that Champlain had been killed by the enemy and that all plans for the campaign had been abandoned. The Andastes had sent chiefs with the offer of assistance and the hopes of an alliance against the Iroquois, who would find themselves hemmed in by the Hurons on the north, the Dutch and Mohicans on the east, and the Andastes to the south. The west alone was open, where lived the people of the Neutral Nation who refused to take part in the great struggle.

The Hurons were slow in assembling their men, while the French found themselves the victims of numerous banquets. Already the Hurons felt that the war was as good as won, but the promised twenty-five hundred warriors were not forthcoming. Champlain felt that he should have the assistance of the Andastes. The season was growing late, already there were signs of autumn, and he was faced with the problems of winter; but the pre-victory festivals must be finished, and September arrived before the army, or rather eight Frenchmen and hundreds of Indian warriors, left Toanché. Paddling through Lake Couchiching into Lake Simcoe, they paused to permit more Indians to join them. The problem of how to obtain the aid of the Andastes was solved by Brûlé, who volunteered to go to them and meet Champlain a month later at the Iroquois town chosen for attack. Selecting twelve stalwart Indians, he started southward in two canoes on his hazardous mission.

Champlain with his force skirted lake Simcoe and portaged out of it. Passing through various lakes and rivers to Sturgeon Lake, to the Otanabee River, to Rice Lake, and through the Trent River into the Bay of Quinte—a wonderful country of solitude, with frosts and the bright sunshine

of autumn adding to its glory. Food was obtained as they went; once by driving many deer into the water, where the Indians easily killed them with spears. Occasionally, Champlain brought down a deer with his arquebuse, but an Indian, over-anxious to see its magic, got in the way and was wounded. This caused great excitement, but finally the expedition continued, after the feelings of the wounded man had been appeased by many gifts.

Crossing Lake Ontario by the chain of islands between Point Traverse or the end of the peninsula, extending eastwards into the lake, they arrived in the present New York State, landing near Stony Point, and concealed their canoes in Henderson Harbor. Several good reasons existed for making this landing at a remote point in the enemies' territory; the canoes were safe, the surprise of the foe would be more complete than if they were seen approaching on the lake; also, the winds made canoe travel uncertain on the open, east shore of Ontario. It ensured their arrival at the Onondaga town on the date Brûlé was to join them with the Andaste warriors.

Walking along the lake shore, they passed through a pleasant country of streams and woods. Leaving Ontario to the north, they crossed the outlet of Oneida Lake, Champlain seeing the islands near its foot, and when some ten miles from the enemy town captured a party of Onondagas who were coming to the lake to catch fish. The joy of the allies at this minor success was great and Yroquet bit off one of the fingers of a woman captive. Champlain reproved him for this act.

The following day they reached the town. Its location has been a subject of discussion. O. H. Marshall believed that it was on Onondaga Lake, near the present town of Liverpool. General John S. Clarke was very positive that it was on Nichols Pond, in the town of Fenner, Madison County, eleven miles south of the east end of Oneida Lake. Clarke based his location on a map of Eastern America in the 1632 edition of Champlain, which is very far from accurate. In fact, there is a great doubt if Champlain ever made this map. It shows a jumble of rivers and five lakes

in this immediate vicinity. It cannot be reconciled to Champlain's narrative. There is no doubt that he crossed the outlet of Oneida Lake, and beyond that we cannot go with certainty. Clarke's location would have meant a march of thirty miles after this through dense swamps and over very high hills which Champlain would hardly have neglected to mention in his account. The Nichols Pond site was in the country of the Oneida Indians. A sketch of the town shows it to have been on a large body of water, and when they retreated, two days of marching brought them to their canoes, an obvious impossibility from Clarke's site. Another location is that suggested by George Geddes, on the east bank of Onondaga Creek, a short distance south of the city of Syracuse, which is supported by Champlain in his saying that the Andastes lived three good days' journey further up than the Onondagas, which apparently would mean the town was on a stream.

Champlain had expected to wait until the 10th of October for the Andastes, but his Indians immediately attacked and were being worsted in the fight until the French came to their rescue and opened fire with their arquebuses, a complete surprise to their stone-age adversaries, who promptly retreated into the enclosure around the town carrying their dead and wounded. The French and Indians withdrew to the nearby woods and Champlain told them he was disappointed at their lack of co-operation. They promised to do better and preparations for the siege were commenced. A frame was constructed carrying a loopholed box on its top to enable the French to fire over the palisade to prevent its defenders from putting out the fires they hoped to build against it. Shields were made to protect the men who moved the portable fort into position and those who would kindle the fires, and a quantity of firewood was gathered. Four hours saw the completion of this work and they moved to the attack. The allies wavered, feeling keenly the failure of the Andastes to arrive, and required much urging on the part of the French. Three soldiers were placed in the movable fort and two hundred savages dragged it into position, where the gunners raked

Sketch-map of route of Samuel de Champlain in his campaign against the Onondagas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In Vol. IV of Justin Winsor's *History of America,* at p. 125, a foot-note refers to the above Map, as follows:

"This sketch-map follows one given by Mr. O. H. Marshall in connection with a paper on 'Champlain's Expedition of 1615' in the *Mag. of Amer. Hist.,* August, 1878. It shows the route believed by Mr. Marshall to be that of Champlain from Quinté Bay, and the route suggested by General John S. Clark, which is in the main accepted by Dr. Shea. The route of Champlain and the site of the fort attacked by him has occasioned a diversity of views. Champlain's own narrative, besides making part of the English translation of his works, is also translated in the *Doc. Hist. of New York,* Vol. III, and in the *Mag. of Amer. Hist.,* September, 1877, p. 561. Fac-similes of the print of the fort, besides being in the works, are also in the *Doc. Hist. of New York,* III, 9; Shea's *Le Clercq,* I, 104; *Mag. of Amer. Hist.,* September, 1877; Watson's *History of Essex County,* N. Y., p. 22. Mr. Marshall began the discussion of these questions as early as 1849 in the *New York Hist. Soc. Proc.,* for March of the same year, p. 96; but gave the riper results of his study in the *Mag. of Amer. Hist.,* Vol. I, January, 1877, with a fac-simile of Champlain's 1632 map. His views here were controverted in the same, September, 1877, by George Geddes, who placed the fort on Onondaga Creek, and by Dr. J. G. Shea in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History,* II, 103, who substantially agreed with an address by General J. S. Clark, which has not yet been printed, but whose views are shared by Mr. L. W. Ledyard, who in an address, Jan. 9, 1883, at Cazenovia, N. Y., tells the story of his own and General Clark's investigation of the site of the fort, and places it near Perryville, N. Y. Dr. Shea, in his *Le Clercq,* I, 100, has since gone over the authorities. It was in reply to Geddes, Shea, and Clark that Mr. Marshall wrote the paper from which the above sketch-map is taken. Dr. O'Callaghan, in his *Documentary History of New York,* III, 16, had advanced the theory that the fort was on Lake Canandaigua; and to this view Mr. Parkman guardedly assented in his *Pioneers,* and so marked the fort on his map. Brodhead, *History of New York,* I, 69, and Clark in his *History of Onondaga,* placed it on Onondaga Lake. Cf. the *Transactions* of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, New Series, part II, and the notes in the Quebec and Prince Society editions of *Champlain's Voyages.*"

the town with their arquebuses. The delight of the Hurons was so great at this that they failed to bring up the shields to protect them in firing the palisade, but spent their time in yelling insults at the Onondagas and firing hundreds of arrows harmlessly into the town. Some of the wood was placed against the wall of the town and set on fire at the wrong end, as the wind soon extinguished the blaze. Now small groups of Indians rushed up to the palisade with bundles of brush and lit them. Their efforts were feeble and so much disorder prevailed that Champlain, after yelling at them until his head seemed as if it would split, gave it up. Water was gotten by the besieged in such quantities that it looked as if small brooks were pouring out of the palisade which effectively ruined the chance of burning it down. After three hours of fruitless fighting, during which the Hurons lost heavily, they abandoned the attack and wished to go home at once. Champlain, himself, had received two arrow wounds in the legs, but urged them to remain. They agreed to wait four days in the hope that Brûlé would come with the Andastes reinforcements. A high wind on the next day gave Champlain hope of a successful firing of the palisade; however, the Indians pleaded their wounded as an excuse for not attempting it. Slowly the days passed while they waited. Some skirmishes occurred when the Onondagas, becoming bolder, left their fort; in these the French usually had to come to the assistance of their Indians. There was nothing more to be done. Filled with pain and disappointment, Champlain retreated. His allies, with apprehension for his safety, tied him up like a fowl and placed him in a basket which they carried, and fled like shadows through the woods. The enemy pursued for a few miles, but the strength of the rear guard soon discouraged them. To add a final touch to what he terms his gehenna, a blinding snowstorm enveloped them as they fled northward out of the country of the Iroquois.

The winter was passed by Champlain among the Hurons, and with spring came his first news of Brûlé, when some of his guides returned without him to Toanché. Not wishing to tell the truth, they said that they had left Brûlé while on the way back from Carantoüan, and that he had

voluntarily returned to the town. The Andastes had arrived at the Onondaga fort two days after Champlain had departed.

To return to Brûlé's adventures: He left Champlain in the Huron country on September 8, 1615, on his mission to the Andastes. Journeying south across the portage from Lake Simcoe, with his escort of twelve Hurons, he paddled down the Humber and arrived at the great lake of the Entouhonorons, the first white man to see Lake Ontario, although its existence was known to Cartier in 1535, when he was told that it was the source of the St. Lawrence by the Indians he saw at Montreal. Going west along the lake shore, they crossed to the south shore near the present site of Hamilton. Now taking their way eastward, they passed along the country of the Neutral Nation. Brûlé probably kept to his canoes until after passing the mouth of the Niagara River, as it was still the country of the Neutrals, whose territory reached almost to the Genesee River. How far beyond the Niagara he continued we do not know, but it probably was not far, as he intended keeping to the south of the Senecas, which would mean a course south of the Finger Lakes.

There was another route used by those going between the Andastes and Hurons who wished to avoid meeting the Senecas, termed with a touch of humor, "La Grande Detour." This route followed the Niagara to Lake Erie, and along its southern shore to near the present city of Erie, where a portage into French Creek reached the Allegheny River; following this towards its source the traveler could cross to the Tioga and down this to the Chemung, and to the Susquehanna River. Brûlé could not have followed this detour, as there was not sufficient time. Also, if he had gone around by this route he would have seen Niagara Falls and discovered Lake Erie, which certainly would have been recorded by Champlain.

Leaving their canoes carefully concealed, they made their way into the woods to the southeast, thirteen of them in single file, threading their way among trees now beginning to show their autumn colors, through silent glades and

over noisy little streams, soon to be stilled by winter. Brûlé, the first man of a new race to enter this country, little realized its possibilities. His savage companions, bent on their mission of destruction, did not know that this was the opening act of a swiftly moving tragedy which would close with their total annihilation, victims of the white man's greed and of the old world struggle between France and England.

At what point Brûlé crossed the Genesee River we can only surmise. It was somewhere in Livingston County, probably above Mount Morris, as it would hardly have been safe to come any nearer the Seneca towns than this. The hills increased in size and the country became more wild, as Champlain describes it:

> "A secure route through thick and impenetrable forests, wood and brush, marshy bogs, frightful and unfrequented places and wastes, all to avoid danger and a meeting with their enemies."

While crossing a plain they encountered six Indians, presumably Senecas, four of whom were killed and two captured. The prisoners were led in triumph to Carantoüan, where they were tortured and their captors were entertained by many feasts. Brûlé endeavored to get their attention to the project at hand, but it was impossible, and several precious days passed before they would listen to him. Finally he met the Andastes in council and explained the plans for the joint attack against the Onondagas. The Andastes decided to participate in it, and the chiefs ordered their warriors to assemble. More time was wasted as these men got their arms ready and their departure was duly celebrated. With his patience nearly gone, Brûlé told them that if there was any further delay they would not find Champlain there. On October 15th they left, and marched for three days before they arrived at the Onondaga fort; here they found the remains of the combat and the triumphant and happy Onondagas daring them to attack. Brûlé and the disappointed Indians returned to Carantoüan. As the season was too far advanced and wintry weather had set in, he gave up the idea of returning to the Huron country before spring. Ever active, he launched his canoe

in the Susquehanna River and followed it through to the Atlantic Ocean, meeting many Indian tribes on the way, and was pleased with the country, particularly with its warmth and freedom from snow. He was the pioneer in this region until he reached the lower part of the Susquehanna, which Captain John Smith had visited in 1608.

Spring found him back at Carantoüan, where five or six of his Hurons decided to make the return journey with him by the same route they used the previous autumn. They started about the middle of April, and had traveled several days, when suddenly they found themselves face to face with a large party of the dreaded Senecas. On seeing the weakness of the Huron party the Senecas, with war-whoops, immediately charged. The Hurons scattered in all directions in the thick woods like frightened birds, and hunt as they might, the Senecas could not find them. Brûlé for greater safety fled alone until satisfied that he had eluded his pursuers. So dense was the tangle of brush that, although an experienced woodsman, he was lost. He tried to find his way back to Carantoüan, but it was hopeless. All around him were the woods, now beginning to put forth their spring foliage. He dared not call to his Huron friends. He could find no trail and darkness soon ended his quest. The dawn of another day only emphasized the hopelessness of his situation. His food consisted of what roots and buds he could obtain and his condition was becoming desperate as famine weakened him.

Never very religious, it is doubtful if he stopped to pray to the God who by a seeming miracle saved him. His wanderings were now prompted by his sense of direction, probably to the north. Several weary days and long nights had reduced his courage to a resolve to throw himself on the mercy of his enemies, could he find them, rather than perish of hunger alone in the wilderness.

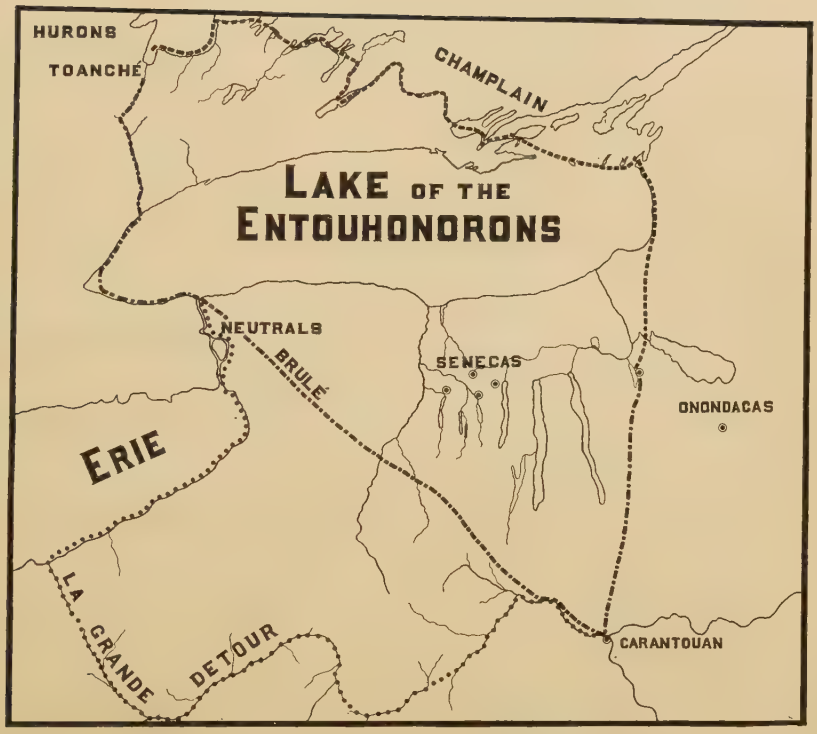
He finally found a footpath and decided to follow it. There was a chance that he could make a plea for mercy, as he knew the Huron language and perhaps could deceive the Senecas in regards to his being one of the hated French. Following the trail a short distance he sighted three Senecas

returning to their village, laden with fish. Brûlé yelled at them and they started to run; he called that he was a friend and threw down his weapon. They stopped and laid their bows on the ground. The Frenchman told his story of being lost and together they smoked in sign of friendship. Next they took him to the village, where he was bountifully fed. His troubles from hunger were over, but an even worse danger appeared. An excited mob of Indians swarmed around him and rushed him to the council house, where their chiefs asked him if he was not an Adoresetouy, a man of iron, their term for the French. Was he not one of the men who made war upon them? Brûlé maintained that he belonged to a better nation, one which was very desirous of their friendship. They did not believe him, and he was speedily sentenced to death. In his misery he could not think of any saint to turn to for assistance, so appealed to God for mercy. His prayers were cut short by the infuriated savages, who threw themselves upon him and with their teeth tore out his finger-nails, while others burned him with their firebrands and pulled out his beard by handsful. One of them noticed a crucifix, attached to a thong around his neck, and paused as he clutched for it, asking what it was. To him it was probably the guiding spirit of the white man, like the medicine which the Indian carried in the same manner. Brûlé told him in a tone carrying conviction that if he took the charm and killed him, it would bring a swift and terrible death to the thief and all his tribe. The Senecas paid but little attention to this threat and made preparations to burn Brûlé to death. Wood was gathered by some, while others continued to torture the captive. While they worked in a frenzy of excitement, the heavy thunder-clouds of an April shower crept unnoticed across the heavens, and then, without warning, broke with a terrific flash of lightning and a stunning roar of thunder. The trees bent under the fury of the storm, and incessant flashes completed the inferno. Appalled, the Indians fled and cowered in their cabins, leaving Brûlé lying alone in the downpour, the rain extinguishing the fire and falling soothingly on his scorched flesh. When the storm ended, one by one the Indians cautiously returned, now afraid of the

Frenchman. For years they had heard of the lightning and thunder of the French arquebuses which had mowed down the Mohawks and they were now inclined to be more lenient with their captive after this manifestation of his celestial power. None dared even to touch him. He argued with them, telling them that it was dangerous to further mistreat him and that he would be a loyal friend to them. Still they hesitated, until the chief untied him and made him welcome to his cabin, where his wounds were dressed. The Senecas, since they had a demigod in their midst, now entertained him lavishly and banquets and dances in his honor followed in rapid succession.

For some weeks he remained with them while his injuries healed, and he told them of the good which would result from an alliance with the French and that he could arrange this and would return. Brûlé was most anxious to leave the Senecas before they changed their minds and his novelty was gone. Some of them accompanied him for four days on his return journey until he reached the Niagara. Here he bade them farewell, and never returned to their country. Passing around the head of Lake Ontario he arrived at Toanché, where he found instructions from Champlain, awaiting him, to visit the Indians to the north of the Hurons, as there was danger of a war that would prevent them from bringing their furs to the French. He did not do this, but remained with the Hurons to complete his recovery.

It is most regrettable that our information about this exploit is so meager, and we cannot determine definitely as to what parts of the Genesee Country Brûlé visited. We know that he was a prisoner of the Senecas; the period of four days to reach the Niagara supports the belief that he was in their country, and the name given them was the early title Champlain used for these people. It is not certain at which of the Seneca towns Brûlé was tortured. At this period, 1615, their principal towns lay between the Genesee River and Cayuga Lake to the north of Conesus, Honeoye and Canandaigua Lakes. At the time he separated from his Huron guides he was in a very wild country



Map showing route followed by Etiènne Brûlé, in 1615, on his mission to the Andaste village situated at the present site of Waverly, New York; also the route of Samuel de Champlain in his Campaign leading Huron warriors against the Onondaga town, situated near the present city of Syracuse, New York.

Drawn by George B. Selden, Jr., 1925

devoid of any features which would guide him, somewhere between the Conhocton River and the Finger Lakes. He attempted to return to the village of Carantoüan which he had left, but exhausted his strength trying to find his way back. Had he been as far west as the Genesee River he would have recognized it from his previous crossing. Abandoning his attempt, he took a northerly course, knowing that Lake Ontario lay in that direction, which brought him to the Seneca town. The description of Indians returning with fish would apply to any one of the Indian towns. As these towns were moved about once in a generation to some place in the neighborhood, it is difficult to locate the site of the town Brûlé reached. The chances would seem to favor one of the towns on the Honeoye Outlet.

In the summer of 1618, he went with the Hurons in their long voyage to the white settlements and at Three Rivers he again saw his employer, Champlain, and related his experiences, exhibiting his scars as testimony to the truth of his narrative. Champlain was on his way to France, and when they parted he promised Brûlé that, upon his return, he would accompany him on further explorations in the west. However, the cares of the colony prevented Champlain from going again into the woods, and as Lieutenant Governor of New France he devoted himself to keeping the feeble breath of life in the colony.

Brûlé returned with the Hurons and spent the winter among the Indians of the northern part of Georgian Bay. In the spring he returned again to the St. Lawrence and met Champlain. His reports increased the Governor's desire for more explorations. The Indians had told him that a lake nine hundred miles in length (Lake Huron) was followed by another, a hundred leagues beyond, where one could not see any land nor had they ever heard of anyone who had. Champlain hoped that this, Lake Superior, was the western ocean, also he believed that there were copper mines in that region of which the Indians brought specimens to him. Filled with enthusiasm, Brûlé, accompanied by another white man, Grenolle, paddled along the shore of Lake Huron, past the straits and into Lake Superior, being

the discoverer of the world's largest body of fresh water. It is probable they continued to the head of the lake where Duluth is now located. Here was the end of Champlain's vision of a nearby ocean, as the water of Superior was fresh.

Brûlé returned to Quebec and lived the life of a petty trader, spending the winters among the Indians and coming back with them when they brought out their furs. In 1624, he accompanied Friar Sagard on his return trip to civilization and the Friar gives us a little information about this roving character. On the way down the river the Indians, with awe, pointed to a curious rock which they said had formerly been a man, and made offerings of tobacco in passing. The good Father was scandalized at this heathen action and more so when Brûlé told him that he too had made offerings to the spirit of the man-rock and had met with splendid success in his trading.

The year 1625 Brûlé spent in the country of the Neutral Nation to the north of Lake Erie, but does not seem to have crossed the Niagara to see his old friends the Senecas, and he can hardly be blamed for this omission.

He returned to the Lower St. Lawrence in 1627, and remained there until we next hear of him. The affairs of the colony were at this time handled by Cardinal Richelieu, through the Company of the Hundred Associates under a charter which gave them power to declare war if necessary. Colonists and supplies were being sent from France and conditions looked most promising when, suddenly, the long-threatened European war broke and England, determined to destroy the French colony, sent an armed squadron under Kirk to capture it. His ships arrived in the St. Lawrence before the French supply ships and they were either captured or sunk. The English decided not to attempt the capture of Quebec that year and sailed for home. Winter settled over the colony and before spring even the few ounces of peas which had been doled out each day failed, and the famished inhabitants searched the woods for acorns and roots. Many joined the Indians. Others went down the river in hopes that they might find a French fishing-boat; among these was Brûlé. With sum-

mer, another English fleet arrived and, blockading the river, prevented any escape in that direction. Brûlé and three companions surrendered to the English and volunteered to act as guides up the river to Quebec, where Champlain and his few faithful troops were fighting starvation. In considering the nature of this action, it should be remembered that Brûlé was not a soldier, and the ethics of that day permitted a man to fight wherever the pay was best. Also it was a humane act, as there could be no other end to the struggle, and the sooner it was ended the better for all. Champlain and the other French prisoners were taken to England, where it was found that peace existed between the two nations. Later, Charles I returned the colony to France. The consideration for this action was the payment by France of $240,000 as part of the dowry of the English Queen.

Brûlé was not among those who were taken to Europe and when Champlain returned to New France he was again among the Hurons at Cahiague. The untiring efforts of Rev. A. E. Jones, S. J., has located the site of this town as being on the farm of William Laughead in Oro Township, nine miles from Orillia, Ontario. Today, amid the peaceful fields of grain, it is difficult at this place to picture the scenes of three hundred years ago. The plow has revealed the story of its former Indian inhabitants in their implements of stone, while a broken rapier blade speaks of another people, and is strikingly symbolic of the close of Brûlé's life.

Champlain felt keenly the fact that the man whom he had regarded as his boy should have acted as a guide to the enemy, and it was the knowledge of this which caused Brûlé to live the life of an exile. In the 1632 edition of Champlain appears a bitter denunciation of Brûlé as a dissipated character, who preferred life among the Indians because of its lack of morals. It is improbable that Champlain was the author of this edition, as it was not in harmony with his character to make this charge against Brûlé. The omission of Brûlé's experiences in Western New York in Champlain's account may be due to the fact that it is a

condensed work. Father Sagard speaks well of Brûlé, and after saying that he does not know what cause for hatred he could have given the Hurons, and that he gained as his reward only a painful death, closes with: "I pray God to have mercy on him if it pleases Him, and to have pity on his soul."

Three years passed after the capture of Quebec and Brûlé still remained with the Hurons living an Indian's life, but the alien was not one of them, and a feeling of hostility finally broke. What caused it we shall never know. Was he too successful a hunter? Did he insult some warrior, or did their medicine men, who saw the spread of Christianity jeopardizing them, denounce him as an evil spirit? It matters not. Brûlé again found himself the center of a fighting mob, alone against hundreds. This time there was no miracle, and he fell beneath a terrific rain of blows from their war-clubs. His murderers paused for a moment to be certain he was dead, and then tore his body limb from limb and, with savage yells, ate him. Cannibalism was not unusual with them and was in part due to their belief that they acquired the character of what they ate. Bravery was the relish to this meal. All night the town resounded to the wild beatings of drums in a vain attempt to scare away the soul of the slain. Little it availed them, as some reported seeing a strange cloud, the spirit of the sister of Brûlé, who called for vengeance. The question of what the French would do also worried them. The Bear clan, who had been the leaders in the affair, became outcasts. A pestilence like smallpox or influenza broke out, and soon their cabins were filled with festering corpses awaiting their curious custom of a community burial. This did not tend to lessen the epidemic. Panic-stricken, the town was abandoned and burned. None went near the accursed spot. The wolves roamed at will through its fire-blackened ruins, until at length the Jesuit, Father Jean de Brébeuf, who had come to offer these people salvation and paid with his life at the torture stake when the Senecas destroyed the Hurons, visited the place and kneeling said a prayer for the soul of the man whom he called "poor Brûlé."

The Natural Forces that Molded the Genesee Country

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THERE are few regions within the United States where the inhabitants have greater cause to rejoice in their history than Western New York, the Genesee Country. In general it is a clean record of a clean people struggling to establish a clean world. There are some missing pages and even lost chapters, yet there is more material accessible for the compilation of a written history of the Genesee Country than of many other parts of the Middle Atlantic states.

Now, when I speak of history, I do not mean literary history, wherein men, denominated historians, have told only of war and the events of warfare and by clever literary handling have selected what they wished to delineate and rejected everything else. Such "history" is little better than fiction based upon selected historical happenings, and as a rule is employed purely as propaganda, in order to teach the young the virtues of ancestors and the villainy of enemies. It is not such history of which I speak, but of a history recording the facts of man's struggle for existence, and not only the facts but the causes that induced the facts. To my mind these causes are of primary importance.

An historian who desires to promote truth and knowledge and who guides his pen by the light of science, knows full well that he has no right to select his facts; he must record all the facts and seek out all the causes.

There are those who affect to teach that history records the energy or weakness of human will, and that the story of mankind depicts the result of human thought and muscular energy, but this is only partly true. Nature has had much to say to man, and Nature has given cause and direction to many of the great events in the story of man. Indeed, long before man was man, Nature was busy shaping the earth; and man's destiny has been shaped by the shaping of the earth.

Our own history has been shaped by our physical environment. Who shall say that the events, the progress and the people of the Genesee Country have not been surely modified by the climate, the geography, the fertility, the resources and the scenery of the region?

Climatically, the Genesee Country lies on the isothermal belt characterized by the world's most energetic people. Great contrast between heat and cold, due to seasonal changes, has produced a people able to cope with any rigors, a people whose mental energy is abundant and whose blood thrives on the oxygen generated by a climate that ebbs and flows. No coward or weakling race would choose to live the winters of the Genesee Country; nor would such a race flourish here during warmer seasons when stored-up energy must be employed in tilling the soil for food. No weakling race was the Iroquois who lived here before us. No weakling race was the hardy Scotch-Irish settler and New England colonist who came here to supplant the aborigines. It was and is pre-eminently the climate for stalwart men and buxom women.

The physical features of this region have modified its history. Here is everything to attract an energetic population. Where are there fairer plains, more beautiful valleys, more fertile lands for fruits and grain; where are there finer streams, more wondrous water falls and more beautiful lakes? Who shall say that the Great Lakes to the north with their possibilities for commerce, the water falls in many a stream, not to mention the falls of Niagara with their promise of hydraulic power, have not modified the history of those who live here?

Our great highways have been pre-determined for us by the very nature of the ground, by stream and valley, by marsh and lake, by hill and terrace. But even these things had their determiners. The great upheavals of the earth which lifted and broke the rock substrata, the coming and the melting of the glaciers, the rise and fall of mighty glacial lakes, the currents of deep and wide rivers that cut the region into deep terraced valleys, the deposit of great gravel hills, sand banks and clay beds, the settling of fertile sediments,—all these things were pre-determiners of what the human inhabitants in later epochs should be.

With the subsidence of the glaciers, the draining of the ice-created waters borne down from the Labradorian Northland, the passing of the era of the cold and with the triumph of the sun, a new and naked land appeared. Gradually windborne seed settled and the era of plants began, first as a straggling fringe to the south, then a piebald coverlet, then a thicket, and finally came the mighty forest. The soil became enriched with root-released nitrogen, the shallow ponds filled with sphagnum and other water plants, and bogs stretched in every direction, until as time elapsed they filled and drained away, leaving vast stretches of soil of wondrous fertility. In open spaces grew rich and succulent grasses, and in the woodland were tender shoots. Here came the deer, the elk, the beaver, the bear, and ever and again came the bison. The forests swarmed with smaller animals—wolves, panthers, wildcats, martins, otters, fishers and mink. The trees were filled with wild pigeons, and birds of many hues and colors. Life was abundant.

Stalking through the wilderness, lured on by succulent feeding grounds, came the great ruminants, restless engineers of natural roads. Their keen noses were lifted to the breezes ever smelling for salt. Once they found it they kept open trails to the saline springs where the precious mineral oozed from the seams of the Salina rock; rock that had been laid down out of the sediment of the salt saturated ocean waters when they covered this region. Thither came the deer, the moose, the elk, and even the shaggy buffalo in great hungry herds, beating trails into

the soil that even today are followed by the men who supplanted them.

For untold millenniums the beasts reigned supreme until at last there came bold explorers from the south and the west, redmen, hunting for adventures, for wonders and for meat. They came, they saw, and they returned to relate the story of a wonder-world where there was health and plenty. So came the wandering archaic Algonkin, battling for the region with the Eskimoan peoples, and then other waves of Algonkian peoples, and still other waves, until the land was old to man. The charm of the region spread far and wide and here came the highly cultivated mound building peoples to rear their villages and to command the territory.

To them it was the beginning of a new empire, as great in its possibilities as the Mississippi Valley from whence they came. And when they came—whether archaic Algonkin or mound-builder, all came over the roads that had been made for them by the great ruminating mammals. All came along the natural routes along the river valleys and lake shores. The Great Lakes formed natural barriers, passable only to their trim bark canoes. And time went on until late in the Christian era, not long before the intrepid Genoan navigator found his way to the Caribbean, another people intruded the Genesee Country, driving out the vanguards of the mound-builders, scattering the frightened Algonkins and claiming all the region as their own. They called themselves the Men of Men, in their own tongue, the Ongwe Oweh. Today we know them as the Iroquois.

At first these Iroquoian people settled upon the hills, which characteristic gave them the name, "hill people," the Nundawah-ga and the Onunda-ga, from onunda, meaning hill, the Seneca and the Onondaga, respectively. And what were the village hills but the lobate noses made by streams that had coursed down the ancient lake shores? Then as they conquered the land and frightened the Algonkin tribes away, they came down from their hilltop strongholds and occupied the valleys, becoming cultivators of the soil and raising vast fields of corn, beans, squashes and

tobacco. Restless and energetic they spread over western and central New York, and united at length with some of their kinsfolk who had crossed the Detroit River and had gradually fought their way along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, crossed it and swirled into the Mohawk Valley and the region south-west of Oneida lake.

With these they united to form a confederacy without peer in the annals of aboriginal peoples. The trans-Niagaran Iroquois were the Huron-Wyandots, who would not enter the Confederacy. The westerly Iroquois were the Neutrals and the Eries, who likewise refused to unionize. To the south lay the Conestoga or Andaste Iroquois and the Tuscaroras. Still further west and to the south were the great tribes of Cherokee. The confederated nations were the Mohawk, the Oneida, the Onondaga, the Cayuga and the Seneca, so familiar to us as the five nations. It was long afterward that the Tuscarora came to make the sixth nation.

These Iroquois, all of them, had come from the south-lands, perhaps somewhere across the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Ohio. Long they had been builders and cultivators, long a positive and ambitious race. Neither tradition nor archaeology tells us much about the Iroquois before they came here, but once they did come they underwent a cultural revolution that remade them as a people.

Their blood was quickened by the more rigorous north, their intellects sharpened and their ambitions grew until the Iroquois became the most imperious red men of all North America. Their material culture took on a definite and individual stamp, until any student may now trace their village sites by merely walking over the ground and looking at a chance bit of pottery, a potsherd, broken from one of their clay vessels. They stamped their history into the very soil in a positive and definite way, so that there is no mistaking who they were, wherever they happened once to be.

No wild savages were these Iroquois who occupied the Genesee Country. They were not stupid morons so anti-social as to live in pelt-roofed holes from which to emerge

only to slay their fellows. Far from this, they were a highly organized society with a fixed code of behavior. Their confederation had a constitution and system of laws that were well-known and recognized. As we survey these codes today we are amazed with their justness and completeness. A knowledge of law, obedience to it, and a stalwart support of it, developed astute politicians and statesmen. No Roman senator was ever more eloquent in the exposition of law and human equity than an Iroquois sachem declaiming in the confederate council at Onondaga; no Demosthenes was ever more logical than an Iroquois orator pleading with his people. Where are there records of oratory surpassing the speeches of Dekannasora, Garakonte, Ganangula or Red Jacket? You may search in vain.

In this region was built a people who lived in accord with law, who had a definite national policy, who employed intelligence and sagacity in international relations and who were determined to live here whatever might befall.

But back of the moral energy that this betokens, is the physical environment which gave this energy and intelligence, direction and inspiration. What heights these people would have reached in the scale of civilization we know not, for something happened over which they had no control and which they could not foresee. From across the great-salt-sea-of-the-east came a new and unknown people possessing strange inventions, animal servants, and the art of making records.

A new element thus had entered, an element of vaster and further reaching import than almost any natural cataclysm.

At first the legions of France penetrated the wilderness looking for treasures of gold, and failing this, to bring back rare peltries. It is far from my purpose to relate the explorations of Champlain, Brûlé, Brébeuf, Hennepin, La Salle or Lahontan, or to tell the familiar stories of French invasions led by Frontenac, De la Barre, De Tracy and Denonville. Suffice to say that France wanted western New York, and indeed laid plans to seize it, whatever the Iroquois might say. Two things interfered with this bold

scheme for dominion; what the Iroquois said and did, and what England said and did, and the Iroquois were the allies of England.

Need I mention that this struggle ended in the breaking of the power of France, a disillusionment of the hopes of empire, the triumph of the Iroquois not only over the French militia, but also over all their red foemen, whether Huron, Andaste, Erie, Neutral, Abenaki, or Ottawa, and the rise of British power in North America. It was Sir William Johnson who wrote, "The Iroquois are the bulwark of defense between us and the French;" and later historians have been quick to see that the Iroquois saved this region at a critical period for an English speaking people. Had it not been for the Iroquois, who knows but France might have found a secure foothold and erected an enduring colony of great international importance? Who knows, indeed, but that the whole Atlantic seaboard might have fallen to France and that today the North Americans would be speaking French instead of English?

The force that gave English civilization its most positive support was the moral energy of the astute Iroquois, who wisely championed, not the people with whom they agreed best, but the people whom they found by experience to be most just.

To cope with the well-armed and trained forces of the French colonial militia was not an easy matter for the Iroquois, but again and again the redmen matched wits with them until, in describing the French-Iroquois contest and its relation to the safety of English colonial plans, Colden says:

> "Whoever considers all these things and what the Five Nations actually did perform, under all these disadvantages against the French will hardly doubt that the Five Nations by themselves were at that time an overmatch for the French of Canada."

But notwithstanding the fact that France here lost a dominion of vast possibilities, France must receive the credit for having explored western New York and for having established the first agencies of European civilization on this soil. The labors of the Catholic Jesuit Fathers must

not be forgotten nor the sites of their mission stations. The French trader and priest first described the towns and the tribal life of the Indian nations that dwelt here, and every Indian village site where the Frenchman trod bears mute testimony to the influence of France, through the relics which today are found. The struggle of the French colonists of Canada to lay hold of the Genesee Country and to conciliate the Senecas, is only equalled by the story of the French punitive expeditions designed to humble the imperious Senecas, and culminating in the expedition of Denonville in 1687. It is a thrilling story of an important and almost forgotten period in American history. Parkman, reading the Jesuit Relations, received the inspiration for his justly celebrated works describing the struggles of France in this very region, and in more recent times Severance by his "An Old Frontier of France" has produced an even superior account, and one of more vital interest to Western New Yorkers. Nor are lengthy poems lacking, for we have Hosmer's "Yonnondio," Street's "Frontenac," and McNaughton's "Onnalinda."

With the fall of Quebec to the English a new era dawned. England's dream of empire was quickened to reality, but its outcome was far different than she had planned, and the French officers who witnessed the fall of Quebec lived to see a new nation rise from the forests of the New World, to wrest from England its control. Within twenty-four years after the downfall of French power, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and British power was pushed north of the Great Lakes.

The Genesee Country until after the Revolutionary War was Seneca national domain. White men were few indeed, and limited to a few wandering traders, or British agents who sought to alienate the Indians from the interests of the Colonists. Indeed, so successful were the British in this, that most of the Six Nations people placed themselves under Tory orders and fought as allies of Great Britain and as enemies of the Colonists. Nor was this strange, for the Iroquois were tied by treaty, by tradition and by many bonds of affection to British allegiance.

The Senecas and their kinsmen saw the mistake they had made too late, and their Tory-directed raids were revenged by the expeditions of Major General John Sullivan and Colonel Brodhead.

It was Sullivan's raid in 1779 that opened the eyes of the colonists to the beauty and fertility of the Genesee Country. It was not the impenetrable wilderness that they had believed it to be, it was not a land of rocks and barren soil, such as New England. On the contrary, they found it a veritable garden, with areas of cleared land verdant with immense fields of maize, with long reaches of cultivated ground, with charming lakes and streams teeming with fish. Here was a land of plenty, a new dominion with infinite possibilities.

The Senecas who fled before Sullivan's army lured the white man into the heart of their domain and made the white man hunger for the empire that he saw. But it was not yet time for the white American to claim this territory, though in 1782 a Military Tract was taken out of the heart of Central New York, and having as its western boundary a line dropped south from Sodus Bay, taking out the greater portion of the domains of the Cayugas, Onondagas and Oneidas. Far better fared the redoubtable Senecas who claimed all the land west of this line, so that when a treaty was afterward effected in 1786 between Massachusetts and New York, all this territory west of a line dropped south from the east nose of Lake Erie was recognized as belonging to the Seneca Nation. But here another complication entered; this land had been granted by the British Crown to Massachusetts Colony, and Massachusetts would not relinquish its control without a compromise. It was therefore agreed that New York should take over the sovereignty, but Massachusetts should have the right of preemption, that is, the right to purchase the land from the Indians when they chose to sell. The line therefore became known as the preemption line, and all west of it as the Genesee Country.

In 1638 all the land west of the Mohawk was called by the Dutch, *terra incognita,* and so it remained to a large

extent for many years to the world in general. But it was not quite this after the Revolutionary War. Settlers had gradually spread out into the region known as Tryon and later Montgomery County, but within the Genesee Country itself white settlers at the close of the Revolutionary War were few indeed. We may count the British garrison at Niagara, a small quaker settlement near Geneva, extraordinary occupants, but of ordinary colonists and residents there were a few Indian traders on the Genesee, a few white families on Genesee Flats, one or two families at Lewiston, one at Schlosser, a negro at Tonawanda, an interpreter and two or three traders at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, and a negro at the mouth of the Cattaraugus.

Then began an era of land speculation. The returned soldiers of Sullivan gave glowing accounts of what they had seen. Events now moved quickly and in rapid succession. Massachusetts had ceded its preemption right to Phelps and Gorham. Then came the Phelps and Gorham purchase, and finally the Treaty of Canandaigua late in 1794. Land boundaries became definitely fixed, and titles were defined. The federal government recognized the several nations of the Six Nations and the Canandaigua treaty, ratified by the United States Senate early in 1795, confirmed to the several Iroquois nations their various holdings and the United States of America as one contracting party, agreed with the Six Nations as the other, to respect their holdings and never to interfere or to disturb them in the peaceable possession of their lands. To the everlasting credit of the Nation let it be said that the Congress has never abrogated or disclaimed this treaty; it stands today a basic document and both the Congress and the Legislature, as well as the Supreme Court, recognize it as holding still.

Thus are the elms of Canandaigua even more sacred than Penn's treaty tree, for the Six Nations still here abide on their national lands, but Penn's Indians have wilted away and gone like the passenger pigeons of yesteryear.

The treaty consummated by Timothy Pickering, as Commissioner of the United States (a copy of which is on exhi-

bition in the Museum of the Ontario County Historical Society at Canandaigua, today), marked the beginning of a real colonization of this region. It paved the way for settlement on the Morris Tract and Holland Purchase lands and upon the lands of Phelps and Gorham, and upon the pre-emption lands of the Ogden Land Company which succeeded the Holland Company as holder.

But we are a bit ahead of our story. Settlers had begun to straggle in after the close of the Revolution and though they found the new surroundings promising, yet the dampness of the forest tracts about them and the hardships incident to lack of proper food and medical attention held only the most vigorous. The Seneca Indians as a people were not hostile, though some of the rougher class sometimes stole or committed some depredation, such as making way with a fat porker, or shooting at a chimney. As a rule, however, the Indians were far from hostile.

By 1790, according to a London gazeteer (Imlay's Topographical Description of North America), all Western New York contained the population of 190 families. Just what is meant by the term family it is difficult to determine, for the population statistics is given as follows:

Hopewell—Six families, 78 males; no females.
Canandaigua—Eighteen families, 78 males; 20 females.
Bristol—Four families, 20 males; no females.
Bloomfield—Ten families, 44 males; 20 females.
Boughton Hill—Four families, 15 males, 4 females.

I rather think that the lack of females in families must have given rise right here to the motto found in so many old settlers' homes, "What Is Home Without a Mother?"

Thus in all the Genesee Country in 1790 there were less than 1,000 white settlers, due perhaps to the defective land titles and the unextinguished Indian claim. The first white settler west of Geneva was a man named Joseph Smith, but one must not attribute to this significant name the fact that the population increased by leaps and bounds until by 1794 the little hamlets grew into sizable towns, with Canandaigua as the commercial and legal center.

It is interesting to note that at this period the Genesee Country was not tied in its larger interests to Albany or to New York. Few people came over the Mohawk trail compared with those who came up from the Chemung-Susquehanna trail from Pennsylvania and Maryland, until Indian treaties and road improvements had opened the way. Traffic from the east, via Albany, the Mohawk and the Finger Lake trail, was greatly stimulated by the Phelps and Gorham purchase in 1788 whereby the Indians at a convention held in the Buffalo Valley passed the title of 2,600,000 acres of land, leading to a quitclaim conveyance by the State of Massachusetts to all these lands.

The history of this region is largely the history of men and women who were dominated by the true pioneer spirit. The list is an imposing one and the story of any one of them would be a book in itself. For the purposes of this address we can but mention a few who left an indelible impression upon the Genesee Country. In gratitude let us remember the names of: Samuel Kirkland, Thomas Morris, Horatio Jones, Oliver Phelps, Nathaniel Gorham, Peter B. Porter, Israel Chapin, Jasper Parrish, Captain Charles Williamson, Paul Busti, Mary Jemison, Red Jacket, Corn Planter, Farmers Brother, Joseph Ellicott, James Wadsworth, William Wadsworth, Nathaniel Rochester, General Granger, John Gregg. And these names emblazoned in glittering letters on the pages of history are associated in an intimate way in the history and development of this region: George Washington, Timothy Pickering, Aaron Burr, General Dearborn, Robert Morris.

It is far from my purpose to delineate the history of Western New York, for that were too great a task, and one which has been already well-performed by others. Read, if you will, Turner's "History of the Holland Purchase," or Turner's "Phelps and Gorham Purchase," to find stirring tales of early days. My plan is to call attention to the forces that have directed the events that brought about the settlement of this region and stamped it as a land of progress, patriotism and noble ideals. The incidents are matters of record and accessible to all.

Let it be said, and said in all earnestness, that great peoples and great communities know their histories well. History is the "sir-name" of a community, and involves all the high ideals, the traditions and aspirations of the founders of that community. A community that is careless of its history and faithless to its fathers is like a youth who has forgotten his father's name and who is heedless of his mother's prayers. The meetings of our historical societies indicate such a real appreciation of the value of history to a community and to a region that we need have little fear of the future of the Genesee Country.

For the sake of a recapitulation and summary, let us therefore view as in panorama the story of this region and glean if we may a lesson for the future.

Less than a century and a third ago this region was the domain of the Seneca Nation of the Iroquois. By the Treaty of Canandaigua in 1794 it was relinquished by the redmen to the whitemen, except for small areas which the Indians reserved. In those days the forests spread in every direction, filling the air with oxygen and vitality. The land itself was of amazing fertility and even the swollen streams moved over rugged channels like liquid muscles groaning for tasks. Then came the settler filled with dreams of a new homeland. The forest fell at the sound of the axe and many a majestic forest giant was burned to ashes to make "black ash salts" or potash. The trees were a menace to the ambitious whiteman eager to sow his acres with wheat and corn.

On every hand were wild creatures that howled in the night and made the settler's wife tremble for her husband's safety as he labored in the wood. Bears prowled in the clearings and disputed the right of man to pasture pigs and cattle, wolves slunk in the swamps and ran in murderous packs to despoil the farmer's piggery, rattlesnakes coiled in the underbrush, and the lynx and bobcat lurked among the trees.

At times the redman himself was none too friendly, but after the victory of Anthony Wayne over the confederated Indian allies of the British, the Senecas became more

impressed with the fact that the Yankee had come to stay, and after all was a more just and reliable neighbor than the British militarist. After that, the settler and the Indian understood each other better.

More settlers came, and still more, drawn hither by the great land booms. By rare foresight and good judgment Robert Morris saw that Western New York lands were rich in possibilities, and out of the sale of the Morris lands the empty treasury of the United States was financed. The land was good enough to form security for foreign investors, who to promote their investments sent here sturdy Hollanders and hardy English and Scotch yeomen. The great possibilities of land and water began to be utilized by these intelligent immigrants to whom the new ideals of the Republic were communicated by the earlier settlers, products of the school of the Revolutionary War. Mills were erected, roads built, and the forest began to give way to broad tracts of cleared land where grew wheat and barley, corn and rye. In pastures fenced by rails the cattle fed. The wild beasts grudgingly gave way to the settlers' prowess with gun and trap. The settler was determined to build a good world out of his inheritance. Unlike the earlier French explorer, the Scotch-Irish and Teutonic immigrant saw not here a chance to trade and barter with the redman, but the chance to build himself a home. And he set himself about that task with deliberate yet joyful earnestness. This was not to be primarily a mart, but a home.

The pioneer spirit prevailed; it was an unconquerable spirit that reveled in hardship, that delighted in the effort of conquest and that was determined by supreme effort if necessary to redeem the wilderness and build after the American ideal. Nor was the contact of the settler with the redman without a healthy reaction. The whiteman learned much from his red brother, much of forestry life, much of forest lore, much of forest philosophy. The redman knew the healing herbs, so necessary; the redman taught a kindly philosophy that perhaps was only latent in the whiteman's mind; and the redman provided the racial foil that helps develop races and bring them to higher levels. The redman too had his quaint traditions and

mythology, and he gave to the gorge and waterfall, the stream and the lake, the atmosphere of romance and mystery; more than this, he gave names to geographical localities, names that were strange and yet musical.

In such a mold the culture of the Genesee Country was formed. It was not an easy mold nor one in which the weakling might fit himself. It was a mold in which a masterful people might be formed, and such a people it has formed.

To the citizen of today, with his rapidly changing material civilization, we utter but one note of warning. It is this: the mold that gave to the people of the Genesee Country their distinguishing characteristics must endure if the ideals of our fathers are to be transmitted to posterity. Effort must be directed toward the preservation of certain things that left indelible impressions upon our forefathers, and not only upon them, but upon ourselves. There have been historians and patriots who spoke of ideals and of intangible things, but I now speak of material things and of actualities. I speak of the earth and the things of earth, for without that which men denominate matter, the spirit does not manifest itself in the ordinary way.

I speak of the streams, the hills, the forests, the cliffs, the glens, the springs, the animal life, the birds and even the flowers. All these things have given us more than we sometimes realize. It is true that the face of Mother Nature has undergone a change, and in the future must undergo still further changes as agriculture and commerce advance, but let us not become so sordid that we despise and count as naught the beautiful things that nature has given us.

May we not hope for an awakened interest in the preservation of spots of historical and scenic interest? Surely such spots belong in a large sense to the commonwealth, and the commonwealth should awaken to the need of acquiring them. The investment will repay the capital involved in large spiritual and material dividends, in health and in joy.

The people of the Genesee Country, through town, county and state appropriations, should take over the spots

of scenic, historical and scientific interest as public reserves and parks. Some would be simple memorials, others might be used as recreational grounds, and others as general parks, or automobile camp grounds.

Let us not slumber over this suggestion; as time slips by, opportunity to buy will slip by. Many a community has awakened too late to save old buildings of prime historical significance, many have seen natural monuments crumble before the plow or the quarryman's dynamite. The ancient fortifications and earthworks of the Indians have all but disappeared, many a bit of virgin forest has recently been felled for the lumberman and veneer factory and many a picturesque cascade has been ruined by some temporary mill requirement.

What greater reproach can your children give than to say, "Our fathers forgot us and took away the last bit of woodland, the waterfall in the glen, the playground by the creek. In their haste to build factories and to till the soil, they have driven away the birds, the squirrels and the rabbits. Where shall we find the wild flowers, the arbutus and the moccasin flower? Alas our fathers did not remember."

Therefore, while we talk of events and of the progress of our ancestors, let us remember the physical environment which encompassed them. If we would transmit ideals, let us preserve the physical vehicle in which these ideals had their channel—the world as God made it. Save only a small portion, the out-of-the-way portion, if you will, but save it that the future population of the Genesee Country may enjoy rest and recreation, health and inspiration, in parks and reserves dedicated to the people.

Unless we heed this appeal, I greatly fear that as time goes on we shall evolve a people who will have little interest in history or in the living of ideals, and a people who will reprove us for wasting time in discussing men and events that have passed by. And if, by more favorable chance, the coming generations shall persist in a love of nature, of history and of natural beauty, and we of today shall have failed to conserve these things, we shall indeed stand rebuked as a stubborn and heedless generation.

But this must not be; the waterfall and the adjacent shore must become a park, the virgin forest lot must become a woodland memorial where the birds may revel in a protected freedom and where flowers may bloom unmolested by the uninstructed flower-picker; the rough road along the bank of the creek or along the shore of the lake must become a parked highway or rustic drive; and even the old swimming hole must be improved and developed in accord with need.

Already the State of New York has awakened to the need of parks and preserves. Already cities have begun to buy recreational grounds, glens, mountains and lakes. Already the State is building up a vast park program whereby great tracts of land are to be set aside for the benefit of the public. In another fifty years the State of New York will have a population of more than twenty millions. The Genesee Country will double its population, towns will expand, farmlands will shrink. Health, sanitation, recreation and public morals will constitute growing problems.

Nothing will so promote the well-being of a people or redound to the glory of the region as the conservation of the places that God has blessed and beautified or that man has hallowed by devotion and sacrifice that future generations might live and prosper.

And finally, if we follow the reasoning here presented, we may be assured that the race of tomorrow will value its history as a dynamic thing, and look upon us as ancestors worthy of the greatness which the Genesee Country of tomorrow will witness, for in the attainment of that greatness we shall have played an intelligent part.

The Jesuits and Their Missions in the Genesee Country

By Nathaniel S. Olds

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At the edge of the road, standing in the green grass that borders the highway as you go southward over the summit of Boughton Hill in Ontario County, rises a granite cross. This monument was erected in the fall of 1909 by the patriotic spirit of a few thoughtful men in the village of Canandaigua, and marks the site of the ancient Jesuit mission village of Gandagora, or, as the black-robe Fathers called the place, St. Jacques. A bronze tablet calls attention briefly to the labors there of certain martyrs of the early days, and to the eyes and minds of many, the first intimation that this country was the scene of such ministrations. The cross is one of but few such markers in the Genesee Valley.

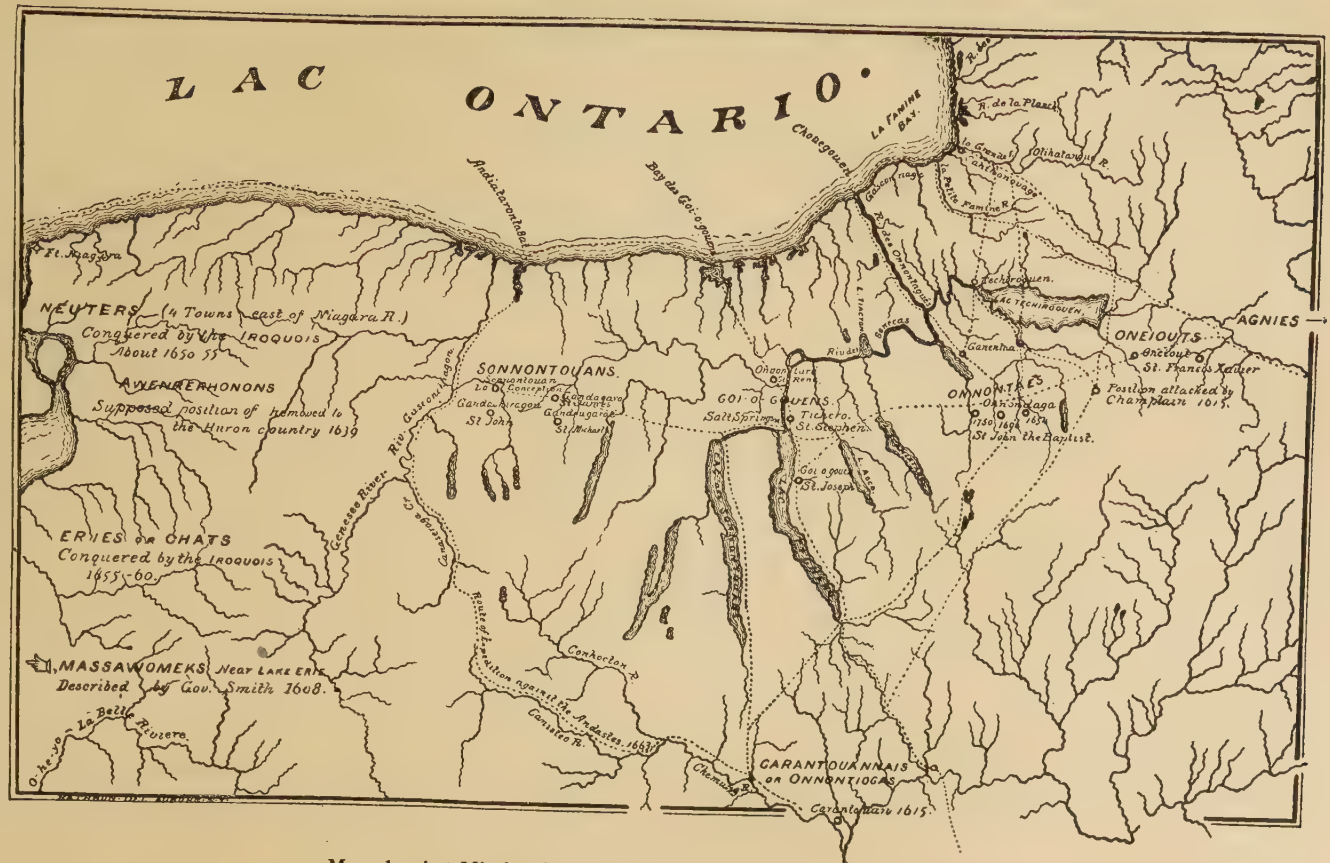
The view from the spot where this granite stone stands is a beautiful one. On all sides unfold the rolling hills. Northward, under the slope of the Boughton terrace, the spires and the roofs of the village of Victor cluster among the trees. The smoke of Rochester smudges the horizon to the west. All about are rich orchards and fertile fields, sheltered farmhouses and great barns and granaries. Far towards the south the blue curves of the Hemlock and Bristol Hills roll along the line of vision. To the east is the height of land beyond which is hidden the clear level of Canandaigua Lake. In the days of the Indians and the Jesuits the hills were blanketed with green trees, and the valleys gave up the blue smoke of bark cabins.

The village of Gandagora or St. Jacques was one of four mission posts established by the black-robes in the Genesee Country. Their story is tinged with the tragedy of a great

failure, but no one can read it without a thrill of admiration for the deep devotion that led these white missionaries to forsake comfort, and hope, and the dream of life itself, for the sake of carrying the word of their faith to the red fires of the Sonnontouan long houses. The narrative of the Jesuit missions in North America has been well told by Parkman. He touches, however, but slightly upon the experiences of the Fathers who came to the Genesee Country and left upon the farm-fields all about us the unmistakable evidences of their life and activities among the Senecas of the Valley. The tale is a fascinating one, full of color, and its lights and shadows throw out vivid pictures of the Indian village life, and the simple faith of the black-robe priests.

The main mission post in the Valley was located at Totiakton, on the Sheldon farm, a little west of Rochester Junction, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, twelve miles south of Rochester. The name the Jesuits gave this post was La Conception. South of La Conception was another, a smaller one, called Keinthe by some of the chroniclers, by others Gandachirouage. The Jesuits named the mission St. Jean (St. John's). Its site lies about halfway between the village of Honeoye Falls and Lima, just west of the line of the electric railway connecting the two. Almost due east of this about ten miles, and south from Boughton Hill, two and one-half miles, is the site of the village of Gandagourae, or St. Michel. This was a village of Hurons who had been adopted into the Sonnontouan tribe according to their curious custom. The site of it is found upon the Beals farm. Upon all of these sites have been found many scores of Jesuit rings, a few brass crucifixes, and a handful of black cassock buttons. A beautiful silver chalice was dug out of a grave at Totiakton by two boys, and sold for bullion for a quarter of a dollar.

Fortunately for us, the Jesuits have left a complete record of their everyday life from the beginnings of these missions to their fiery end in 1687. The Jesuit order was primarily one of propaganda, and their organization was perfect. Each priest went where he was assigned,



Map showing Mission Sites in the territory of the Iroquois, 1656-1684.

Drawn by John S. Clark, 1879

at a moment's notice. The training of the order gave to each missionary a knowledge of mathematics, of medicine, mechanics, and, indeed, of all things that would prove of value to him in his daily contact with the people and the life which he would be called upon to face. A careful record was kept of the career of each missionary, and he was expected to write and send to his immediate superior a daily report of his activities. This was understood to include even the most trivial events of the day's work, and nothing was too slight or commonplace to be overlooked. These reports were then collected, and forwarded in turn to the provincial, and by him sent overseas to the head of the order at Paris or Rome. The provincial of the order in North America in colonial times resided at Quebec, and to him were sent the reports, or as they were technically called, the Relations, from all parts of the North American field.

It is not hard to see how, in the course of a few years, a great mass of descriptive material would accrue, every page of which dealt with the very heart-beats of the savage life of that period. This is what happened, and when the mine was opened, the student of history had spread before him historical data of a richness almost unbelievable. For many years, however, this was hidden treasure, for the Relations were all written in the difficult French of the early colonial period, and but comparatively few were printed in book form. A few years ago, however, Charles William Burrows, of the Burrows Brothers Company, Cleveland, Ohio, conceived the idea of translating and publishing the Relations that bore upon the early history of America. Permission was obtained, and the work was put under way. The labor was of long duration, and of the most minute exactness, but eventually the complete series was published. More than seventy volumes were required to contain the translation and two volumes were devoted solely to the indexes. But when the great work was completed, the gateways were opened, and it is from those pages that we are able to read and understand the Indian life of the Valley of two centuries ago.

The first mention we find of Sonnontouan or Totiakton, in the Jesuit Relations, occurs in Father Lalemant's report of 1632. It sheds a searchlight upon these far-away objects of priestly solicitude. The Relation tells the story as it was told to the worthy Father, who reports it for the edification of his superior in Paris.

The Sonnontouans and the nation of the Raccoon, an Ohio tribe, had been engaged in a war for several years. At last a truce was called and the Raccoon nation sent thirty venerable red ambassadors to Totiakton to confirm peace. There was great feasting and many dogs were boiled. Unfortunately, just when the smoke of peace was in the air, an Iroquois runner came bounding into the village with the news that a Seneca hunter had been waylaid by a band of marauding Raccoons and killed. The outraged Senecas, dropping their peace pipes, seized their hatchets and proceeded with the utmost dispatch to slaughter twenty-five of the thirty peaceful Raccoon ambassadors. Five escaped and war was immediately declared.

In the course of events, two Senecas of Totiakton were captured by the furious Raccoons. One escaped. The other was taken in triumph to the chief Raccoon town. What followed is characteristic of Indian customs.

Upon arriving at the Raccoon village, a council was held, and, in accord with the usual course of procedure in such cases, the captive Seneca was treated with every courtesy. He was carefully clothed in soft buckskin and fed on the choicest of Indian dainties. The elders, after long debate, decided that the captive was too fine a gentleman to be burnt, and would be a welcome addition to the tribe. He was therefore turned over to the nearest female relative of the chief Raccoon ambassador, who had been slaughtered at Totiakton. As customary, she could receive him as a makeshift substitute for her brother, or she could do with him as she pleased. He was her property. Says the Jesuit Father:

"The captive arose and was escorted without a word to the woman's tent. He, thinking his life had been spared and he was not to be burnt, went within. But he was mistaken. The woman began to weep and tear her hair and refused to be comforted, crying out that she would

never rest until her brother's death had been avenged. He was therefore taken away to be burned, and as he left the tent, he said, 'An entire people are burned with me. My death will be terribly avenged.' "

Five years later, we hear that the Sonnontouans and the Hurons were at war and that the latter had been warned of an impending attack. This kind of hostility continued for more than fifty years, until the Hurons had been practically exterminated by these terrible Genesee warriors.

A sample of the fighting which marks these inroads is given by Father Lalemant in the Relation of 1645-46. He says that at the beginning of spring, a party of Senecas hid all night in the woods near a frontier Huron town, probably just over the Niagara border, and in the morning rounded up a company of Huron women, who were on their way to the fields to plant corn. The outraged Hurons surrounded the Senecas in the woods. Feeling themselves lost, the Senecas proposed a parley, throwing down their arms to show peaceful intentions. The Hurons foolishly accepted, and, at a preconcerted signal, were attacked by the cunning Senecas and massacred. This precipitated war in earnest and a highly typical incident follows. The Hurons had erected "watch towers," says Father Lalemant, and kept sentries constantly on guard, two on a tower. A daring young Sonnontouan wormed his way under one of these towers. At night, he climbed the tower like a squirrel, and finding both Hurons asleep, butchered them, escaping with their scalps. But the Sonnontouans did not have long to exult, for the Hurons returned the blow by carrying the war straight into Totiakton. The Relation continues:

" To avenge this affront, some time afterwards three Hurons struck a blow not less daring. After twenty days' march, they arrive at Sonnontouan, the most populous of the hostile villages. Finding there the cabins closed, they break into one of them at the side and enter it in the silence and darkness of the night. They rekindle the fires therein, which had sunk low; by favor of this new light, each one chooses his man in order to split his head. They remove their hair, as is usual with the victors, set fire to the cabin, and inspire terror in the village, whence they withdraw with so much good fortune and skill that more than nine hundred warriors could never arrest their flight. Such are

the wars of these peoples, the scourge of which has not fallen upon the infidels alone, several of our Christians having been killed or taken in these encounters and having left us only this consolation, that Heaven finds itself enriched each year by our losses."

The hostilities continued in the usual desultory manner of savage warfare, surprise following surprise, and each inroad being avenged by a fierce reprisal. These matters are reported from time to time by the Jesuits, but almost exclusively through Huron channels, for in those early years no regular mission had been established among the terrible Sonnontouans. Father Lalemant in his Relation of 1648-49 gives us another brief and vivid glimpse into this dark turmoil of racial warfare. A young Christian girl of the Hurons, captured in one of the rapid Seneca raids from the Genesee across the border, had been taken to Totiakton. There she was condemned to death by torture.

"Fear inspired her with courage," says the worthy Father, "and God guided her innocence to extricate herself from peril." By night, she slipped from her captors and fled into the underbrush. Her absence was soon discovered and the whole population of the town turned out to hunt her down. They searched everywhere, up and down the winding creek, through the woods and between the trails. But the Indian girl, as cunning in her native woodcraft as were her fierce hunters, escaped their shrewdest trackers, and like a wounded partridge, wove her way among the bushes and the foliage and escaped detection. By day she lay hidden and by night she traveled, "for three suns," until she came to the Genesee River. This she forded and for five days penetrated the woods toward Niagara. Then she fell into an encampment of four hunters. Fortunately for her, two of them were braves of the Neutral Nation. She told her story and the pipes of council were lit, while the captive girl, who for eight days had eaten no food save what she could gain from the woods about her, sat in silence outside the firelight and patiently waited her doom. The debate was long, but to the eternal credit of the two Neutrals, who steadfastly held out for her liberty, she was supplied with food and set free to return to her own people.

Several attempts were made in the next few years to establish missions among the Sonnontouans, but without much success, when suddenly, great joy was in store for the eager Jesuits. In September, 1665, three highly important personages arrived at Quebec from Sonnontouan on a most surprising errand. It was to announce that the minds of the Senecas were inclined toward peace; and the three ambassadors from Totiakton declared that in a few months an embassy in larger numbers would arrive to contract for a genuine truce, with presents, pipes, and kinnikinnick to seal the same withal. After being appropriately feasted, two of the heralds set out to return to Totiakton, having completed their business. The third remained to enjoy the social delights of the French capital. He was wise in his generation, for we are informed that the two who went homeward with the "happy news" were set upon by jealous Iroquois brothers, who sought no peace, and were instantly killed.

Nevertheless, in January, a band of elderly Sonnontouans, led by a wise old man of sixty, arrived with twenty-one symbolical presents and with due ceremony the peace pact was perfected. The Jesuits were delighted, and arrangements were speedily under way to improve this heaven-sent opportunity. But misfortune was in store and not yet were the dark inhabitants of Totiakton in the far Genesee Country to be enlightened. The Relation of that year had another story to send overseas to Paris, and with characteristic devotion the good Father writes:

> "The designs of Heaven are no less adorable than they are hidden. This Captain, (upon whom after God our hopes were resting) was snatched from us in an instant. These ambassadors had gone for sport to hunt the beaver between Three Rivers and Quebec, while awaiting the end of winter to set out on their return journey. A band of Agniernonnon Iroquois who came at the same time to hunt men, chanced upon their tracks, and, surprising that Captain in a lonely place without approaching him closely enough to recognize him, killed him with a gunshot, which pierced his heart."

It was not until 1667 that the first missionary was sent into the Genesee Country. This was the famous Father Fremin, who labored among the Senecas amid dangers of every kind, from famine, plague, and the unpitying hostility

of the Iroquois medicine-men. He was assisted by the no less famous Father Garnier; and later Father Raffeix shared his perils. These white men, cultured in the best knowledge of the day, self-exiled from France and the refinement with which Louis XIV had surrounded himself at Versailles, were the first white men who made this Genesee Country of ours their home. They threaded its paths, gazed in deep meditation from its hills, and heard the whispering of its waters. I believe they loved it with the same grave and iron-like devotion with which they loved the superhuman task to which they had set themselves. They watched the Genesee leap into the depth of its gorge and they saw the blue waters of the long narrow lakes sparkle in the sun.

Father Garnier, in his first report of the daring mission in the Seneca Land, exultantly describes how he was welcomed with honors and how the Senecas built him a chapel at St. Michel and another at Totiakton. A pestilence soon broke out and the "jugglers," as the Father disdainfully calls the local medicine-men, immediately accused the black-robe of being the cause of it. But Father Fremin paid his visits from cabin to cabin comforting the sick, surreptitiously baptizing the dying, fearing nothing, shirking nothing, but doing his duty in the simple way of his faith, until, as he carefully points out, he had saved thirty souls, when the plague ceased.

In the meantime, Father Julian Garnier had come into the Seneca country and was stationed at St. Jacques on Boughton Hill. This was about 1669. In 1671 Father Fremin was recalled, and Father Garnier, having taken charge of St. Jean, near Lima, assumed the management of the missions and remained in the Genesee Country until 1683. Part of the time, Father Raffeix, another able and heroic missionary, assisted him.

The minute reports that these solitary white Fathers sent yearly to their superior at Quebec are simple and direct as a story told at firelight to a wide-eyed child, yet this very simplicity is as charged with unconscious pathos as a cloud is with rain. Father Raffeix relates how he had

heard that an Indian mother had hidden her sick child in the woods at a distance from the village, and steadfastly refused to disclose its hiding-place. The good Father followed her, but was thrown off the trail by the wily mother. The sick child, however, had a little brother and sister, and the priest seeing them playing in the woods, silently followed them all one afternoon, until toward nightfall he saw them dart toward a deep thicket. Waiting patiently until they had gone away, the black-robe stole softly in, found the baby, made the sacred sign of the cross upon its hot little brown forehead and returned to his evening service in the savage village, exalted in spirit and singing a song of praise to Heaven for its goodness.

Father Fremin gives us another one of those flashing insights into the workings of the savage mind in the following:

"Last year (1668), I baptized a young woman of the more influential class of Sonnontouans, who died a day after baptism. The mother could not be comforted for the loss, our barbarians being extraordinarily fond of their children, and when I tried to soothe her sorrow by representing to her the infinite happiness which her daughter was enjoying in Heaven, she said to me with considerable naiveté: 'Thou didst not know her. She was mistress here and commanded more than twenty slaves, who are still with me; she knew not what it was to go to the forest to get wood, or to the river to draw water; she could not take upon herself the care of all that has to do with domestic duties. Now, I have no doubt that being at present the only one of our family in Paradise, she has great difficulty in getting used to it, for she will be obliged to do her own cooking, to go for wood and water, and to do everything with her own hands in the preparation of her own food and drink. Indeed, is she not to be greatly pitied at not having anyone who can serve her in that place? Thou seest here one of my slaves who is ill; I pray thee instruct her well and put her on the road to Heaven, that she may not stray from it, and that she may go and live with my daughter to help her in all her domestic affairs.' I availed myself of this opportunity and of that woman's simplicity to instruct the sick slave."

The Relations are full of stories like these, which read with all the charm and sweetness of an Old Testament narrative. The writer has many times wished that a book might be made of just such extracts. It surely would be a welcomed addition to our literature.

But in spite of their hopefulness and their abiding faith, the good missionaries found little progress being made toward advancing the banners of their gospel. Their efforts were unavailing, and the darkness of barbarism was too deep to be penetrated by the glimmers of their teaching. They labored manfully, and they suffered the pangs of want, and they walked about with the shadow of the tomahawk constantly upon their heads. Yet each day they wrote down the little happenings of the daylight and the darkness, and they learned to rejoice at the slightest gleam of attention that was turned toward their ministrations.

The work continued until the year 1687, when the Marquis de Denonville, Governor of New France, deemed the time ripe for a severe punishment upon the headstrong Senecas. In the month of July of that year the French invaded the Seneca territory and destroyed the four villages where the Jesuit Missions were located, together with all stored grain and standing crops of corn. The smoke of the burning long-houses dimmed the sky. Thus, at one stroke Denonville undid all that the patient labors of the Jesuit Fathers had built up for twenty years among the barbarians of the Genesee Country, and set spark to brand that was drenched in the blood of massacred Montreal and extinguished only by the fall of Quebec half a century later. The black-robed Fathers went away in sorrow,* and the Valley lapsed back into a paganism from which the Iroquois of today have not yet wholly departed.

The efforts of the Jesuits among the Senecas resulted in failure, as did every other mission established in those early times; but no page in the history of North America is richer in devotion to duty, or in desperate efforts uncomplainingly made, than that which describes the work of the black-robes among the Indians of that period.

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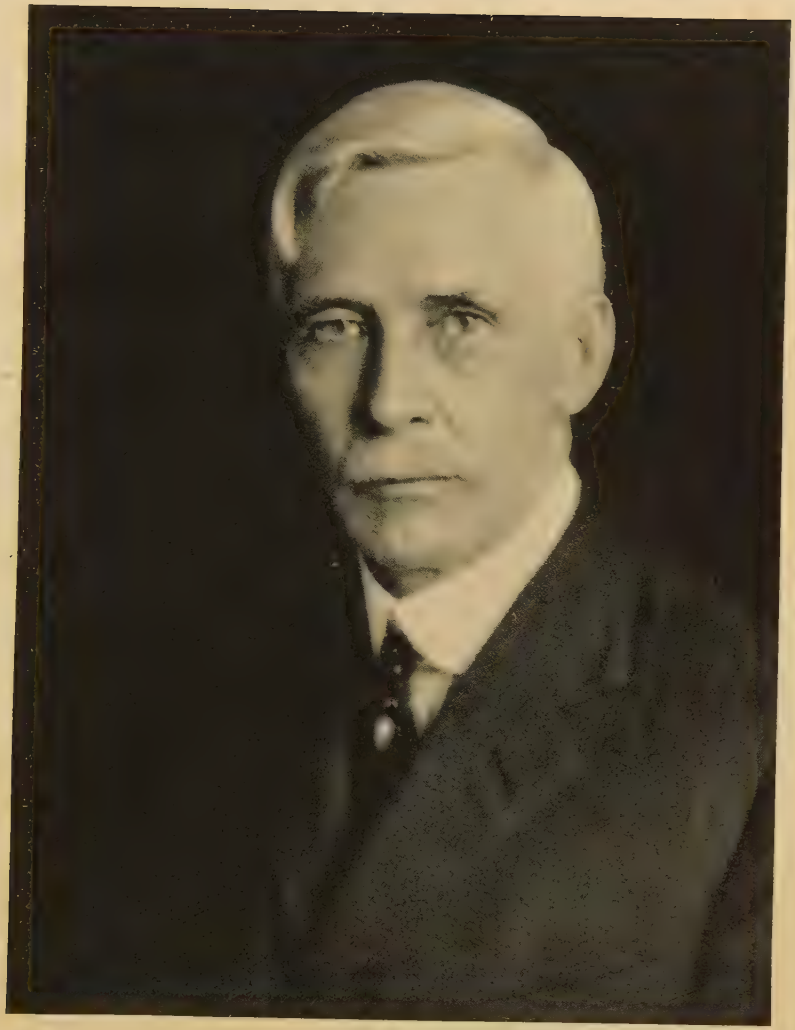
*Editor's Note: Doctor John G. Shea says: "The Jesuit Missions in New York ended virtually in 1687." ["History of America," by Justin Winsor, Vol. IV, p. 285.] The destruction of the Seneca villages by Denonville's army aroused a hatred which rendered it impossible for a priest to enter the entire territory from Lake Erie to the Hudson River for the next thirteen years. After 1700, the Jesuits endeavored to revive

the Iroquois Missions; but, owing to the opposition of the English, these Missions never recovered any of their old importance. In August, 1701, thirteen hundred Iroquois arrived at Montreal and signed a treaty of peace with Callières, the governor of Canada. Father Julian Garnier acted as interpreter at this meeting; and returned to his beloved Senecas in 1702. [Col. Hist., Vol. IX, pp. 171, 737, 762. "Pioneer Priests of North America," by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., p. 329.] Garnier was then old and infirm and, from this fact, it was assumed that the Jesuits were in great demand in the Iroquois Missions [Col. Hist., Vol. IX, p. 750]. With Father Garnier went Father François Vaillant de Gueslis, who had accompanied the Denonville Expedition. [Col. Hist., Vol. IX, p. 762, note.] Father Vaillant was succeeded in the Seneca Mission, in 1707, by Rev. Father d'Heu, who was the last Jesuit priest to leave the Senecas, following Garnier to Montreal in 1709. Father Garnier died in Quebec in 1730, after having been a missionary among the Indians for more than sixty years from his novitiate to his death.



HON. JOHN D. LYNN

The United States Marshal's Office in the World War

By John D. Lynn

United States Marshal for the Western District of New York—1915-1924

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, December 17, 1924.

TO write a history of the United States Marshal's Office during the World War, in any complete detail, would practically be the local history of the war; as there was scarcely any war activity into which the Marshal did not enter, either in counsel, co-operation or interference.

To relate in detail so much of it as space permitted and then stop, would be neither helpful nor just. Besides, there was no one activity of that office so apart from its general duties, that if treated singly, even in detail, would convey any very adequate idea of its war administration.

Therefore, I have attempted to give a general story of the activities of the office which, without as much detail as would be desirable, will be complete at least in its conclusions; compressed rather closely into a summary of a policy, an administration, and a result.

The first war duties placed upon the office arose out of our position as friend of all the contending powers. This made it desirable to keep advised, rather fully, as to sympathies and expressions; that the government might not be compromised by any non-neutral activities of the people.

That each of the belligerents should have sympathizers among our people was to be expected, and neither their sympathies nor expression of them, should be restrained by official action. Neutrality did not require this.

That the neutrality of our government during this period was real and effective, was demonstrated by the rather generous or violent criticism it received from the sympathizers of each side, and was impressed upon me

by the following ludicrous circumstance. I was lunching at Buffalo with a party of friends, strong partisans of Germany, who spent a pleasant (?) half hour criticising me, or rather the government through me, because, as they put it, we, "while pretending neutrality, were acting, not as the bold ally, but as the slavish tool of Britain." I "took my medicine" with the composure of one well satisfied they were wrong, and as we came from the dining room into the rotunda of the hotel, I met a party of Canadians, gentlemen from Toronto, with whom I had a pleasant social acquaintance. No sooner had they greeted me than they launched into a vigorous criticism of the course the United States was pursuing as to the war. Upon my replying "We are neutral," they excitedly, and more than one at a time, exclaimed "You are doing everything you can to help Germany every minute." I laughed heartily and said, "Well, I am glad to hear this. My friends here"—indicating the German sympathizers—"have spent the entire lunch hour abusing me because we are helping England every minute. As you both find fault with us, our neutrality must be a complete success." Both parties saw the humor of the situation, joined in the laughter and the conversation took a more kindly course.

We had very little trouble in maintaining our neutrality in Rochester and vicinity. In only a few instances were we called upon to take action, and an official admonition was sufficient without exciting the public.

People were permitted to have their sympathies, to express them, to give or lend their money to either side, to go and fight in the armies of their favorite, and, what is always of first importance to a trading people, were quite free to supply either or all of the belligerents with food, munitions, or other needs, at good prices, without breaking the established rules of neutrality. While the champions of each side recognized this privilege as a natural right as to themselves, they were severely critical that the other side were allowed like freedom. But official responsibility permitted no distinction; all must be treated alike.

This unrepressed liberty of action was very useful. As time passed it became fairly manifest that our country

might not be permitted to occupy this passive position throughout, and it seemed wise that the government take advantage of this opportunity to learn, as fully as possible, the leanings of our people toward the one side or the other, and preserve this information in form to be useful in any crisis to follow. This was done quietly, in fact secretly, so as not to stir up or alarm the people, and the work thus accomplished proved of great advantage in the change of conditions.

Toward the close of 1916 it became clear to those charged with any activity in the matter, that circumstances were continually, and rather rapidly, jostling us from the side lines into the game, and the United States Marshal's Office began to prepare for the part we might be called upon to play.

The President's speech of February, 1917, made it clear that the entry of this country into the war was a matter of but a few weeks. And upon which side was equally certain. In view of the policy adopted thus far, and the governmental philosopy of the President, it was apparent what would be demanded of the Marshal's Office, and we set to work at once to meet the demand. A list was made of all non-citizen Germans and Austrians residing in this district, and within two weeks after the declaration of war I had these two classes of residents listed, names and residences, very completely and accurately. As there was no appropriation at that time to pay for this emergency expense, I had to call for volunteers, and received a hearty response and efficient assistance.

The magnitude of this undertaking is shown by the fact that there were in the seventeen counties of this district about fifteen thousand German aliens and about one-half as many Austro-Hungarians. This work was done from the Rochester office and was conducted so quietly that only those engaged in it knew it was being undertaken. We had the co-operation of the local officers of the several counties, so far as it seemed wise to call upon them. In this city we received enthusiastic assistance from the very capable clerk of the naturalization bureau, Clarence E.

Roberts. To our surprise we found that in this cosmopolitan district there was one county, Schuyler, which did not have residing in it one alien from either country.

Upon war arising with Germany, all immigrants from that country, residing here and not naturalized, became legally enemies of this country, known in governmental language as "enemy aliens;" that is, they were alien residents, owing allegiance *legally* to our enemy, their treaty rights withdrawn, and subject to such treatment as our safety and the successful prosecution of the war seemed to require.

In all countries, people thus circumstanced have throughout time been subjected to treatment more arbitrary and uncharitable than in subsequent review seemed either wise or necessary. We may truly boast that in no country and at no time have this class of people been treated with the kindly consideration accorded them by our government during this war.

For the first time in any country, as far as I know, the administration of the rules governing the status of the enemy alien was entrusted, not to the military, but to the civil arm of the government, and with such marked success that it seems reasonably probable the old rule will never again be employed by any government.

The condition and obligation of people designated enemy alien were already fixed by statutes of the United States long in force, requiring only a state of war to bring them into activity, and their execution devolved upon the President as chief executive. Immediately upon the declaration of war with Germany, the President proclaimed the laws and rules applicable, and commanded that all persons to whom they applied note and obey the same, announcing the penalties that might follow failure to do so, but added that "so long as they conduct themselves in accordance with law, they shall be undisturbed in the peaceful pursuit of their lives and occupations and be accorded the consideration due all peaceful and law abiding persons, except so far as restrictions may be necessary for their own protection and for the safety of the United States." And towards such as thus conduct themselves "all citizens are

enjoined to treat them with all such friendliness as may be compatible with loyalty and allegience to the United States."

The execution of this proclamation, in purpose thus outlined, was committed to the Attorney-General, as chief of the Department of Justice. The Attorney-General was Thomas W. Gregory, a lawyer "of the old school," trained in the traditions and purposes of the fathers of the Republic, and worshipping the constitution with almost religious devotion. In transmitting to his associates in the Department instructions for their procedure, he enjoined upon them that in executing their part in this work the safeguards thrown about the individual by the law of the land were not to be lost sight of or ignored. If this were the place, I could attempt most heartily a eulogy of this able official and the helpful service he rendered in the very delicate duties thus imposed upon him.

To frame rules for administering this proclamation, sufficiently general for the entire country, and with detail that would work in the special conditions of each of the eighty judicial districts into which the United States are divided, was not an easy task. It required a knowledge of local circumstances difficult to acquire by any except a resident of the particular locality.

When the first rules reached me, I saw that they would not work satisfactorily in Rochester, nor effect the purpose of the government. The industrial area here was practically the whole city, and almost every producing agency was, or soon would be, supplying articles used in the prosecution of the war by either this government or one of the associated powers. The zoning system suggested, if carried out without exception, would force two thousand industrious people out of work, depriving them and as many more depending upon them of their accustomed means of living. I addressed Washington, explaining this situation, with such suggestions as I thought helpful, accompanying my letter with a map, prepared for me gratuitously, by Morley B. Turpin of the City Engineering Bureau, showing these zones imposed upon a plat of the city, intersecting and

overlapping each other, so as to make practically the entire city closed territory to these unfortunate people. Similar advice reached the Department from other cities, and the rules were modified so as to meet the varying conditions of the different localities, by leaving the administration of the rules, as to detail, much to the judgment of the local officer. Thus the rules could be applied very satisfactorily.

The President's proclamation was published, more or less fully, in the press throughout the country, with notices of the rules of procedure. As these rules were prepared primarily for the officer who was to enforce them, I prepared a more direct and brief summary of what the alien should know, as well as I could conceive the same, and as it was approved at Washington, I assume it correctly placed the subject before the people. A copy of it follows:—

I received from the Attorney-General instructions for carrying into effect the President's proclamation of April 6, 1917, as to the rights and duties of those in law called "alien enemies." The term alien enemy means simply an alien resident who is still a subject of some country with which the United States is at war; for instance, at the present time, a non-naturalized German resident. He is not considered an enemy in fact, as that term is usually understood, and cannot become such enemy unless he makes himself so by acting in disobedience to the laws of this country of his residence.

Such foreign resident cannot have in his possession any firearms, weapons or implements of war, or parts thereof, ammunition, bombs, or explosives, or material used in their manufacture; any aircraft, wireless apparatus, or signalling device, cipher code, or any paper, document or book in cipher or invisible writing. If he has, he is subject to summary arrest. No arrest will be made, except in unusual circumstances, before April 24. They have until that time to get rid of these things, and the most satisfactory way to do so is to turn them over to the United States Marshal, who will preserve them until they can be restored to their owners. If they have already turned them over to the police, sheriff or other local officer, they should give the Marshal a copy of the receipt for the same. It is not wise to destroy these articles, or hide them, or turn them over to citizen friends, as people known once to have had such things would make themselves objects of suspicion. The Marshal has power in proper cases to grant exceptions to this general rule and give permits to retain such property for a time.

Under the President's proclamation, such foreign resident is not permitted to live within one-half mile of any federal or state fort, camp, arsenal, aircraft, navy yard, factory, or workshop for the making of munitions of war, or any products for the use of the army or navy, and

they have until June 1 to make such changes as will conform their action to the President's proclamation. After that date any not complying will be liable to summary arrest. Prior to that date no arrest will be made unless the person's conduct should make it necessary for other reasons.

As to this provision of the proclamation, also, the Marshal has power for proper reasons and in certain manner to make exceptions and grant permits in proper cases for such time as the holder of the permit and others similarly favored in such locality obey the law and the President's proclamation. A breach of this obedience may result in withdrawing all permits in that locality. Thus each is interested in seeing that all obey.

Again, I wish to impress upon all interested that these laws, as well as all laws and rules of the government, made necessary in present circumstances, are to be enforced in the spirit of fairness expressed in former instructions of the President and Attorney-General, and with the purpose of helping every honest person to pursue his accustomed life and vocation and at the same time to prevent those of evil intent from accomplishing any mischief.

Any person who tears down the United States flag, or otherwise desecrates or insults it, or insults the government, or the President, its head, by hostile or abusive words or actions, will be summarily dealt with, without mercy, and this is just as true of a citizen, and applies to women as well as men.

There is no reason for people to get hysterical or nervous about this. It is easy to obey the law; in fact, one must go out of his way to disobey it, and he has little claim to mercy if he does.

I hope no resident of Rochester will compel us to use summary power in this matter.

This took the form of a newspaper interview, and was then printed as a sheet and sent, for distribution, to every factory and other industrial centre, to all German clubs or places of social rendezvous; and was caused to be published in five hundred and eighty-five newspapers printed in this district. The present proclamation applied only to males over fourteen years of age.

In sending in estimates for the blanks needed, twelve hundred sets were requested for Rochester. It was clear the Department considered this an exaggeration, as we had to wire twice before getting what was required. Therefore, when the time fixed for closing arrived it was with some satisfaction I reported that in Rochester application had been received from, and permits issued to, eleven hundred and sixteen persons. Taking into account that of those on our list as originally made, some had in the mean-

time completed their naturalization, some had moved from the city, a few had died, and a few had been found to be legally citizens who did not know it, this result shows the value of the preparation that had been made for this undertaking.

The delinquents were notified by letter or personally, and when necessary, forcibly brought in. Newcomers to the city were added, so that before the war closed, this class numbered about fourteen hundred in Rochester and its immediate suburbs.

A period was fixed for performing this duty, which was published for some time previous in the newspapers, and while it was going on, the papers kept it constantly before the people. The German language papers were in a position to give great help, and did it with enthusiastic loyalty. The German societies and German people generally showed wonderful kindness in assisting their unfortunate kinsfolk, and employers became the paternal advisors of their employees. All of which lessened anticipated difficulties and made successful result possible.

The procedure was: the alien came to the Marshal's Office and made, upon prepared blanks, in duplicate, sworn statements of his condition, place of birth, age, time and place of entrance and name of vessel or other agent of transportation upon which he came, what military or official experience he had had in his home country, with other information affecting status or character suggested by the circumstances of each case. Each applicant was required to bring three photographs of himself, one to be placed upon each of the two statements and one to attach to the permit, if granted. The applicant must be recommended by his employer, if employed, otherwise must be avouched by some citizen who knew him well enough to certify his reliability. For convenience and time saving, these statements when prepared were sent in bunches to the employers to be examined and certified.

Every applicant was also the subject of direct personal investigation as to the truth of his statements, and his daily life and neighborhood standing. If the circumstances indicated any doubt, the records of the Federal Immigration

Bureau were consulted, and investigation made at the place of his former American residence.

All of this work, it must be remembered, was done with the peacetime force of deputies, with the assistance of patriotic volunteers. It was almost completed before Congress had appropriated any money that could be used in employing additional deputies. A call for volunteers brought quick response from more than we had room for. I wish I could name them all, as they well deserve a place in this record. But, even if space permitted, it would be impossible, as no list was preserved and the names of many I do not now recall; but I do remember that the majority came from the more busy class of people, verifying a very old adage.

Naturally, after the first rush was over, these volunteers settled into an assorted group who could give their whole time to service, and who remained with the office until the close of the war, really becoming managers of this and other branches of the work.

When the aliens presented themselves at the office they were, in a large percentage, very much frightened, and quite naturally, as they were not a class who had large experience in affairs of government, and what little they may have learned of this phase of war was not such as to be at all reassuring.

In many cases the poor fellow was accompanied by his wife and children, and their looks clearly indicated that they felt a real doubt that the husband and father would ever again see his home until the war was over. But a little kindness, expressed in words or actions, soon changed the atmosphere. The few German words we knew were terribly overworked in this effort, but when the ordeal was over, they generally left the office cheerful and grateful.

In this work we needed an interpreter and a number of German scholars volunteered their services, but a cloistered student or college professor hardly met the requirements. Fortunately, we knew one, an old acquaintance, William Sinwald, who came to this country in his youth with a very good German schooling, to which he added a good English training, and then in early manhood supplemented both by

traveling, or tramping, into every nook and corner of the German empire. He not only knew the school language, but knew the colloquial changes to which it had become subjected in the remotest provincial village. He could use just as good or just as bad German as they used. He was a great help to us, gave us his whole time day and night as long as needed, and remained as a volunteer on the Marshal's staff until war closed; executing many delicate missions with kindly tact and good judgment.

The permit given the alien identified him, and granted him permission to live in, work in, and pass through any and all the forbidden zones of the city. And for his protection and security he was to carry this card upon his person at all times. No employer could hire him unless he could produce the card. This made an excellent check and balance system, and gave us immediate knowledge of the presence of any wanderer or new laborer in town. If an alien thus qualified left town, our card protected him until he had time to go to the Marshal of his new location, and, of course, the Marshal of the new district always communicated with us. It was strange that people, whose position was so delicate and uncertain, would at such a time wander from place to place in such numbers as they did. Every alien German did not need a card. One residing and working outside the city, a farmer for instance, who did not wish to come into the city needed no card. But to most of them the city was his trading centre. We wanted his products and wanted him to have our goods, so we encouraged him to qualify himself to come and go as freely as before.

For any alien enemy found within the prohibited area without a permit, the penalty was summary arrest, disposed of without the protection of judicial proceedings.

All who applied for permits did not get them. Some got only a special or qualified permit, a sort of parol on good behavior. This power was used occasionally to work a seeming good that had little relation to winning the war. One applicant was refused a permit until he went back to live with and support his own wife, and his permit was good only so long as the wife personally advised the Marshal

every week that he was performing his contract. Perhaps a little arbitrary, but good discipline for him. Another disclosed upon his examination that, although he had a family of children, he had never been married to their mother. His permit was withheld until he went to the proper place and brought back a certificate making his future life more conventional, and that there might be no doubt of this fact, a Deputy Marshal acted as best man at that wedding. No one who was not usefully employed got a permit, and that this might work no hardship, we had a long list of employers waiting for him.

One in his statement called himself a gardener, working not as a continuous employee, but on his own account by the job; but investigation disclosed that his gardening consisted in whipping a carpet upon the lawn occasionally. He made his home at the Rescue Mission and boasted that if he worked two half days a week he could live—he was evidently averse to working one whole day at any time. Being a strong, healthy man, in the prime of life, he was not only refused a permit, but was sent out into the country about twenty-five miles and compelled to take a job on a farm, forbidden to leave the farm or return to the city without permission from the Marshal. When this job closed another was procured for him in the neighborhood, and when he settled with his first employer, and found himself the possessor of a snug sum of money, he took on some self-respect and by spring had no desire to return to the city. When the war closed he had his earnings in the bank and was conducting himself as a thrifty, industrious man. We had "rescued" him from the Mission. These are a few of the by-products of our war administration.

When the alien received his permit, he was kindly but plainly admonished as to his obligations; was warned against getting into arguments or getting out of work, and advised that if others annoyed or interfered with him, he should come to the Marshal's Office and he would be protected. He was not to change his residence or place of employment without permission, but was never denied the privilege of changing either if it brought him better conditions or more wages.

This guardianship of him continued to the close of the war, and while this branch of our war duties gave us plenty of work, with considerable anxiety, we had not much *real* trouble with the enemy alien of Rochester. They were not the class of people who make trouble from intention. The great majority of them would have behaved just as well if there had not been a United States Marshal within a thousand miles. We didn't know this, however, until we had had the experience. There were always a few who were possible trouble makers, and to restrain these, supervision of the whole was necessary. The rule that they must surrender all weapons of war, etc., did not provide us with much of an arsenal. They quite voluntarily brought in what they had, but those were mainly antique memorials of the valor of some ancestor, which nothing but courtesy to the ancestor could dignify into implements of war.

Occasionally an amusing episode would enter to relieve the tension. One alien came to the office accompanied by the alderman of his ward. That the alderman might not be delayed, I took them into my private office and attended to the detail myself. After completing the papers, the alien having no direct employer, I explained to him that I wanted the name of some man who knew him well. The alderman, understanding the matter, said, "If you want some one to vouch for him, I can do that," and the alien interposed, "Yes, the alderman knows me well; I have always voted for him." I looked up and said, "Alderman, I see how you get your big majorities." The alien didn't understand the cause of our merriment, and departed, no doubt, with the purpose of voting for the alderman more often in the future.

Of course, the contents of these papers and the action taken upon them, were kept absolutely secret, and are still secret.

The alien of Austrian allegiance was never brought under this detail of war administration. The reason for this, as understood at the time, was that employers had called to official attention the great disturbance to industry that might follow, if this class were given occasion for any fear for personal security. There were at this time about

a million and three-quarters non-naturalized Austro-Hungarians engaged in the rough work of mining and metal reduction in this country. While this fact may have had some effect, I assume a good reason was that, as we now know, soon after we entered the war Austro-Hungary as a war force was practically *hors de combat,* and efforts were being used to induce them to sever their alliance with Germany and become non-belligerents. They were, however, all through the war objects of anxiety and investigation.

As the war progressed, there came a time when the German alien female was brought under the same rule as the men, but this took more the form of a registration and issuing cards of identification, principally for their own protection. This work was mostly executed by the city police, who performed this service with intelligence and kindliness, requiring attention from the Marshal only in the interesting, and sometimes difficult, legal questions involved.

Many of the difficulties thus encountered were more entertaining than important, generally arising out of the marriage of an American citizen with a German alien. It was not easy for these women to understand how a Yankee girl could become an enemy of her native land without knowing it—a magic connected with orange blossoms and tulle veil she had never suspected. She was not always mild in expressing her opinion of the horrid law that would work this transformation so stealthily; often coupled with opinions of the Emperor that left no doubt, that if she had become a full-fledged subject of the Kaiser, she was a very disloyal one.

Now and then a question arose that was not so easily solved. One case presented almost all the elements of a Hallowe'en riddle. A woman came from Germany and married in this country three times, and was thrice a widow. The first and third husbands were German aliens who died without being naturalized. The middle one was an American citizen. What is she now? She had been advised that upon each marriage she became invested with the citizenship of that husband during the marriage, but upon his death she reverted to her condition before that marriage.

and thus through them all came back to her original status: a German subject. This seemed very logical and she came to register. The police sergeant advised her to appeal to the Marshal, and she was very happy when informed that she need only go back to her second marriage, which made her an American citizen, and that was her present status. Aside from the entanglements run into by the Yankee girls, this incident of the alien question passed off quite formally. Having their pictures taken was a trial to the men. Not so the women. They met this ordeal cheerfully, prepared for it carefully, looked pleasant, and presented pictures they were willing the world should see. Of course, they were permitted to tell their ages from memory.

The next work that came to the Marshal's office arose out of raising an army by selective call.

Here again our government tried an innovation. This method, although in such perfect harmony with the philosophy of our government, came upon the people with startling suddenness, and was met with hostility, founded solely upon a misunderstanding of the justice of its purpose and procedure. Unfortunately there became associated with it the word "draft." While the word itself is most properly expressive of the purpose, of selecting from the body of the people, a part for some special or distinctive duty, or service to the government, it was, in the minds of the people, inseparably identified with the indefensible levies for the Civil War, under the like name, but which were in fact a conscription of those only who did not have the money to buy immunity.

Again, as in the supervision of the enemy alien, the duty of administering the selective service law was placed upon the civil, rather than upon the military, arm of the government. The boards organized for registering those within the law, and from those drawn, sorting out the physically qualified and sending them forward, were appointed from the civilians of each locality upon recommendation of some local official.

Although this was done in great haste, it resulted, fortunately, in getting a very desirable body of men enlisted

for this service; men whose good judgment and firm, impartial, and kindly application of the rules did much to popularise this justly popular method of raising an army in a government like ours.

The duty of the Marshal as to this phase of the war was to see that this law was enforced; that those subject to the call responded, and that everybody obeyed its provisions or were brought to justice.

As to the boys subject to military call, this law was very generally, in fact quite universally obeyed. *There were no slackers in Rochester!* This conclusion is a little startling, but is true. It does not mean that all rallied with enthusiasm, nor that all hailed it as a privilege. There were, no doubt, some who were not seeking this special distinction; some who would have been more pleased to have been without this select class; some opposed to war in principle; but only a few. At this age (21—31) very few boys have any deep seated aversion to a scrap.

As a whole, they seemed to look upon it as a duty attached to their citizenship, and when they realized that they were chosen because they possessed qualifications not enjoyed by the mass of their fellow citizens, they answered "Here" with manifest pride.

How, then, is it that such an erroneous conclusion as to this was formed in the public mind? How is it that such long lists were published of young men who had failed to report? The facts answer conclusively, and creditably to the boys. Between the passage of the law and the drawing, many of these young men tired of waiting, and by voluntary enlistment entered the service by the shortest route possible. In fact, during the early months, recruiting agencies invited to this, by catchy advertising and personal solicitation. Families of these young fellows were careless as to informing the proper board of the boys' action; and in some cases the boys, to avoid the tears or arguments of parents or friends, went away and enlisted from other places. Some of them had no families here, and were attached to this city only through the fragile tie of a boarding house. In all

cases these young Americans were more interested in getting there than in announcing the route they had taken.

As a result of this carelessness, many a brave fellow was advertised a slacker while he was making his presence felt on the firing line. In one instance, there was sent to the Marshal's office a letter from a supposed slacker, written to a friend at home, from a hospital in France, where the boy was recovering from wounds received in honorable service.

This condition, though unfortunate, could not be avoided. No one was advertised a slacker until every effort was made, by those responsible, to avoid such result. The registration boards remained almost continuously in session —yes, practically day and night—to receive those who came only at the eleventh hour; that they might save these boys from their own thoughtlessness, or worse, if worse inspired their action. Too much credit can not be given these good citizens for the fatherly manner in which they discharged the delicate trust reposed in them, and the very satisfactory result obtained.

If men by the thousands were invited to dinner, they wouldn't all be there on time, and some would be so crotchety they wouldn't come at all without a little special urging. The invitation these boys got was somewhat indirect. The law was passed, and everyone is expected to know the law. The time and place for registering was announced through the press only. No direct notice was sent to anybody.

In our free and easy conception of government, it could not reasonably be expected that these boys would be all waiting in line when the polls opened; nor that these youthful citizens would realize in full formality the legal responsibility which the circumstances placed upon them.

In harmony with this understanding of the situation, those charged with the responsibility administered the law, mindful that the purpose of the law was to put an army into the field, and do it in such a manner as to meet the approval and promote the enthusiasm of the people.

After the assigned period had passed, notice was published that all delinquents who did not come in by a day

fixed would incur the legal penalties, etc. Factories and other industrial centres were combed, letters and telephone messages were sent, personal calls were made, and more forceful persuasion was used to induce the less manageable. When they came, through whatever inducement, their excuses were accepted and their records cleared. Sometimes they gave the excuse that they did not know that this enterprise was in motion, and occasionally, I believe, the excuse was real. One young man, not a resident of Rochester, but living away up among the hills of an adjoining county, when sent for insisted he didn't know any war was on, and hurried down to register. Having learned his country's need, he came to the city a few days later, enlisted and went forward at once; and the notations on his discharge prove there was nothing of the coward about that young fellow.

This rounding up of delinquents was done mostly by the police and volunteer citizens. It was not difficult to find them, as the neighbors were generally able to furnish the information, which they did sometimes with so much more zeal than investigation that we were sent on many a "wild goose chase."

We were called to one case a few miles from Rochester, upon information that a young man of proper age refused to register, defied the law, barricaded himself in his house, threatening to shoot anyone who came to take him. A squad of deputies went to the scene at law-breaking speed, forced the door and secured—an abnormal creature, who couldn't pass an examination, physical nor mental, to herd geese upon the common. Having entered upon the enterprise, the deputies caused him to be registered, but the language they used upon their return would make literature too strong even for present times.

Another case even less excusable: A letter came to the Marshal's office from an army officer, stating that while he was on furlough to his home town he learned that the whole county was filled with slackers. In that town there were five whom he personally knew to be subject to call and well qualified, who had not registered, declared they never would and were unmolested; all of which was a disgrace,

and unfair to the loyal young men who had responded, etc. He named these five delinquents. This town was fortunately a place where we were so well organized that in a few hours I was able to write this young man: "You will be pleased to learn that your information is not entirely trustworthy. Of the slackers you mention, Mc—— and J—— are already in France; O—— is at Quantico Bay with the Marines; W—— is at the naval rendezvous near Boston awaiting transportation, and H—— goes forward tonight in charge of the squad sent to camp by his registration board." This young lieutenant had become the victim of some practical joker among his town-fellows.

The waggish desire of the young men to amuse themselves with the anxiety of their neighbors, caused some of these erroneous complaints. We sent for one young fellow only to learn that he was one of the first six to register in his district, but in his own language "was not going to tell these busybodies; let 'em worry."

Fearing these possible jealousies or hostilities that unfortunately so often flourish among neighbors, no volunteer investigator was ever sent into his own neighborhood, and never was the complainant sent to notify the subject of the complaint.

As to the "conscientious objectors," so-called, we had in Rochester very few among the boys of draft age, and but one that required criminal prosecution. I had a personal experience with one of them, a young man about twenty-two, very much opposed to war, and quite sure of his own conclusions. He told me he had carefully considered the matter, and would not obey the law, that he had decided to let me send him to jail. I assured him I would not send him to jail, but would send him into the army, where he could discuss it with a court-martial, which would probably send him to Leavenworth prison. I was sorry for the youth, reasoned with him for some time, picturing the destruction he was trying to bring upon himself, and finally persuaded him to respond to the call. When he came before the medical board he failed to pass. They found so much the matter with his gizzard that his conscience ceased to be of any practical interest even to himself.

I felt that as a recruiting agent I was not such a startling success, and decided that before I bothered with another conscience I'd have the more manifest organs examined.

After the drawing and call to start for camp was announced, the procedure had to be more prompt and serious. The time for soft words had passed. Yet actual arrest was never resorted to, if the desired result could be obtained otherwise. If arrested, as soon as he conformed the arrest was wiped out and the soldier went forward with his record clear and the future open to him. It was very important that these young soldiers start even, that they have no past to explain or overcome, that they carry no handicap, and could strive for rewards and promotion upon equal terms. If the boy was foolish, it seemed but just that he be protected by the wisdom and experience of his elders.

Also, as in the failure to register, most of this delinquency came, not from a desire to evade service, but from that lovable *nonchalance* of American youth. He had a good many goodbyes to say, and he couldn't begin them until he was about ready to start, and then it took longer than it seemed. He was closing accounts with his little world, and there was much detail and many interruptions. The days were very short. It seemed as if on every corner he met some friend determined to show good will in some suggested festivity—not always wisely terminated. Occasionally he had to go out of town to take leave of some school fellow, or his more attractive sister, and didn't keep very good track of the train schedule. He would "be gone for a long, long time" and a few hours wouldn't count much in the grand total.

And there were the parties his friends gave for him. These couldn't be neglected, and perhaps the most favored young lady was giving the final party.

Early one evening a hurry call came and we had to send out after a young man who had failed to appear at the time set, to get ready to march to the train with his associates. He was found with a lot of young people at a party given in his honor, a sort of pre-martial event, as the society editor

would say. It was two or three hours yet before the train would start. He was going to get there, and an auto was standing in front to make fast time toward that purpose. The deputies called the office for instruction. They were advised not to disturb the dance, not to remain on guard, and not to accompany the soldier to the train. He got there on time, escorted by the whole party, who with their songs and merriment gave him and his future comrades a most cheerful send-off.

Then the temperament of our people must be taken into account. The average American, of whatever age, is quite averse to being "bossed around," and these boys were not yet disciplined into unthinking obedience. Mankind as a whole are put up in more than 57 varieties, and this chosen lot were an average sample of the whole, exhibiting all the varieties; a few among them showing a little of the flavor of each variety in compound. We could hardly expect them all to act as we were pleased to think we would act in their place.

Many cases of possible slacking were occasioned not by any purpose or action of the boy himself, but by the unreasonable anxiety of his family or relatives; by the unbalanced affection of mother and sisters, working upon sensibilities difficult for him to control.

An instance in illustration: A young man summoned to go to camp failed to appear; he was found next day; he had been up all night, his mother and sisters in frenzy hanging on to him, to prevent his going away. They accompanied him to the Marshal's office, still wildly wailing that he must not be taken from them. A few words with the young man showed that he was ready to go. He was a manly young fellow, so manly that he could not be rude to these affectionate but unreasoning relatives. I took the women apart and reasoned with them kindly, but plainly, finally got them quieted down, and they took leave of him with composure.

These women again accompanied him when, in his officer's uniform, he visited the Marshal's office. They seemed very proud of his achievements and the stripes he

had won. It would have been cruel to have reminded them how nearly they had succeeded in putting stripes of another kind upon him.

It would have been much less labor for those charged with the responsibility—had they been constructed so they could have done it—to have applied the law and rules mechanically; but that would not have carried out the purpose for which this great power was placed in their hands. The procedure adopted made us much more trouble, but our trouble was trifling, compared with what the boys were likely to meet before they returned.

As the war progressed, I concluded that my deputies were entitled to an increase in salary, and made request for it, with representations that seemed to warrant it. While the matter was under consideration, one of the deputies, being in Washington, called upon the proper officer and urged the justice of the request. During the discussion, the official said, "You haven't had as much work as some other districts of your size. There's a district"—picking up and handing the deputy a paper—"that has had nearly twice as many arrests this year as you've had." The deputy, after glancing at the paper, said, "Yes, but 560 of his arrests were slacker cases." "Well, didn't you have any slacker cases?" "Oh, yes, we had over eight hundred." "You haven't reported any; what did you do with them?" "We sent ours into the army instead of to jail."

My men got the requested increase.

Since the war closed the Adjutant-General's office has checked up the entire army records, to find and locate the slackers. As they proceed they send lists from time to time to each Marshal, showing the slackers in his district. To date the name of no Rochester man has appeared upon any of these lists. So I again say, and with some pride in my home city, *there were no military slackers in Rochester.*

In this negative I use the qualification "military" slackers advisedly. I could not make so strong a denial as to slackers of another class. We had some of those in our city, but not more than was to be expected when we con-

sider that we were dealing with humanity as a whole, and that individual selfishness is so general, we call it human nature.

There were those who were quite willing others should make all the sacrifices; not only willing, but insisted upon it, at least to the extent that their daily comforts must not be in the slightest restricted, nor must they be denied the profits which war seemed naturally to bring into possibility.

They were too few, however, to give them special prominence. We let them alone, unless their conduct tended to impede the successful progress of the war. When it reached that condition, they received a stronger name, and fit quite correctly into another class. While they remained passive or only engaged in finding fault with others, manifestly as a cover for their own selfishness, they were not interfered with. In fact, they were made use of as a horrid example to their neighbors, who, in contrast, could feel more satisfaction in their own helpful activities.

The scarcity of coal and food, particularly sugar, presented a serious condition throughout the war and quite naturally produced some unjust and sometimes dangerous criticism. It also displayed human nature at its worst, in attempts to provide for oneself, whatever became of others; and in a few sad instances to speculate and profiteer upon the fear or necessity of their fellows.

But there was another side to this picture, and it was more generally in view. The heroic self-denial and kindly composure of the great body of the people in this trying situation was an inspiration, and made the others seem meaner by their relatively small number.

The retail grocers deserve especial commendation. They were nearest to the people, had a very hard task, which they quite generally executed faithfully, and received for reward very generous abuse.

Quite early these two important subjects of war administration were placed in charge of separate bureaus, executed by local officers. After those were appointed the Marshal's office had very little connection with these two subjects. Of course, the Marshal remained the executive

arm of these two bureaus, but was not often called into service in this city.

On one occasion we went out into another county and assisted a farmer in marketing his wheat. He had the crops of two or three years on hand which he refused to sell except at a price double the present market. We went to the barn, cleaned up the grain, drew it to market, sold it, while he looked on refusing to give any aid or encouragement to the enterprise. After deducting the expenses, as he refused to receive it, the balance was placed in a bank to his credit, as an interest bearing account. He came up regularly to each term of the United States court to have us indicted, but after a few years got tired of trying to persuade us to indict ourselves, and took his money. This plunge of ours into the wheat pit made an active grain market in that neighborhood, and the price we got for him was as great as he could have got at any time since.

The activity of the Marshal's office most noted by the public was the investigation, prevention and punishment of general acts of disloyalty. The line dividing loyalty from disloyalty, as laid out in the public mind, was a very irregular one, and rather accommodating in its flexibility.

No more troublesome error could have been conceived than that this country was in danger from any body of its citizens, simply because of their race or blood; or that another class were devotedly loyal because their inheritance and training should have made them so.

Of the first four arrests ordered by the Marshal, the first was an Irishman of American birth; the second a German born in the United States and holding a degree from one of its colleges; the third a Yankee of New England ancestry, and the fourth a Russian alien. Had we looked for trouble from one race only, we would have missed three of these.

Not one of these cases had any relation to the fact that our war was against Germany. We early learned that trouble comes from trouble-makers, and that trouble-makers are not the exclusive product of any one nationality nor of any one race.

It seemed to be generally assumed that every person of German blood in this country purposed mischief against the United States, in aid of our enemy. No general conclusion ever had less foundation in fact; but it worked sad injustice to these people and brought much trouble to those charged with responsibility of war administration.

Throughout all the excitement, the German people generally sustained the title of "good citizens" so liberally bestowed upon them in the past. And in this crisis we did not discover that they furnished more than their proportion of trouble-makers. But the propaganda of the two prior years had done its work. Hate and fear had almost "jostled reason from her throne."

In the Spring of 1917, in a letter to the Department of Justice, I wrote: "We have at present a most satisfactory condition in and about Rochester. I have been for some time investigating complaints that arise, and doing what I could otherwise to create an atmosphere of loyalty here that has resulted in a very harmonious condition of all our people. In that I have had the assistance of a great body of our citizens, and from no source have I received more help than from the German people. The German daily newspaper here has done very valuable service in bringing to the attention of its readers the attitude of the government . . . . and urging with able argument, all of the German people to unqualified loyalty to this government." After a further war experience of a year and a half, I could not modify those statements.

The German people were not as active generally in our war movements as some other classes, but they could not be. They didn't dare. Their activity would be interpreted against them. And they didn't escape by remaining quiet. Their seclusion or silence was considered absolute evidence that they were hatching mischief. Such was the hysteria of the time.

A distinguished citizen made complaint against a well-known German as being dangerous and should be watched. As evidence he stated that the evening before he, with two companions, went into their club and found this German

there—as he put it—"pretending to read a magazine." In his hearing they discussed the war, saying everything mean they could think of about the Kaiser, Germany and the Germans "and couldn't get a rise out of him. He was on his guard every minute." These American citizens thought they were helpfully loyal to their country. They were certainly zealous, but the unbalanced zeal of patriotic citizens was the most dangerous thing we had to manage. The only charge against this German citizen was that he kept his mouth shut. A feat perhaps difficult to duplicate, but not necessarily indicating vicious purpose.

The German alien was an object of suspicion by law. They were subjects of the German empire and must be presumed to be loyal ones, and, therefore, enemies of this country of their residence. They had acquired no rights here except by treaty and the good will of our government. The declaration of war annulled the treaty, but the good will remained, and for the honor of our country must be extended to them according to their deserts. They must be protected as long as they behaved, and prevented from doing mischief if so inclined. They were, therefore, active and continuing subjects of espionage and suspicion. Their legal helplessness made it necessary that our strength should constantly surround them, and just as necessary that we should know their every movement, that if they purposed any aid to the enemy we could prevent it. As there were of these male and female upwards of twenty-five hundred in this city, our task was not mere pastime.

A source of anxiety throughout was the fear that competition for employment or trade might cause discrimination against them; but to the credit of humanity, aided no doubt by the increased demand for labor and its products, very little appeared to justify our fears.

One case did occur, however, that might have been, under other circumstances, quite troublesome. An alien workman had been promoted to be foreman. Some of his fellow workers made a charge against him of pro-German acts and expressions. Upon investigation, the charges were not sustained, but he had to leave that factory. We got him

another job at once, with more wages and better conditions, and by keeping the matter quiet no damage was done. This was the only case of that nature, of any critical importance, that came to our attention.

We early learned that from the large majority of these people we were in no danger; but were not so well assured of their safety, and circumstances committed that to us as a sacred charge. They were without legal rights and could be deprived of their liberty and arbitrarily "interned," as it was called, until the close of the war. They could not claim the right of trial. But, though they were without the *protection* of the law, they were subject to its penalties. If an alien German was charged with crime, he could be tried for it and punished through regular court procedure, where he could invoke every safeguard of the constitution, the same as a citizen; and this privilege was always extended to him. It was only when no charge of crime could be made, but his conduct was so uncertain and suspicious it created a doubt as to his purpose, that he was summarily interned as a person who at large *might* be dangerous to the country —as a precaution only. A proceeding so unconventional that it should be used very sparingly. That it was so used appears from the comparatively small number who were subjected to it. No settled resident of Rochester was sent to an internment camp.

We sent some from here, but they were not people who had settled into homes or industrious occupations in this city. In fact, they had no settlements anywhere. They were wanderers, whose actions were suspicious and whose characters were, in many cases at least, doubtful. In many instances they had all the characteristics of adventurers. They may not have been dangerous, but it were better we take no chances. A few who really seemed to desire to go to camp we had to disappoint, as it would be base flattery to suspect they could be dangerous to us or very helpful to any country.

It was strange how many of them bore titles of nobility, or official dignity, or military training, and less strange that in almost every case the titles were found to be self-

imposed. But they would rather go to camp as Counts than be released as sausage-makers.

One only of all who came to our attention bore a title that I believe was real; and his was so real, and evidently so well merited, that his presence in this country at such a time was of itself sufficient cause for placing him under guard.

Most of these adventurers were more dangerous to their friends than to their enemies. The first one we investigated had left here shortly before the war, and soon after was arrested in a western city, and we were called upon to supply his Rochester record. He had been somewhat socially lionized while here, and we knew where to start; but found his former hosts quite reticent, until loosened up by the question, "Has he returned the money you loaned him?" This brought from each the invariable reply, "No, but he didn't stick me as much as he did ——," naming another of the favored ones through a long list of Rochesterians who held cherished mementoes of this Count, in the form of I. O. U's. It was interesting that in this long list of the Count's creditors there was not one German. Possibly they were "on to" these self-created noblemen.

There was much misconception in the public mind as to this matter of internment in camps. The people quite generally seemed to think that internment awaited all disloyal people. No citizen of the United States could be sent to a camp. This class of restraint, applied to the enemy alien only. Other aliens, and all citizens, could be restrained or punished only through regular court procedure, where they had the protection of every safeguard of the constitution, the same in war as in peace. We took no pains to acquaint the people with this limitation upon our powers. The error could work no harm to the law-abiding, and might aid in restraining others.

One citizen of our city, who had been several times complained of, quite unjustly, left the city and according to general gossip had been sent to camp by the Marshal. The fact was quite otherwise. He had gone to work for the government, on the recommendation of the Marshal, getting

twice the wage he had ever received before, and giving very good service to his country.

In administering this phase of supervision, much was left to the discretion of the local officer, leaving him still plenty of arbitrary power. He could make the prosecutions more or less as his conclusions were careful or otherwise. Our effort was, however, to make them no more than the safety of our country, and the success of the enterprise we were engaged in, *absolutely demanded.* To send him to jail was about the worst use that could be made of a man in time of war.

At the beginning of the war, the most serious question confronting us was: What to do with the prevailing street corner speeches, and distribution of pamphlets. As many of these speeches and documents were in foreign languages, plainly we could not act upon them until they were translated, and if then found to be illegal, the culprit might be gone. These foreign language documents were not printed in Rochester. Most of them had been prepared before we entered the war. They generally condemned war as an agency of the rich, to exploit the poor, often displaying great ingenuity in keeping within the law. They were rarely pro-German in argument, and cleverly avoided any direct attack upon our government. Some were crude and uninteresting, a few were coarse, but most of them were very well constructed, and translated into quite convincing oratory. It would be difficult to suppress them if they could invoke the protection of the free speech and free press clauses of the constitution.

After consultation with the Chief of Police, I proclaimed as law: That in all public places of the city, no speeches could be made in any tongue but English, and no document in any other print than English could be distributed; and that any offending against this rule would be peremptorily arrested. The police adopted and enforced this rule, and it worked very helpfully. We could know what he was saying, or read what was written, without the aid of an interpreter, and proceed promptly if necessary; and, the mystery being removed, allayed the public irritation. Then

there were not so many speeches made. They had to make them in English, and a man who knew English well enough to make a speech in that tongue had learned enough about the government of our country to see that his arguments didn't fit. Another advantage of this rule was that transgressions of it could generally be disposed of promptly through the Police Court, where we had a very level headed judge. I did not have time for any special investigation before declaring this conclusion of law. It was founded upon the reasoning, that the constitution in guaranteeing free speech and free press, meant free speech and free print in the language in which that document was written—in the language of the people for whom it established a government; and am quite pleased that able lawyers have since examined the subject, and give the constitution the like construction.

My law did not go entirely unchallenged. A committee of socialists called upon me, and remonstrated against what they called an "imperial fiat." I found them reasoning men, and discussed it with them calmly and good-naturedly, and I believe satisfied them of both the logic and propriety of my action.

Right here I want to remove a popular misconception that did these people much injustice during the war. The socialists proper—that is, the organized political socialists—had no purpose to interfere with our successful prosecution of the war. They could not, by the most strained reasoning, be charged with any favor towards the German empire. They did not believe in war. They admitted that as governments are now organized, war was natural and must be fought out, but argued that if society were organized upon the philosopy they advocated, wars would become not only unnecessary, but impossible; and they wished not to be restricted in such propaganda as might recruit their ranks. I reasoned with them that this was not an opportune time for such discussion, that their language would be misconstrued, their purpose misunderstood, and they might damage their cause by the public irritation created. I don't know how much effect my reasoning had,

but do know that the real socialists caused us comparatively little trouble during the war.

Of course, the name "socialist" was applied very indiscriminately. The people were not in a frame of mind to make nice distinctions, in giving title to those annoying them. There were many misnomers. One citizen complained of a man whom he called "a socialist and an anarchist." Whatever else might be said of him, a man who could be both those, at the same time, was certainly a versatile fellow.

Under this rule as to foreign language, speeches and documents, we had this feature of annoyance well under control. It did not entirely cease, but could only be attempted very secretly. Thanks to the police, no foreign eloquence was heard on the street corners thereafter—for any long speech. Documents were occasionally distributed, but as this could be done only in the secrecy of darkness, the enterprise lost its spice. This class of missionary, it seems, does not find pleasure in doing good in secret.

These serious propagandists occasionally displayed a waggish humor. In one instance a pamphlet in Italian was circulated rather boldly. Evidently the distributor was willing to be known. Upon translating it, the matter seemed to be quite familiar, and studying it carefully, all but two paragraphs were readily identified as quotations from American statesmen, beginning with the Father of Our Country, and including several other Presidents and important spokesmen, down to some of the members of the present Congress, well fitted together to make a continuous argument. We didn't take the bait, and our anticipated embarrassment was not realized.

Speaking and writing in English, while not prohibited, was carefully superintended. They were held to strict account for what they said; and the travelling message bearer was, sometimes, not permitted to begin. We proceeded throughout upon the principle that the constitutional right of free speech, free assembly, and free press, exist in war time as in peace, and neither the government, nor any class or group of its citizens, should attempt to sup-

Hon. John D. Lynn viewing the grave of John Mastick, the pioneer lawyer of Rochester, in the Buffalo Grounds, Mt. Hope Cemetery, Rochester, New York.

press discussion of domestic problems, whether political, social, economic, or moral. At the same time, no one, under the guise of these rights, should indulge in propaganda, having the purpose or effect of disintegrating our strength. A purpose quite clear in statement, but very delicate in execution. We knew this war would sometime end, and believed it desirable to save as much as we could of the constitution, for use in re-establishing our civic equilibrium. Subsequent events have proved this a wise precaution.

Trouble that was continuous came from those enthusiasts—sometimes called reformers—who mean well, but thought the fit time to reason with the people was when they were the least ready to listen; peace men who were more bellicose than professional warriors; liberal thinkers whose liberality could not extend to the other fellow the right to do a little thinking on his own responsibility; Bible students who presented the Scriptures very much as a prize-fighter would present his "mitts"; and of course, those all-knowing people who are never satisfied with what the other fellow is doing. None of these could have caused much trouble, if our people had not, in the confusion of the times, lost their usual sense of humor.

One man, a seemingly intelligent, normal citizen, devoted his time to distributing a pamphlet, not openly, but by any stealthy method, to get it into possession of the other fellow without his knowledge. He was caught while slipping one of them into a man's pocket, and brought to the office. He was ready at once for an argument upon constitutional rights. I was familiar with the document. It was, not alone legally, but rhetorically, harmless. It wasn't good enough to be bad. I told him he had a right to distribute it, scolded him for his stealthy way of doing it, advised him to distribute it openly like a man; that he might stand in front of the government building all day, and pass it out to everyone who came along, and we would not interfere. He didn't accept the offer, but never distributed another copy. If it didn't annoy anyone, what was the use?

Then we had complaints of disloyalty from every quarter. In fact, we had complaints against almost everybody.

The people seemed to be divided into only two classes: the complainants and those complained of. The latter were the more numerous, as the complainants were often themselves the subjects of complaint.

Every complaint was investigated and, happily, were mostly found to be without foundation, at least without sufficient foundation for official action.

We encouraged people to bring these complaints to us. This was a time when it were better ninety-nine innocent people should be investigated than that one wrong doer should escape our attention; and far better they should bring their complaints to some agency of official responsibility, than perhaps to try to remedy the supposed situation through uncontrollable neighborhood action. We never advised the complainant that we had already investigated this same matter. We let him believe this was the first time we had heard of it, thanked him for his helpfulness, and urged him to come to us with any similar information that we ought to receive. We often made him our special investigator to go out and learn more about the matter, particularly to learn certain specified things, and he rarely came back.

Nor did we ever tell the complainant, even though he requested it, the result of our investigation, however helpful his assistance had been. Our policy was to conduct all investigation in absolute secrecy, that those complaints found groundless would work no harm to the person investigated. Even when the investigation sustained the complaint, the action taken, unless it became a judicial record, was kept, and is still kept, secret. Thousands of persons were complained of and investigated who never knew it, and never will know it. There was no help to come from publicity of these matters; and to have them passed about, with the natural exaggeration they would accumulate, would only add subjects for irrelevant and troublesome discussion, of which there was already no distressing want. Through our silence, there was less entertainment, but there were also less scars left upon the social body, for the future to deal with.

Some of these complaints were exasperating in their silliness. Complaint against a man whom the complainant didn't know or know anything about, excepting perhaps that his name had a German sound. In one instance he didn't even know the name, but was quite sure he was a German, and he was suspicious of him. We urged him to aid us in looking the fellow up, learn all he could about him, and particularly find out if he had any military training, knowing that if he made inquiry along this line he would learn that the suspect was a retired officer of the U. S. Army, which might modify his suspicions.

One substantial citizen was complained of as a pro-German who was doing everything possible to discourage war work, and vulgarly abusing the President all the time, etc. Now the facts: His first American male ancestor, as a youth, came from Germany 131 years before, and here married the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, whose antique rifle, at the time of this complaint, was suspended above the fireplace in the library of this disloyal descendant. Yes, and underneath it hung the sword his German immigrant ancestor carried as an officer in the war of 1812. He was on the Liberty Bond Committee, a supporter of the Red Cross, and of every other war agency. As for abusing the President: He was an old-fashioned Democrat "from way up the forks of the creek" who had voted for Mr. Wilson at least twice, and worshipped him with partisan devotion.

Another who had an unmistakably German name was complained of, it seemed solely upon that account, and I had in my library the autobiography of his great grandfather, a soldier of the Revolutionary War. He too could qualify for the Sons of the American Revolution; and better still, he was at that moment one of the Marshal's volunteers, very efficient in certain delicate service.

One of these complaints gave us a little restful amusement. About midnight I was called upon the phone by a friend who, with some excitement, informed me that earlier that night he had gone into a place of public entertainment and discovered assembled in a private room there a body

of men, one of whom, as the door opened for an instant, he recognized as a noted pro-German. He listened but could not understand much of what they said, as they talked German, but he did plainly hear the words "New York" and "America," followed by loud and hearty laughter. I inquired the exact hour, etc., and, thanking him for his information, promised to investigate the matter. I have never dared tell him that I was one of that party in the restaurant, and at the very moment of his discovery I used the words "New York" and "America" in telling a story which did bring forth a hearty laugh. To laugh at my story may show lack of taste, but hardly rises to the dignity of treason.

These are samples of hundreds of these complaints; but they were not inspired by mischief or viciousness. There was rarely evidence of any other motive than a desire to be helpful. They wished to do something for the cause, but entered upon it with more energy than discrimination. Yet they should not be criticised nor discouraged. In such a crisis impulse is more general than caution, and quite as helpful. Occasionally there was a suspicion that the complainant's purpose was to establish the activity of his own loyalty, without suffering much personal sacrifice in the enterprise. In this class were those kindly souls who wrote letters to the press bewailing the insensibility of the government to the impending danger from traitors, pro-Germans, etc.

One distinguished citizen published such a letter, starting with "If" and including a series of assumptions and hypotheses, closed with the question, "Why is the Marshal not doing something about it?" An enterprising reporter came to the office early, to get a reply—preferably a headliner. He showed the clipping, and waiting pencil in hand, finally said, "What do you wish to say about it?" With feigned surprise, I said, "He hasn't asked me anything. If he wished information from me, he knows my address. This is entirely between him and your editor. I can't butt in."

Although the writer's name was not published, we knew who he was, and knew the contents of his letter, before the editor did. Matter for a fairly entertaining reply, might be

found in the fact, that we had received and investigated, no less than three complaints of the writer's disloyalty. Had we been as anxious as he, to rush into print, he might have been somewhat embarrassed.

One evening, an editor called our office, saying he had received, for publication, a letter from a business man of the city, which he would like to have the Marshal see before he published it. I went right over. The editor with letter in hand, said "Of course, I cannot tell you his name, but I'll read what he says." He hadn't proceeded far when I said "It's written on, such and such, stationery, isn't it? The writer is so and so, and he is complaining of a certain German Club?" The astonished editor replied "Oh! he has made the same complaint to you, has he?" I quietly replied, "No, we have had some talks with him, but we were the complainants. That is not his stationery. He is not a citizen. We have him under constant watch, and the officers of that club, have invited him to remain away from it, etc." The letter was not published.

Of course, the German clubs and societies were always a shining mark for the nervous or critical; and also for the occasional trouble-maker. In the very beginning of the war, a body of German citizens called on me and suggested; that in deference to the popular excitement, and in the interest of harmony and good order, they thought it advisable to close the German clubs of the city until the war was over, and would have it done, if I approved. I advised not to do so, to keep them open, and make an effort to get as many as possible, of the German people to come there for their recreation, particularly the alien and homeless. These people must have some place of social rendezvous, and it were better they should frequent these places, where they would get helpful advice and guidance. The clubs were kept running, and frequently during these trying times, the wisdom of this conclusion was very manifest.

Although there was tense anxiety, and need of care always present, there was no such impending danger as people generally believed. And such as there was, needed not the drastic repression that the popular impulse invited.

The purpose of our administration was: such regulation only, as would keep all our people in order, enthusiastically supporting the war. We were interested not so much in punishment, as in prevention. Punishment would avenge a single act. Prevention would not alone make punishment unnecessary, but would compose the public mind, that we might all work harmoniously in support of our government, instead of wasting our strength in hostile espionage of each other.

To bring this about was not easy. We tried to run down every wild story that floated about, for the purpose primarily of impressing upon the distributor, the danger he might so thoughtlessly invite. Whether the story were true or false, advertising it could do no good, and might do harm, in exciting some half crazy being to try out something of the kind himself.

Stories of injury to Red Cross products, so very numerous in the early part of the war, had not the slightest foundation in fact. And the same was true of the continuous, and very annoying criticism of this patriotic organization, and its work. Complaints in great number came to us—usually based upon irresponsible rumor—of attempts to aid our enemy, by putting destructive substances, particularly glass, into food products. Although in a few instances we found glass in food stuff, there was no evidence that it was intentionally introduced. In fact, the evidence was to the contrary, showing conclusively by its form, that it was the result of accident alone.

An interesting item upon this line: A workman eating from his lunch basket found glass in the bread he was trying to masticate. He brought the stuff to our office. We could plainly see in the bread, cubes of glass about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. He was sure he had swallowed some of it, and was badly frightened, had consulted a physician, who advised him to eat all he could of mashed potatoes, and from his own statement, he had evidently eaten about a peck. While we were cheering him with the assurance, that glass in this form wouldn't hurt him, the girls who were cleansing these crystals, announced that they were rapidly dissolving in the water. In a few

minutes they were all gone, and the workman was immediately restored to his former good health, and went away to finish his day's work. Our chemist informed us that the ingredients used in making the bread, had by some freakish chemical action, produced these gems. This was the most serious case, of glass in food, that we found.

One case of intentional food-poisoning came to our attention, but upon careful investigation, it seemed clear that it was the act of some crazy devil, possibly inspired by these wild stories, and so wildly disordered himself, didn't make a successful job of it. Only one bag in a carload shipment had been tampered with, and he had put so much arsenic in this, that it acted as an emetic, and expelled the whole from the stomach, before the poison could do more than make the people who ate it very sick. We traced this shipment back to the mill and became satisfied it could not have been done there. In transit, the car had been left upon a siding, with door unlocked, and all efforts to discover the culprit were futile.

We spent a lot of time running down that wonderfully active story of the woman who sewed a ten dollar bill in the sweater, to be sent to her soldier son, etc. We never found the woman, nor the sweater, nor did we expect to, as the story carried on its face such evidence of its falsity, that in normal circumstances, no one could be found gullible enough to be interested in it for a moment. We had, however, to "call down" more than fifty people for circulating that story. The only punishment we tried to inflict, was to make them so ashamed of their folly, that they might quit this loose jawed exercise. This story seemed to come into being, in every city in the United States at the same time, with a local setting for each city, and had such possibilities for harm, that it might well have been started by our enemy. But whoever started it, it would be folly for the German empire to expend any money for circulation. That could wisely be left to us. Our investigation showed that this malicious story was pushed along by people, who rated their American patriotism 100 per cent. or better, and had the rating allowed by their neighbors.

The people engaged in this dangerous gossip, did not seem to suspect that it was propaganda. That they were doing, exactly what our enemy would wish to have done. And the sad feature of it was, the class of people who would engage in it.

At one of the city theatres one evening, a Lieutenant in the United States Army entertained his companion, by relating the savage mutilation inflicted by the enemy upon any one falling into their hands, and to make the story impressive, stated that there was at that moment, an army nurse in a Rochester hospital, suffering from injuries and mutilations received from German soldiers, too harrowing in detail to be repeated here. A man from the Marshal's office, who was seated directly behind him, heard the whole story, and upon the close of the play accosted them, made known his position, and ordered them both to appear at the Marshal's office at nine o'clock next morning. During the night, inquiry was made at every hospital in the city, to learn that no such patient was in any of them, and that no army nurse had, up to that period of the war, been a patient in any city hospital, for any cause.

In the morning the Lieutenant was confronted with these facts and asked to explain. He admitted that he knew nothing of the facts. That the story was messroom gossip in his camp, and that the local setting was wholly imaginary. He didn't claim he believed any part of this story. He couldn't, after one of the deputies waggishly advised him that "in modern warfare, the nurses don't go ahead of the soldiers."

There was no evidence that this story had yet got afloat, and anything we might attempt, toward disciplining this officer, would publish it broadcast. As we were at this time making an effort to recruit additional nurses for overseas service, it seemed better to keep this story secret, and we never heard of it cropping out afterwards. The Lieutenant went back to his camp, with an experience he might use in his future conduct.

An equally harmful story was sent, by a scholarly young American, to a newspaper for publication, quoting as his

informant a member of one of the learned professions. The editor, subordinating headlines to duty, instead of publishing, sent it to the Marshal's Office. The author and the alleged informant, each laid it to the other. Both admitted it was not true, yet admitted it was matter of gossip between them. The story went no farther. One of these men afterwards volunteered for religious work in army camps. He was not accepted.

Equally troublesome were those over-zealous people who acting individually or as committees, or associations, undertook to regulate the conduct, or improve the loyalty, of their neighbors.

One phase of this was, to compel others to stand, and make a rather long declaration of loyalty, or civic creed, satisfactory to those proposing it, and serving no other purpose whatever. A proceeding without warrant in law, and useless in fact. One who purposed treason to his country, wouldn't hesitate to take an oath of loyalty now and then, in fact would be seeking opportunity for the display. It was certainly rather grotesque, to defend the constitution, by breaking its most cherished provisions.

Another was, to compel reverence for the flag, in whatever form of expression those prescribing it had decided upon, and if he protested, or showed other stubborn independence, forcing him to kiss the flag, quite forgetting that our flag was conceived in the purpose of preventing just such assaults upon the rights of the individual. However, these things were to be expected. They arise in every war. They were much less active, and did much less harm in this, than in any other war in which our country has been engaged.

These independent efforts finally became so prominent, that the President publicly admonished the people of the possible danger, and urged them, in loyalty to their country, to cease and discourage these neighborhood activities.

These things did not make as much trouble in Rochester as in some places, owing largely perhaps to the settled character of our people. And we were fortunate in the chief executive of our city, a man of wonderful common-

sense, with head cool, heart warm, and feet always on the ground, he was in himself, a sheet-anchor against trouble from every quarter.

He saw the danger of these impulsive activities, and also saw the danger of directly repressing an enthusiasm, that might be made useful. So he placed himself at the head of the column, and led their activities into more helpful courses. He did wonderful service during the war, without nervousness or noise, was in daily co-operation with the Marshal's office, and those who worked with him, can reverently say, it was providential that Hiram H. Edgerton was Mayor of our City in this time of trial.

Local law and order, peace and unity, were the greatest assistance any community could give to its government at such a time, and anything that encouraged neighborhood hostility or suspicion, could not be helpful.

A meeting was held to launch one of our numerous "drives," and about 500 representative citizens assembled at dinner. Plans were announced, procedure advised, and one of our popular orators made the speech of the evening. It was eloquent, inspiring, and finally, alarming. He said "there are pro-Germans and traitors going about here unharmed and unhung"; and after ridiculing the tenderness and ladylike courtesy, with which they were treated by the Department of Justice, continued: "What they need is a rope about the neck, with the knot under the left ear, suspending them between the earth and the clouds." This was received with vociferous, and almost universal applause. I think everyone in the hall applauded but me. Manifestly, I wouldn't applaud my own disgrace. When the first round of applause was subsiding, it was renewed, and again renewed, led by a good citizen who stood upon his chair wildly waving a napkin.

Isolated from this enthusiasm, for the moment I lapsed into a rather cynical train of thought. I had received a complaint, that the leader of these encores was a pro-German, investigated, found the complaint unjust, kept it secret, and received no applause. And in the range of my vision, were three other prominent citizens, vigorously sup-

porting this applause who had been subjects of like complaint, likewise unfounded.

Before going to bed, I sent a letter to the orator, requesting that he give me the facts upon which he based the statement, that pro-Germans and traitors were going about here unharmed and unhung, that I might take such action as my duty required; promising him I would keep secret the source of my information. Early next morning he frankly informed me, he knew of no such facts, that he was just stirring up the crowd, to make them give up their money, and did not realize until he got my letter, that there were other things than the raising of money, to be considered.

To properly close this episode, I managed to meet the leader of the applause at lunch, and led the conversation to the speech of the evening before. He was still in enthusiastic accord with the speech and the remedy it suggested, as "just what we needed at the present time." I assured him I was glad to have his views. They might be useful in case I should decide to change my policy; and then laid aside my rule of secrecy long enough to tell him, I had received from a very responsible source, a complaint against his loyalty. With some excitement, he exclaimed, "Complaint against me! How could they complain of me?" I replied: "That question arose in my mind, as soon as I received the complaint. After investigating, and finding it wholly without foundation, I was glad I investigated before taking action." During the remainder of the lunch hour, he was more thoughtful than companionable.

In the way of preventing trouble, no activity of our office was so resultful, as compelling the guarding of industrial plants, and other places, where design or accident could work telling destruction.

We were guarding not against probable, but possible injury, not against certain, but unknown agencies, and the course adopted as practicable was, guards of sufficient number day and night to cover the property, so no one could come upon it, but those who had a right, and were identified by cards of admission properly authenticated. The govern-

ment required that all plants making or storing goods for war use, and foodstuffs generally, should be guarded to the satisfaction of the Marshal.

It was not easy to get the co-operation of the owners in this effort; not that they were hostile to the purpose, but while assenting in words, they fell short in performance. The American business man is the most perfect optimist. He excludes from his thoughts, the possibility, that any thing will ever happen to him, particularly when providing against it, involves the expenditure of his own money. The guarding was entirely at the owners' expense, but the cost of it was allowed as overhead, in any dealings with the Government. The owner selected his own guards, but they were all investigated, as to character and reliability, by the Marshal's office, and the owner advised. The penalty for neglecting or refusing to guard was, that the Government might take over the plant and operate it. In Rochester we had to threaten this, as to one plant only. Our men went to the plants at different times day and night. If they got in, the plant was not properly guarded. As the system developed, there came a time when they didn't often get in. One superintendent boasted—and was nearly correct—that a fly couldn't get into his factory without being challenged. The system, of course, was what was necessary for each particular plant, in its peculiar circumstances.

Whether this precaution was necessary against the agents of the enemy, we will never know. But we do know that if they were around, they did not get in. We also know that the presence of the guards, in quite a few instances, prevented damage from solely accidental causes. This was a very valuable service, not alone in the saving of property, but in maintaining popular composure. However innocent the cause, if any conspicuous damage happened to an important war industry—and nearly all our factories were such—it might have had a disastrous effect upon nerves, already strung to highest tension.

In this effort at prevention, and for information in handling our delicate duties, we had agents of the Marshal's office everywhere. In factories, stores, clubs,

restaurants, hotels, societies, in short, wherever people were employed or gathered in numbers, our responsible assistants were on hand. Often they were part of the employee force, not as spies, not to make a case against somebody, but to prevent any case arising, by mingling with their fellows, joining in their discussions, and, by a word of timely advice, stopping foolish talk or action, before it reached the condition of danger. In addition, if any complaint came from one of these places, we had a source of impartial information. This was frequently very useful. Complaints arising out of these war arguments, generally came from one of the participants, and the party defeated in a contest is hardly a fair witness as to the conduct of the victor. Also if a troublesome fellow appeared there, we learned it, sent for him, asked him to explain, and usually put him on parol, for such time as we heard no further complaint.

Saloons and the like were natural places for these arguments. For years the American saloon was an open forum, for discussion and settlement, of all public questions; and unfortunately, as the evening advanced, the arguments became more positive; and the conclusions less wise. It would be ridiculous to try to dignify these barroom controversies into state dangers, or responsible expressions of thought or purpose; especially as, in the morning, none of the participants could tell how it started, what it was about, or who said it. In subsequent narration it seemed a very tame affair. Things that looked very red the night before took on a modest brown in the morning. Yet these things were disturbing and must be stopped. We sent men to these places to hang around, see and hear what was going on, and note enough of the discussion to have something definite to repeat, then sent for the proprietor and advised him, that these war discussions must stop, or we might have to lock up the place. This was sufficient. Thereafter the regulation of the place could be left to the proprietor. Most of them posted written notices, in all popular languages, that no war talk would be permitted in the place, and this matter was well in hand.

A quite unlooked for activity came to the Marshal's office through the sale of bonds to finance the war. Here again, our Government launched an innovation; in selling these bonds direct to the people at par, in amounts within the reach of those of modest income. No one made a dollar, directly or indirectly, upon the sale or distribution of these securities. Every cent paid by the people, went into the Treasury of the United States. The general public bought them, with an enthusiasm that assured the success of the war; but it was an impulse, not a calculated investment. They did not understand that buying these bonds, was a storing up of their savings. It was a sacrifice they were making to their country's need. They thought of Government bonds as an investment for the rich only. Their own possession of them seemed unnatural and suspicious. They could hardly think of them otherwise than as receipts for money contributed, and opportunity to change them into actual property, was rather attractive. Hence they were very easy victims for the fellow who presented a plan to help them out, by trading them out of their bonds.

They didn't have long to wait. Soon an "Ad." appeared that a certain philanthropist was prepared to trade vacant lots for bonds "at par," followed closely by a dealer who would accept Liberty Bonds "at par," in part payment for furniture. These were followed closely by the piano dealer, the automobile agent, and of course, by the "blue sky" stock salesman. Some merchants put notices in their windows that they would accept bonds "at par" in payment for goods sold within; some of the more eager underscoring the words "at par" to call attention to the impressive part of the proposition. It seemed the whole trading world, were devoted to the rescue of these poor bond buyers, from the folly of their investment.

Then came the shoe-string gamblers, who opened broker offices, and went into the buying of these bonds with all the fervor and guile of that ilk.

The corner-stone of our war strength was our country's credit. Anything that depressed our securities aided our enemy; more effectively, as ours was the only country in the war, whose credit was still unimpaired, and the main

dependence of our associates. Another bond sale was soon coming. To sell a new issue of bonds at par didn't look very hopeful, when the present bonds were already trading junk upon the bargain counter, discredited by those supposed to know values. Something had to be done and done quickly. Our agents went about requesting these people to stop this advertising and trading in bonds. Some complied, others argued. To these we sent letters—which they would never read to their friends—indicating, we were not so impressed with their altruism, as to hope they were about to add one more, to the listed Beatitudes. We published some of these letters without the name of the addressee. The traders and merchants withdrew from this enterprise.

The shoe-string brokers not only continued but increased in number and activity. They were proof against either reason or shame, had no business standing to maintain, and were not unskilled in dodging law. We asked the legitimate brokers to enter this trade, that one forced to part with his bonds, could go where he would get an honest deal; requested the newspapers not to publish "ads" for these sharks; through the press advised those who must sell, to go to the nearest bank for advice; and did many other things likely to embarrass or obstruct the success of these operators.

Of course, none of these purchasers of bonds, in trade or at discount, were buying for investment. If such were their purpose, they would have bought directly from the Government, in the recent bond drive, when induced to do so by every earnest plea their patriotic neighbors could present. None of these shoe-string fellows had capital to carry the bonds purchased for even a short time. Their plan was, every morning, to sell through the regular exchange agencies the bonds purchased the day before, or to deposit them with banks as security for loans. But they soon found that no broker or investment house, connected with the New York Exchange, would accept their business, nor would any Rochester bank loan them money on security of these bonds, and no third party could deal at either place for them. When anyone came to broker or bank, with any considerable number of bonds in small denominations, his name

and location were taken, his business refused, and the Marshal's office immediately advised; with the result, that the Marshal's men, or the police, were interviewing this proposed seller within an hour, to learn where he got these bonds, their number, amounts, date of issue, etc. This was a perfectly legal act, as these small denomination bonds were continually being lost or stolen, and the law officers were always trying to trace and recover them.

Finally, we sent letters to more than seven hundred employers, asking their help, enclosing a proposed notice to be posted in shops and factories, asking the employee not to sell his bonds without coming to the office, that they might help him, etc. The employer co-operated with enthusiasm, many of them improving on our notice by adding, "If you feel compelled to sell your bonds, we will buy them at full face value with interest to date."

Then there crept into the gossip of the employees, the fact—and it was a fact—that in all large plants these sharks had agents, not known as such, who for a paltry share in the catch, were willing to act as decoys, and lead their innocent fellows into the trap. After this rumor got well afloat, no employee dared mention the possibility of a sale of bonds, in the presence of his fellows.

Many of these small bond purchases were being carried by employers and banks, on weekly payments. Even this "little yew lamb," couldn't escape these sharks. They would buy these accounts at a discount; but employers and banks quite generally, refused to recognize the assignments of these pass books. In many factories, bodies of the cooler headed employees, announced their readiness to take over the account of any one who felt unable to carry it, give him all he had paid in, step into his place and complete the purchase. All these things combined to make the way of the transgressor harder, and one by one, these pirates quit for want of victims, and the law having been amended, the more hardy were given twenty-four hours, to get out of town or into jail. They chose the former. Thus, what we considered, the most dangerous back fire of the war, was extinguished.

This was not the only commercialized patriotism we met. During the war, it was desirable that the national colors should be displayed as generally as possible. People were encouraged to hang out the flag at homes and business places, and keep it flying continually. A few, with excessive patriotism, and of course, to increase respect for the flag and its ideals, patched it well with placards, announcing the bargains to be obtained beneath its folds. This insulting vulgarity, was not at all general, and there was a very direct law applicable. We sent men about, to order these "ads" removed from the flag at once. If there was any refusal or argument, arrest the proprietor, and bring the flag along as evidence. No arrests had to be made. All obeyed the order, but not all graciously. As my men allowed no backtalk, the proprietor sometimes, to relieve "the hurt that honor felt," reached me through the phone, not to apologize, but to criticise the want of gentleness in our approach.

One of them felt keenly hurt, at my want of consideration, in sending a deputy to lecture him on respect for the flag, "in language so mixed with German that he couldn't understand it;" him! a direct descendant from six generations of loyal Americans. As there was three-quarters of a mile of copper wire between us, I kept cool, assured him I was sorry to have wounded his American sensibilities, and promised, if I had occasion to communicate with him again, I would send one of my deputies, who was a direct descendant of an Irish King, very proud of his royal descent, and noted for a manner of speech nobody could misunderstand. Then, I translated the lecture complained of, into English, I know he understood, and am sure he will not gossip to his neighbors.

It was embarrassing, but we could not accept a family tree as an assurance of patriotism, one present adventure in loyal purpose would be more convincing. Old Barbara Frietchie couldn't boast descent from six generations of Americans.

To send out these 700 letters to employers, was decided Friday evening. They were prepared, and delivered at

their destination, by Monday morning. Such was our equipment for any duty that arose. A great part of that equipment was, capable and devoted volunteers, ready to respond to any call, day or night. I have decided not to give names here, to name them all space is lacking. The connection with our office, of many of them, was a secret then, and should remain so; and all gave their service with a spirit that showed clearly, that the privilege of doing so, was the sole reward they sought. I cannot believe, that any amount of publicity, could increase their satisfaction.

One name I must mention: Ward K. Angevine, who volunteered at the beginning, and remained to the close; reporting for duty as regularly, as if on full salary. He had a peculiar genius for this service; cool, clearheaded and judicious. He needed no instructions, knowing our policy, the detail was plain. He was the salaried employee of another, and there came a time, he felt it necessary to apologize to his employer, that he had been giving so much time to our office, his own work had got behind, but now he would cut out all outside work, until he had caught up his own. The employer said " That isn't necessary. Do the Marshal's work first, you can catch ours up any time." And to show the sincerity of his words, gave Ward a substantial increase of salary. That employer was O. J. Garlock of Palmyra. I have not Mr. Garlock's permission to tell this, but such action destroys all privilege of privacy. His fellow citizens have a right to know it.

Many volunteered their automobiles when needed, but we didn't need many—gum shoes were better adapted to our work—and when we needed an auto the need was instant. Russell P. Yates was our regular chauffeur for a year and a half, volunteering his machine and himself to drive it, every day and night throughout this period. He appeared every morning, parked his auto in front, and busied himself about the office, until wanted for a trip. Every afternoon and evening Henry Hiler of Brockport was on hand with his auto; and evenings and Sundays several others were present with their autos awaiting any emergency. Walter W. Powers kept his machine parked on the next block, and could be got, in two or three minutes, when

wanted. Many others were called upon when we could plan ahead, but such trips were mostly outside the city.

Many war troubles came to the Marshal's attention, not placed upon him as a legal duty, but which somebody should attend to, and the people assumed I was the one.

If aggrieved, by some failure or error of purpose; if mail was delayed or miscarried; if a soldier husband did not make proper allotment for his wife, or son for his mother; if the allotment was not received; if a liberty bond was lost (and it was wonderful how many of them could get lost); they came and hurled their criticism at or through me; and while gratuitously trying to help them, sometimes scolded me for delay, want of success, or "red tape"; but in time of war few of us are entirely sane, and none are reasonable.

It was sad people had not more intelligent understanding of their governmental agencies; but it was the duty of us all, particularly those in official place, to try and smooth out these present difficulties, with good temper. A mother who failed to get a letter from her son in the trenches, could be told this was no part of the Marshal's duties, without incurring official censure, but the officer could hardly satisfy himself, he was giving his best to his country.

Most of this irregular responsibility, I shared with the Home Service of the Red Cross. I called upon them and they called upon me. I early learned, that I could not rival these good women, in kindly purpose and unselfish labor. Their trying work seemed only to increase their patience and cheerfulness. Upon one call at their office I found Miss Elsie Jones, eating her evening meal off the desk, which she had not left since morning. On my return I related this to my force, to inspire them in the sacrifices they found it necessary to make.

That a piece of mail should be lost occasionally was to be expected. The wonder is, that so few pieces were lost, in proportion to the mass handled, and most of these would not have been lost, had the sender addressed them, as directed by the Post Office Department. In the fall of 1917, I sent 85 packages (sweater, socks, kit, etc.) to 85 Rochester boys, at different military stations, and every package

reached its destination. One package followed the boy, from place to place, for four months and finally caught up with him, on the coast of Russia.

A mother complained that a letter sent to her son two months before, never reached him, and was not over mild in her criticism. I learned she had not addressed this letter as before, because in the letter she was answering, he gave a new address. She showed me his letter. In it he advised that he had been made Sergeant and was then on leave at Vichy, France, and signed it Sergeant J—— J——. The mother hurried off her congratulations, and addressed her letter Sergeant J—— J——, Vichy, France. I explained, that before her letter was written, the soldier had left Vichy, and rejoined his command on the battle front. That, addressed as it was, it did not become military mail, was simply regular mail matter, to be handled by the French Post Office, which probably was still trying to find the Sergeant at Vichy. She had another letter, equally wrong in address, she was about to post. I gave her a card, addressed as she should address her letters and told her, when he became a Colonel, continue addressing them the same way. She accepted the explanation, but I am certain she still thought, that a well managed Government, would keep better track of the officers of its army.

A lot of this trouble arose out of the failure to receive allotment checks. Every case of this kind, that came to my attention, was caused by error of name given as allottee, address given for delivery, or failure to remain in one place long enough to get mail; causing the mail to be sent back to Washington, as unclaimed. This mail was sent out monthly, addressed to a designated person, at a certain delivery address, to be delivered to that person only, and if not delivered, returned within a fixed number of days. At once, this returned mail was of such great quantity, a separate bureau was organized to assort and handle it. There was a lot returned from here, and the Home Service, and our office, were called upon continually. I finally requested the Postmaster before returning mail of this nature, to send me a list of it. From our indexes, the

addresses for some of it could be found, and from the Red Cross indexes, many more, lessening, by quite a little, our trouble. Still it continued, and strange to relate, kept recurring with some of the same persons.

The following case is an exaggerated sample of most of them. A husband made an allotment, before he went to camp. The wife gave her mail address, General Delivery, Rochester Post Office. Then, without advising anyone, she went to Albion. Not getting her checks, she was advised to change her address to Albion. She made the change, and before mail could reach her there, returned to Rochester, and called frequently at the General Delivery, without result. I had her address rechanged to Rochester. After a few months, she appeared at my office accompanied by three kindly ladies. I listened quietly while one of these good women, delivered herself of rather an overcharge of indignation, that a soldier's wife should be thus treated. I then read them a letter from Washington, recounting the rambles of the several checks, in fruitless quest of this allottee, and that they were ready to begin their travels over if we could furnish a new address. I then said to the wife, "If you will send a letter to Washington, requesting that all your checks, be sent here in my care, and then keep me advised where you are from time to time, I'll see that you get them." Such letter was sent, and the checks came to me, and kept coming, but I heard nothing from the allottee, until many months after, when the Home Service called me, to advise that she was then in their office, still looking for her allotment. She came to my office and I took her receipt for $675.00 in checks. There was not a moment, since the husband's departure, that six dollars would not have been a boon to this poor woman. Yet, who was to blame?

Personally, I get my greatest satisfaction from a few things I was able to do, not in the formal line of duty, but in spite of it. I was able to save forty-two boys from the penalties for desertion, and get them back to their posts, to make good in future service to their country.

These boys did not desert, through any sympathy with the enemy, nor because they were out of harmony with the purpose of our country, nor any like premeditation. It was sometimes homesickness, sometimes drinking, sometimes they themselves couldn't tell why—simply walked away. Very frequently while on leave or furlough, they spent their money too freely, couldn't pay their fare back and, ignorant of the course they might have taken, got frightened, concealed themselves, and every day made their condition worse.

When a deserter is taken, the usual course of procedure is, to return him under guard, to his command or the nearest army post, with expense paid from Government funds. This usually results in a trial by Court Martial, the decision of which, however mild the punishment, becomes a record judgment against the soldier for all time, and, though he remain in the ranks, seriously affects his future. To avoid this, it was desirable that the soldier voluntarily return to his duty, alone, and at private expense. That the soldier returns voluntarily, strongly negatives the charge of desertion, reducing the offense possibly, to absence without leave, which his company officers could dispose of informally. In accepting the promise of these boys, that they would go back alone, I was taking a chance. If one of them failed me I might be subjected to severe censure, and with the critic, the fact, that the soldier didn't keep his promise, would be sufficient evidence, I should not have trusted him. As they all got there, I was not called upon to meet any such criticism. But few of these forty-two soldiers were Rochester boys. They were from other parts of the State or from other states. More than half of them, called upon me after their discharge, and a majority of those came back in officers' uniforms.

One poor kid, assigned to a distant camp, got a terrible attack of homesickness, and being on leave at the village, boarded a train and beat his way home. One who is homesick is not sane. I was homesick once. As soon as the boy had seen the home landscape, for a moment, he was restored to normal. We got him back to camp, and he got off with a scolding. His commander may have been home-

sick himself once, if not he could learn its freakish results, from my letter.

A young soldier returned, on furlough, to his home in a nearby village, with money enough for the round trip. Friends treated him well, and he in turn treated, too freely for his purse. When time came to return, he had no car fare, and had not been soldiering long enough, to know there were military means open to him. He had no family source of supply. His widowed mother was supporting four younger children by her manual labor. He dared not make his condition known to his acquaintances, and crazed with fright, skulked about, hiding daytimes, and foraging for food nights.

He was arrested and brought to me. He was a wholesome-looking lad. I told him I wanted to help him, and could if he would do what I told him. He pledged his word, he would go direct to camp alone. I gave him a ticket, and a little pocket money, with a letter to the Commandant; told him to walk boldly into camp, go immediately to the commanding officer, tell him frankly all about it, and, when opportunity came, give him my letter. Also, I cautioned him to remember, that I had not put him under arrest, and that the money I used was not government money. I asked him to write me all that took place, as it might be useful to me, if some other boy got into a scrape. My real reason for requesting a letter was, to learn that he got there.

He wrote me that as soon as the Colonel heard his name, he said quite sternly, "Well, soldier! You got yourself into a damned pretty scrape, didn't you? What have you to say for yourself?" The soldier told the whole story, including, that he got the money to come back with, from the United States Marshal. The Colonel broke in, "Did the Marshal have you under arrest?" The soldier replied: "No, sir. He refused to arrest me, gave me his own money, and gave me this letter for you." The Colonel read the letter, looked at the boy very sternly, read the letter again, then said "Go to your quarters now, and forget it." That boy came home a First Sergeant.

A young sailor in the Navy, deserted his ship in time of war, a very serious offense. He couldn't tell why he did it.

His ship was in a British harbor. He got two days' shore leave, and walked away into the interior, with no purpose but to get as far from the water as he could. After tramping about rural England for some time, he realized his situation, returned to the coast, and, at a time when our Navy was practically raking the Atlantic, with his uniform on, beat his way across and reached his home, telling his mother he was on furlough. The mother, noticing that he remained within doors during the day, going out for a walk only at night, became suspicious, questioned him and got the truth. It was brought to my attention. This boy was not yet 19 years old. I concluded a sailor, who had been already trained at public expense, would be more valuable on the deck of a War Vessel than in prison. I sought the co-operation of the Naval Commander of this area, who agreed with my conclusion. Learning that the ship, to which the boy belonged, would be in New York harbor next morning, we sent him aboard, alone, with letters to his Captain. He was sentenced to a term in the "brig" (the ship's jail), but after four or five days, was released and ordered to duty. This boy called on me after war closed, with an honorable discharge, and the left sleeve of his blouse, literally covered with stripes for good conduct.

One more circumstance: In a nearby village a young fellow was picked up for being drunk. The police found on his person evidence, that his home was in a small New England village, and that he was registered there under the Draft Law, so turned him over to the Marshal's office. A Deputy placed him in jail, and wired his draft board to learn his status, and their desire. We received reply, "He is a deserter, send him back here at once." We answered that we had no public funds for such expense, asked further advice; leaving one or two more kindly courses open to them. After waiting long enough to hold a Town Meeting, they wired, "This man is a deserter. Send him back here and he will get what he deserves." I didn't like the, between the lines, reading of that telegram. I was afraid he might get more than he deserved. The boy had won my pity.

With my morning mail I opened a letter, which was not for me. It was for this boy, from his mother, addressed in my care. This boy's fate was in my hands, and, as the letter was open, I decided to read it, for such aid as it might give toward the decision I was soon to make. It disclosed that the boy was well bred, and that whatever of waywardness he might show, was not acquired in his home. That mother could not bring up a vagabond. My pity was changed into a more active sentiment.

I had the boy brought to my office. He was a perfectly proportioned, bright-eyed, handsome youth of twenty-four. A few sentences exchanged, disclosed that he had native intelligence far above the average, developed by very complete school advantages. I explained his situation, and the charge against him. He "fired up," and said "I'm no slacker. From every town I've been in, I wrote back where I was, and never got notice I was called." I said, "But you never remained in one place long enough to get a reply." Then, speaking his name, I said, "I can see you were not brought up to be a tramp. I know you're not a coward. Your name indicates, you belong to a race that never turned the back to a foe. What *is* your trouble?—Booze?" He dropped his head, and in a low voice said "Yes. I never drank a great deal, but—it was too much."

I said, "My boy, I want to help you. I dare not send you back home. I am afraid you might not get a square deal. I can save you by sending you on from here. You will go to the same camp, you'd reach if sent from your home, will be credited to your own State, and be part of its troops." He promptly replied, "I am ready." I said, "You'll go forward as soon as I can make arrangements, and I want to impress upon you, there is an officer's uniform waiting for you there, but you will never wear it, unless you cut out the drinking; with that cut out, you can't escape it." He replied, with quiet seriousness, "That is cut out now." Again when I bade him goodbye, I said, "Now remember, I want you to come home, a lieutenant or better."

Some months after the armistice, when the soldiers who were sent to the Rhine were being mustered out, looking up from my desk, I saw in the doorway, a tanned, healthy

young soldier, in the uniform of a First Lieutenant. He saluted, and smiling, said, "You don't remember me." I recognized him, and arising—it was my turn to stand—I said, "Lieutenant Mc———, I am glad to see you. You thought because of those bars on your shoulders I wouldn't know you? If you had come without them, I would insist upon not recognizing you. I need ask nothing about your conduct. This uniform answers every question. How did you happen to come around this way?" He said, "Having gone in from here, I could take my travel either back here, or home, and I thought I'd like to see you." This sentence was worth all the anxiety, expense, and labor, put in for the whole forty-two.

After a little visit about the past, I asked him what he was going to do now. He replied, "I am going home on the next train, lay off my uniform, and go back to my job, with the railroad company." I said, "Would a letter from me to your boss be helpful in getting back your job?" With a smile he replied, "I thank you very much, but it isn't necessary. My boss is my brother. He is the general passenger agent." As he arose to leave, I said, "Don't take off that uniform until your good mother sees it." He said, "Oh! Do you know my mother?" I said, "Yes, and I know that if you devote the rest of your life to her happiness, you can never half pay her. And there is one other thing I want you to do just for me: Wear that uniform about your home village, for three or four days—I won't object if you strut a little—to show that Yankee board that you are no Deserter!"

A mother's letter made that boy a Lieutenant.

There were many other items of our war work, important in performance, and interesting to recall. Enough, I hope, has been related to give a general view of the work, its purpose and manner of execution. That it was done as well as might be, we are not vain enough to assert. For myself and my deputies, and the great force of volunteers who worked with us, I do assert that it could not have been done better than, we tried to do it.

To escape criticism, we could not hope. To deserve criticism, we did not purpose. To answer our critics, we point to the result. No city of the land took higher place in the maintenance of law and order, harmony and co-operation in every helpful war purpose. In the course of our strain and labor, a friend came to me and advised, that I was being severely criticised for my leniency toward those pro-Germans, etc. That he had defended me until it was getting pretty hard. I replied, "Don't try it any more. When you hear me so criticised again, just offset what hasn't happened, against what I didn't do, and I'll be satisfied."

It seems reasonable, if we were to be charged with the default, we should be allowed the offset. Yet, we don't claim credit for all, nor most, nor any considerable portion, of this composing result. It is to be credited almost wholly, to the well-poised, law-abiding character of our population. Even the critics, when not trying to annoy others, behaved pretty well.

When I was asked to outline my policy, and procedure, for use in formulating plans for other places, I began my reply by saying, that a complete answer to that request could be made in a single sentence: "Just get a population like mine, and let them alone." Of course, I answered in more detail, and, as some would consider, more seriously, but I doubt if more truly.

This narrative shows a liberal use of the personal pronoun. In the circumstances, to attempt any other form, would be clumsy affectation. To the critical, who may see in it a shocking want of modesty, I can only say in the words of Aeneas, *"Quorum pars magna fui."*

Jenny Lind's Letter

EDITOR'S NOTE: In his article on "Music in Rochester, from 1817 to 1909," the late Richard H. Lansing gives an account of the Jenny Lind concerts in Rochester, July 22 and 24, 1851 (Publication Fund Series, Volume II, pages 144-145). He comments on her sweet and unselfish nature, as follows:

"There was a very human side to this remarkable woman that few people are familiar with, and which seems almost incredible as compared with the mercenary and worldly spirit manifested by most of the present-day musical celebrities. She was of a most lovable and charitable disposition, and many of the places she visited were the recipients of her kindness as well as of her artistic bounty. In Rochester she gave the premium from the sale of seats for the second concert to various charitable institutions in the city, dispensing in that way the generous sum of two thousand five hundred dollars; of which the Female Charitable Society received eight hundred dollars, which was long held by the Society in its treasury as the 'Jenny Lind Fund'."

During her stay in this city Jenny Lind stopped at the Eagle Hotel and, out of the goodness of her heart, voluntarily gave a private concert in a room in that famous hostelry for the entertainment of a small group including four Indian chiefs, of whom Ely S. Parker was the most important.

In the library of The Rochester Historical Society is an autograph letter written by Jenny Lind to the proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, Mr. S. D. Walbridge, engaging rooms. The modern prima donna would never be so sweetly reasonable in her requirements. Jenny Lind was always considerate of others. A photograph of this letter appears on the opposite page.

Clifton House
Niagara Falls
5 Sept 1851

Dear Sir

I purpose leaving at Rochester
on Wednesday # evening on
Thursday forenoon and shall
therefore to request that You
will have the goodness to retain
3 or 4 bedrooms and one Parlour
on my account. give me if you
please, such as may be most
convenient for You to appropriate
as it is of little importance to
me in which part of your house
the rooms may be situated

Yours truly

Jenny Lind

Wednesday the 17th inst. or Thursday the 18th.

Letter written by Jenny Lind, September 5, 1851, at Niagara Falls, addressed to S. D. Walbridge, proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, Rochester, New York.

See Editor's Note on opposite page.

History of the Monroe County Court

By Oswald P. Backus, Jr.

Read before The Rochester Bar Association, May 10, 1921.
Contributed for publication, Volume IV, Publication Fund Series, of The Rochester Historical Society, 1925.

NONE of us will be here one hundred years from today. Most of us will be forgotten. A few of us will be but a memory. So time deals with men and nations.

A knowledge of the events of the past enables us to chart our ways in the future. A few moments spent in considering the early days of our Monroe County Court serve to keep alive the beginning and periods of change through which it has passed. Especially interesting is this when we consider the governmental principles which underlie our courts, when we consider how many people, because of unfamiliarity with the true principles of our government, willingly listen to the words of those who would undermine our government foundations and who seem equally willing to try any new adventure despite the record made by those before us.

The study of legal procedure, and the conduct of courts is a study of government. The administration of the law in all its phases is a governmental operation. The manner of its conduct reacts directly and indirectly upon the governed. The court represents the state as that silent third party which is always present in every litigation, that third party being the interest of the state, as expressed in the maxim, "*Salus populi est suprema lex,*"—"The people's welfare is the highest law." The public welfare is considered in that aspect which touches the greatest number of people.

In the early history of the colony of New York, the Governor was in effect the maker, interpreter and enforcer of the laws. He was the chief judge of the court of final

resort, while his councillors were generally his obedient followers. By the adoption of the first constitution in 1777 he ceased to hold these prerogatives, and was entirely stripped of the judicial power which he possessed. That power was vested in the Governor and Senate, also in the chancellor and justices of the Supreme Court; the former being elected by the people, the latter being appointed by the council of appointment. It was not until the constitution of 1846 that the last connection between the purely political and judicial parties of the state government was abolished. From that time the judiciary became more directly representative of the people. The development of the idea of the responsibility of the court to the people, from the time when all its members were at the beck and nod of an irresponsible master, to the time when all judges (even of the court of last resort) are voted for directly by the people, has been remarkable.

We will pass over the consideration of the Supreme Court of the State of New York and commence with the County Court, which is next in rank and importance. The County Court has its origin in the English Court of Sessions, and like it, had, at one time, only criminal jurisdiction. By an act of 1683 a Court of Sessions was created in the counties of Albany and New York with jurisdiction to try both civil and criminal causes by jury. There were no limits as to the amount involved to give civil jurisdiction. By the act of 1691 and the decree of 1699 all civil jurisdiction was taken from the Court of Sessions and conferred on the Court of Common Pleas.

The Court of Common Pleas of the State of New York was also of colonial origin and was established for the counties of New York and Albany by the Charter of 1686, and later was made generally applicable to the state by the act of 1691.

There were nine original divisions of the colony of New York. Albany County was the northernmost and extended into *"terra incognita."* Tyron County was formed from Albany in 1772. In 1784 it was named Montgomery County

in honor of General Montgomery, a Revolutionary soldier. Out of Montgomery County in 1799 was erected Ontario County, which extended from one mile east of Geneva to the Niagara River. In 1802 Genesee County was erected from Ontario and comprised all the territory west of the Genesee River. The County of Monroe was erected out of Ontario and Genesee Counties by an act of the legislature passed February 23, 1821.

The news of the creation of the county appeared in *The Telegraph,* a Rochester weekly newspaper, on February 27, 1821, as follows:

"New County: The bill has now passed both houses erecting the County of Monroe. It needs only the approbation of the council of revision to become a law."

On March 6th, the same paper published in full the act as passed by the legislature.

On March 20th, 1821, *The Telegraph* under the title "Our County Officers" commented:

"The appointment of officials for the new County of Monroe breaks upon us by little and little. We publish in this paper what has been received. We are at loss why a commission was not made out at once as for other counties. Perhaps the council became so exhausted by their unnatural efforts that they required frequent breathing spells—and perhaps they thought it good policy to show us part at a time as they supposed we could bear it. We accept either reason as abundantly sufficient."

"It cannot be denied that part of the appointments are judicious, but a part so outrage all propriety and the wishes of our citizens, that we await with more than ordinary anxiety what are yet to come."

There follow the names of Elisha B. Strong, 1st judge; Timothy Barnard, a judge; James Seymour, sheriff; Derrick Sibley, under-sheriff; Nathaniel Rochester, clerk; Timothy Childs, district attorney; Elisha Ely, surrogate; and thirty-three justices of the peace, one of whom was John Mastick, the pioneer lawyer of Rochester.*

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*Editor's Note: On September 16, 1922, a memorial tablet was erected in Monroe County Court House, under the joint auspices of The Rochester Bar Association and The Rochester Historical Society, in honor of John Mastick and the pioneers of Rochester (see photograph on opposite page).

On that occasion, Judge George A. Carnahan, President of The Rochester Bar Association, in his dignified address as presiding officer,

One hundred years ago, the second Tuesday in May came upon the eighth day of the month, but in the year 1921, the second Tuesday comes upon the 10th of the month. Thus this evening, May 10, 1921, we are truly commemorating the hundredth anniversary of our County Court. The act creating the County provided for the Courts:

"That there shall be erected in and for the County of Monroe a court of Common Pleas, and a court of General Sessions of the Peace, and there shall be three terms of each of the said courts held in the said county in every year, to commence on the second Tuesday of January, May and September, and each of the terms of the said court may continue to be held until the second Saturdays following the said Tuesdays inclusive." . . . "That the court of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace shall have the same jurisdiction, powers and authority in said county as the court of Common Pleas and General Session of the Peace in other counties of this State."

Thus was our County Court established by law.

The Court of Common Pleas was composed of a first judge and three associates. The Court of General Sessions was made up of the first judge of the Common Pleas assisted by two justices of the peace. The Court of Common Pleas, as finally completed, included Elisha B. Strong, first judge; Timothy Barnard, Levi H. Clark and John Bowman,* associate judges.

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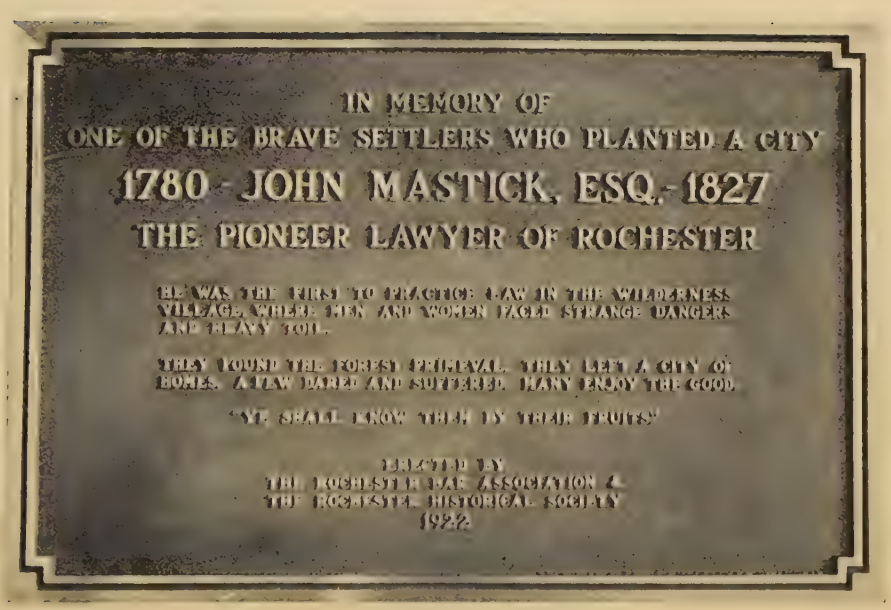
commented on the relation of the pioneers to the law; thus giving a background for the discussion of the lawyer as a pioneer. Judge John D. Lynn followed with an address on "The Life and Times of John Mastick—The Pioneer Lawyer of Rochester," which was a paper o unusual merit.

In this address Judge Lynn demonstrated that local history is not dull. His story was as vivid as a motion picture, revealing the panorama of pioneer days; and across the scene the living John Mastick played his part through to the end.

A full account of the proceedings, including Judge Lynn's address, was published by The Rochester Bar Association (Publications of The Rochester Bar Association, Number 1, Genesee Press, 1922) and can be found in the library of The Rochester Historical Society.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: In his address at the dedication of the tablet erected in honor of John Mastick in the Monroe County Court House, above noted, Judge John D. Lynn said (see page 42, Publications of The Rochester Bar Association, Number 1, 1922):

"At the January term in 1822, John Mastick did not sit as judge, but was engaged in practice before the court. His place as judge was


IN MEMORY OF
ONE OF THE BRAVE SETTLERS WHO PLANTED A CITY
1780 - JOHN MASTICK, ESQ. - 1827
THE PIONEER LAWYER OF ROCHESTER
HE WAS THE FIRST TO PRACTICE LAW IN THE WILDERNESS
VILLAGE WHERE MEN AND WOMEN FACED STRANGE DANGERS
AND TOILED
THEY FOUND THE FOREST PRIMEVAL THEY LEFT A CITY OF
HOMES A LAW DARED AND SUFFERED MANY ENJOY THE GOOD
"YE SHALL KNOW THEM BY THEIR FRUITS"
ERECTED BY
THE ROCHESTER BAR ASSOCIATION &
THE ROCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1922

Bronze Memorial Tablet, now (1925) on the west wall, second floor corridor, Monroe County Court House. Erected by The Rochester Bar Association and The Rochester Historical Society, September 16, 1922.

The Telegraph on the 2nd Tuesday of May, 1821, May 8th, without headlines contained the following: "The Court of Common Pleas for the County of Monroe hold their first session this day." If I call to your attention that the old newspaper of that day published nothing but advertisements on its first page; sometimes varying by having a column entitled Miscellany, in which were printed topics such as "Conditions of Women in India;" "An Infidel Reclaimed;" "A Beautiful Illustration;" national and foreign news on its second page; home news on its third page, the home page looking more like an editorial page of the present day, sometimes with and sometimes without titles; nothing but advertisements on the fourth page:— you will appreciate how little attention was given, when but two lines in fine print without a heading, was devoted to the first session of the new court. The paper of the succeeding week made no mention of what transpired at the meeting, nor do any of the subsequent papers. The newspapers of that day devoted little space to the transactions of the court.

The legislature designated the place for holding the first term of court at the house of A. Ensworth & Son, innkeepers, in the Village of Rochesterville, Town of Gates; that all subsequent terms of the court should be held at such places as the judges of the Court of Common Pleas might determine, until the Court House should be erected.

In accordance with the legislative designation Elisha B. Strong presided over the organization of the court on the 8th of May in the attic of Ensworth's tavern. Timothy

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taken by John Bowman, one of the regular county judges, a pioneer lawyer of this section. Many of us remember his son, the late William H. Bowman, for half a century, a leader of the bar of this county, and a most lovable personality; and know his grandson and namesake, John P. Bowman, now an active member of our bar. Thus Judge John Bowman, through his son and grandson, has been continuously practicing in this county for more than one hundred years. A family law record rather remarkable, but not the only one in our history. Judge Harvey Humphrey, the literary lawyer of our village days, was succeeded by his son, the late George H. Humphrey, and he by his son, Joseph Lee Humphrey, giving three generations to our bar from that family."

Barnard was judge and Joseph Spencer, a justice of the peace, acting as assistant justice. The other associate judges, Levi H. Clark and John Bowman, apparently were not present. All that was transacted at this meeting, so far as history discloses, is that a committee was appointed to draft the rules of the court, Enos Pomeroy, Joseph Spencer and Ashley Samson being appointed to perform that work. No issues were tried.

Ensworth's tavern stood on lot No. 1 at the Four Corners on the site of the Powers Building. Boarders were so numerous that additions were made to the house. An attic was built so as to be used for a public hall, where dances, lectures, concerts, theaters and courts were held. Likewise, the local auxiliary of the American Bible Society held its organization meeting there. The building is variously referred to in the different legal papers and advertisements, as "the dwelling house of A. Ensworth and Son;" "the house;" "the public house;" and also as the "Eagle Tavern occupied by A. Ensworth." Ensworth's house continued to be used by the judges as the place for holding court until the new Court House was completed, which was sometime in September, 1822.

The Court House, when built, was located on the site of the present Court House and in 1827 was described as follows:

"The lot was given by the village proprietors and extended 166 feet on Buffalo Street and 264 feet on Fitzhugh Street. The natural declivity of the ground is reduced to two platforms, the first on the level of Buffalo Street, forming a neat yard in front of the building which recedes 75 feet from the line of the street; the other raised about 6 feet above the former, and divided from it by the building itself, and two wing walls of uniform appearance, presenting toward Buffalo Street the aspect of an elevated tavern but on a level with the street immediately adjoining. This last, together with the yard of the First Presbyterian Church now comprehended within the same enclosure forms a small square, laid about in grass plats, gravel walks, and needs only the further attention of the citizens in planting it with shade trees and shrubbery to render it a very pleasant and valuable accommodation as a public walk. This is now known by the name of Court Square. The Court House is 54 feet long, 44 feet wide and 40 feet high. It presents

two fronts; the one facing the square showing two stories and a base; the other towards Buffalo Street, two stories and a full basement. Each is finished with a projecting portico thirty feet long and ten feet wide supported by four fluted Ionic columns surmounted by a regular entablature and balustrade, which returns and continues along the whole front. From the center of the building rises an octagonal belfry, covered by a cupola. The basement affords convenient offices for county and village purposes. The court room is in the second story, extending the entire length and breadth of the building and is a remarkably well lighted and airy apartment."

The legal papers of that day had the court title as follows: "Pleas. In the Court of Common Pleas. Held at the house of Azel Ensworth and Son in the Village of Rochesterville in and for the County of Monroe before the Justices of the same Court on the second Tuesday of September in the term of September in the year 1821." Another court title shows "The Dwelling House of A. Ensworth & Son" was used for the May Term of 1822. Many writs commanding the sheriff to take into safe keeping the defendant and to produce him before the court of Common Pleas of the September Term in 1821 were issued. The day of imprisonment for debt had not yet passed and apparently one of the first steps was to get the debtor into the hands of the sheriff. Prior to the creation of Monroe County, when the village lay partly in Ontario and partly in Genesee County, amusing stories were told of debtors' races across the bridge, for the debtor could only be arrested in the county where he could be found. "Many a time," says F. X. Beckwith, "have I seen a debtor coatless and hatless flying at 2:40 speed for the center of that bridge. Once over the middle line he was safe from the sheriff behind him."

The writs are interesting in their brevity and always make a statement in a few words as to the moving cause for them. From official records it appears that for the September Term of 1821 the Court of Common Pleas was to hear the following kind of causes, to wit: two on a promissory note; a case in trespass to a messuage; four cases of trespass on the case; a case involving trespass and assault and battery; a case in trespass on the case upon promises; a plea of debt; and a plea of covenants broken. What transpired at the September Term is hazy. *The Telegraph*

reports on September 18, 1821, "The Court of General Sessions was held in this village last week." It then states that two persons were convicted of grand larceny and concludes: "In consequence of the absence of Judge Bowman there was no Court of Common Pleas." Most of the writs above referred to were filed in 1822, which would indicate an adjournment. Another interesting paper which was filed during the month of May, 1821, was the following:

"I hereby constitute and appoint James H. Gregory, Esq., of Rochesterville in the County of Monroe my law agent for the Court of Common Pleas of said County, Given under my hand at Canandaigua this 28th day of May 1821.

"DAVID WILSON."

A sheriff's certificate of persons drawn to serve as jurors in the trial of issues for both Common Pleas and General Sessions at the dwelling-house of A. Ensworth and Son discloses that the court opened at eleven o'clock in the morning; that thirty-six trial jurors were drawn, and twenty-one grand jurors. The Court of General Sessions was presided over by Elisha B. Strong, 1st judge; Joseph Spencer and Hastings R. Bender, justices of the peace, assisting. Treason, misprison of treason, murder or felony, of all manner of larcenies, thefts, trespasses, forestallings, regrating and extortions, so the certificate of the grand jury ran, were to be considered.

John Mastick, located at Charlottsburgh at the mouth of the Genesee River about 1811, and removed to Rochester sometime in 1813. He was the first lawyer of Rochester. In 1817, Hastings R. Bender appeared. By 1820, the roll of the Rochester Bar further included Roswell Babbitt, Joseph Spencer, Jesse Dane, Enos Pomeroy and Moses Chapin. The histories show twenty-eight names between the years 1821 and 1827. From the legal notices and advertisements in the daily *Telegraph* it appears that in addition to the names already mentioned A. Samson, James H. Gregory, Ira Bellows, F. Granger, R. Moore and Rufus Beach were engaged in practicing law in Rochester at the time of the formation of the Court. Apparently Roswell Babbitt, Enos Pomeroy and Moses Chapin enjoyed

the greatest amount of practice in the sale of real estate under and by virtue of a power contained in mortgages. The advertisements for such a sale had no court heading and were subscribed by the mortgagees, with their attorneys name in the lower left corner. All of the lawyers, save Moses Chapin, placed the word "Atty." after their name. Mr. Chapin always used the word "Attorney" written in full. Some of the advertisements in the paper were as follows: "Moses Chapin, Esq., sells lands and rents buildings for me in my absence.—Charles Perkins."

It appears that the terms for advertising for Surrogate's notices, mortgages and sheriff sales, those being the most frequent kind of advertising, were thirty cents for the first and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion of seventy-two words.

By the May Term of 1822 the grand jury had begun to function as shown in a newspaper report of that day:

"On Saturday our Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions closed their sitting. The civil and criminal business before the Court, we are informed, was mostly disposed of. As an observer we could not but notice the alarming increase in petty crimes and misdemeanors in the County. Among other things the grand jury had a thorough overhauling of the grocery and dram-shops in our Village."

It seems that the grocery stores were selling too much liquor and becoming the congregating place of idlers to the detriment of the village. History may be repeating itself in 1921. It is a matter worthy of notice that dram-shops are being closely watched in these days!

The act creating the county provided that the Ontario Jail should be used until the Monroe Jail was built. The first murder recorded in the county annals created intense excitement. William Lyman, a grain buyer for the City Mills, closed his business for the day not late one night in October, 1837, and set out for his home near the corner of Clinton Place. He was not far from home when he was shot through the back of his head and killed outright. All night a cold, heavy rain fell and morning brought discovery of a stiff, drenched body; and rifled pockets disclosed the motive for the deed. Three persons were implicated in the

crime, a Canadian French youth and two others. They were arrested while attempting to leave the city on a westbound train and secured in the Monroe County Jail on the island. The island was formed by Brown's Race on the west and the river on the east. The jail stood where the Erie Railroad Station now stands.

It is to be noted that execution of the criminals took place inside the jail.

The constitution of 1846 radically changed the court. It provided for one County Judge who should have jurisdiction in cases arising in justices courts, and in special cases as the legislature may have prescribed and no original jurisdiction except in such special cases. The County Judge, together with two justices of the peace, conducted the Court of Sessions. The constitution of 1894 abolished the Court of Sessions and its powers and jurisdiction were thereafter vested in the County Court. Procedure and practice in this court were made to conform as nearly as possible to the Supreme Court practice.

Under the authority of this constitution the County Courts were given jurisdiction of various classes of actions and also were invested with certain equity powers in the foreclosure of mortgages, the sale of infants' real estate, the partition of lands, the admeasurement of dower, the care for the persons and estates of lunatics and habitual drunkards. The judiciary act of 1869 continued the existing jurisdiction in all actions in which the defendant lived within the county and the damages claimed did not exceed one thousand dollars. The constitution of 1894 likewise continued the jurisdiction of the court and increased its power by extending the amount of damages claimable to two thousand dollars.

By the law of 1864 a special provision was made for the office of Special County Judge for Monroe County, who should "discharge all the duties that may be discharged by a county judge in chambers and all duties of a county judge in said county in case of vacancy or in case of inability of the county judge to perform the duties of his

office. In 1895 a new act defining the duties of the Special County Judge was passed, giving the County Judge of Monroe County "whenever in his opinion the business of the county court shall so require" the right to designate a term of the County Court to be presided over by a Special County Judge. It would seem that Monroe County was one of the first counties in the state to have a Special County Judge.

The first county in the state to acquire jurisdiction over cases of children under 16 years of age who were delinquent, neglected or otherwise subject to the discipline or in need of the care and protection of the state, was the County of Monroe. In the year 1910 the legislature by special act conferred upon the Monroe County Court original and exclusive jurisdiction of all cases coming within the terms of the act. Thus was established the Children's Court. At the same time the law provided for the establishment of a detention home, a probation system, and an appointment of guardians for such children. One of the great objects was to keep the child under sixteen years of age away from the atmosphere of the criminal courts. Ontario and Chautauqua Counties are the only other counties having such a court.

The County Court now holds six terms of court a year, the terms beginning the fourth Mondays of January, March, June, September, November and the third Monday of May. Its work is divided into civil and criminal matters. On the civil side, there is "A general calendar," involving jury trials; "A law calendar," consisting of appeals from the City Court and the Justices Court; and a calendar entitled "Issues of fact triable by the Court."

The criminal branch has jurisdiction to hear and try all classes of crime, save murder. Persons indicted for murder must be tried by the Supreme Court.

The men who have held the office of first judge of Monroe County are: Elisha B. Strong, Ashley Samson, Moses Chapin, Samuel L. Selden, Patrick G. Buchan, Harvey Humphrey, George G. Munger, John C. Chumasero, Jerome

Fuller, William C. Rowley, John S. Morgan, John D. Lynn, William E. Werner, A. E. Sutherland, George A. Benton, John B. M. Stephens, Willis K. Gillette.

Those who have held the office of Special County Judge are: George W. Rawson, Pierson P. Hulett, John S. Morgan, Thomas Raines, William E. Werner, John F. Kinney, Arthur E. Sutherland, George A. Carnahan, John B. M. Stephens, John A. Barhite, J. Warrant Castleman, J. Stuart Page, Frederick L. Dutcher.

The names of the associate judges who held office between 1823 and 1846, at which time the office was abolished, do not appear in any of the histories.

When we come to the end of a hundred years and face the changes of that period, we are possessed with a sense of seriousness. At times there is a tendency to glorify the past, to paint it as a day when the opportunities of life were greater, the dangers greater and the chances for heroism multiplied. As we stand at the beginning of another hundred years and look to the future, we know not what the call may be. Life in this day is beset with problems which are of as great moment to us, to the state, and to the nation, as the problems which were faced one hundred years ago. The judges and lawyers of that period rendered a noble service. The greatest service which the judges and lawyers of this period may render to the country is to give to the public their best efforts and to endeavor to lessen the feelings of distrust which many have for our government. By so doing the stability of our government will be assured.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Laws of 1925, chapter 499, created the office of a second County Judge for Monroe County. The first incumbent in this position was Philip H. Donnelly, by appointment of Governor Alfred E. Smith.

Changes in Practice of the Law in Rochester

By George H. Humphrey

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, November 11, 1892.

Editor's Note: The following article is part of the paper read by George H. Humphrey before The Rochester Historical Society. It was supplemented by the life-story of his father, Hon. Harvey Humphrey, who served four years as Monroe County Judge, 1851-1854; and whose record as lawyer and judge was of the highest order. Also, Judge Humphrey was noted as a classical scholar, whose papers read before the Pundit Club were remarkable in their breadth of learning, being a revelation of Greek and Roman culture.

THE evolution of the law office is quite as marked as that of the railroad train and ocean steamer. The improvements in the modes of transacting law business during the last half century may, perhaps, repay attention. In 1846, when I began the study of law, the population of Rochester was about 25,000 and the number of lawyers was not far from sixty. Now the population is 140,000 and the lawyers number 234.

The steel pen was not extensively used forty-six years ago. The quill was more popular, light and adaptable to any style by the skillful use of the penknife, the very name of which shows to what employment it was principally devoted. Paper was poor, light, full of threads and badly pressed, while the address of the attorney was not printed either on letter heads, envelopes, or the covers of papers, even if covers were then used. Of the black ink I can only say that by the constant addition of vinegar we could use it, but it was poor stuff.

To be a good penman in those days was no mean accomplishment. I remember that Henry R. Selden, William S. Bishop and John C. Chumasero especially excelled as graceful, legible and elegant writers. I once saw a will

drawn by Judge Selden (Joseph Field's) which was a work of art. It gave me the same pleasure to look at it that would be derived from the examination of a beautiful engraving. The writing was very uniform, every letter clear-cut and distinct, plain as print, while the diction was well-rounded and plain as the penmanship. It was like everything that Judge Selden did. No one who knew him will dispute me when I say that he touched nothing that he did not adorn.

Today it is not necessary to write as plain as print. No Philadelphia lawyer is needed to decipher legal chirography. We have now the print itself. An eminent judge, along in the forties, was asked to interpret a document he had recently written. "I don't pretend to read my writing," he said, "but there is John," referring to a favorite clerk, "he can read it for you." Had the judge lived today he would simply dictate the paper to his stenographer, and, shortly, a printed document would be handed to him for his approval.

Oh, the drudgery to which lawyers of the first half of the nineteenth century were subjected! Then the lawyer did his own writing, and what can now be done in an hour or two would occupy him a day; while the strain of nerve and muscle was vastly greater than now. I venture to say that with the increased facilities for doing business single firms in Rochester would be able to effect as much in a day as was then accomplished in any one twenty-four hours by all the lawyers in the city.

The difference in the trial of cases then and now is very marked. Then it was deemed the privilege of counsel to argue a point of law, or question of evidence or fact, at his own sweet will, both as to length and manner of expression. Vituperation was indulged in, which would not be tolerated today. Personal abuse, gross calumnies and blackguardism were not uncommon; and if reproved, the lawyer would say: "If the court pleases, I have a right to argue this case in my own way." I remember once hearing Mr. Hastings retain counsel to aid him on the trial of a cause just about to be moved. "But," said the lawyer, "I know nothing about the case." "Oh," said Mr. Hastings,

"I don't want your assistance to conduct the case; I will try it and sum it up. I only want you to keep Mr. So-and-So (naming the opposing attorney) still."

The asperities of distinguished lawyers, the satire and invective indulged in then, were considered too common to be noticed. Occasionally a lawyer from the metropolis would bring with him the courtly manners of New York and reveal to us the value of that lofty courtesy, that serene patience and forbearance, which today distinguishes the bar of Rochester.

Woe to the young, college-bred man in that day who, with refined tastes and sensitive nature, was confronted, at the beginning of his legal career, with one of these vituperative practitioners. Well for him if he did not abandon his profession, or at least resolve, as did more than one of Rochester's most esteemed lawyers, that he would limit his business thereafter strictly to office practice.

The cross-examination of witnesses was sometimes insufferably tedious. I remember an instance of a certain counselor who asked my father to adjourn a case, because he said he had been engaged for two days in the cross-examination of a witness in another case, and was not half through. This in our time would be clogging the wheels of justice and be absolutely impossible.

The time expended in summing up before a jury was not subject to limitation. Rufus Choate surpassed our own lawyers in this respect, for he would often talk to a jury three whole days. An address occupying three to six hours was not uncommon. I remember Selleck Boughton, whose ability as a lawyer was only surpassed by his kindness of heart, but who, perhaps, was too thorough in his trial and argument of causes. There was an occasion when he was engaged in an argument before Judge Conklin, and had been talking several hours presenting his points with much repetition and in various dress, until even his sense of propriety was shocked by the length of the argument. He apologized for it, saying that he was almost done, and would need only a few hours more. Judge Conklin, in that suave voice for which he was distinguished, said: "Go right

on, Mr. Boughton. The Court will be happy to hear you, just as long at it is your pleasure to argue." Needless to state that this jurist was ever after canonized in the affection of the learned counsellor.

I well remember Judge Conklin, who impressed me with a sense of his physical beauty. He was among the finer specimens of manhood, tall, elegantly formed, with regular features and a complexion transparently ruddy. Still the early Rochester bar had a considerable number of men quite his equal in that respect. I once saw a game of wicket-ball played on Washington Square. Participating in it were the two Seldens, Judge Gardiner, Elisha B. Strong, Simeon Jewett, Jasper W. Gilbert, James K. Livingstone and others. Handsomer or more graceful men (I will not even except John Van Buren, Nicholas Hill and John K. Porter in their younger days), I have never seen. Such there may have been, but my memory fails to recall them. I saw Nicholas Hill and John K. Porter in their early manhood before hard work and too much tobacco had impaired to some extent their good looks; and only to look on them would repay some little effort. They occasionally tried causes here before a jury and the expression as to their summing up was, "It was as sweet as a song." No one who ever heard John Van Buren can ever forget him. He was very tall, almost six and a half feet, and with his broad square shoulders, and a face all aglow with intelligence and good-humor, he walked every inch a prince. Grace, ease and refinement marked his court-room manners.

To have seen the Court for the Correction of Errors, as I saw it in the late forties, was an event long to be remembered. It was, perhaps, the most distinguished tribunal ever assembled in the state. The Court consisted of the president of the senate, the senators, the chancellor and the justices of the supreme court, and was attended by the most eminent lawyers in the land. I recall Dr. Frederick F. Backus among the senators, with a head equaled only by a few others in its dignity and intelligence. Of the lawyers, I remember Mark Reynolds, Nicholas Hill, Azor Tabor, John Van Buren, John A. Collier, John C. Spencer,

W. Curtis Noyes, Daniel Lord and Joshua A. Spencer. Of Rochester lawyers, Judge Gardiner was there as president of the senate. Orlando Hastings and Selah Mathews were also present, waiting to argue important cases.

The men of those days had one trait in common, they were all great workers. When a term of court was expected, and some cause to be prepared, you would find them at midnight, with a tallow candle or two burning low, and a table piled with books, making the needful preparations. There were few of them who could not occasionally give thirty-six consecutive hours to hard mental toil and be none the worse for it. It would be incredible, if Mr. Selden had not said it, that at one time when getting out a volume of his reports, and pressed too with business, he labored steadily, without sleep for three days and two nights. Should a lawyer attempt this today his physician would say to him in warning tones: "That way madness lies."

I think the mode of trying causes would somewhat astonish a young practitioner of our day. There was no day calendar. Every lawyer was expected to have his causes in readiness, and consequently during the session he must be present, as a run on the calendar might default him, which meant more then than now. The consequence was that each member of the bar was stimulated to do his best by the reflection that he was practising before skilled workmen, competent to pass upon both his merits and defects. The witnesses must be kept in court, and a daily fee paid to them. A full court was the result. Each case was a source of interest and excitement, and its points carefully noted by those present. Attention on the part of all the lawyers was imperative as the court might ask for an opinion from any of them on a question of law or evidence, and "Mr. Mathews," or "Mr. Hastings, what do you think of this point?" would sometimes be heard.

It was the duty of the lawyer in that day to keep, himself, full minutes of the testimony. There was no stenographer to rely on, but the hard labor was incumbent upon

every practitioner of writing down all the words of the witness. No lawyer was eminent enough to escape that toil. Even the greatest advocate America ever produced, Rufus Choate, insisted upon writing down every word. I remember B. Davis Noxon, of Syracuse, was counsel in a case here about 1847. He was one of the great lawyers of Central New York. The trial lasted three days and he wielded during all that time the pen of a ready writer. When it came to his turn to sum up he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, in presenting to you my views of this case I shall refresh your recollections of the testimony that has been produced in this long and important trial." And, sure enough, he read his entire minutes verbatim, with an occasional word of comment, and sat down. That would be impossible today. The modern advocate may keep notes of evidence, but must rely on the stenographer. I have said that the case in which Mr. Noxon was engaged occupied three days. Today it would occupy four or five hours. The labors of the stenographer add vastly to accuracy in returns prepared for arguments on appeal, and perhaps have another advantage of diminishing litigation by adding so much to its expense. It is certain that the business now demanding attention could not be transacted without the court stenographer.

Courts forty-five years ago were obliged to give more time to business. They convened as early as half-past eight in the morning and often sat until nine or ten o'clock at night. My father, when first elected judge, went into court at eight, a. m., and continued, with an hour's intermission, until six o'clock, p. m. Edward A. Raymond was district attorney at that time, and I know presented a petition saying that the labor was too severe for him, and asking that the morning hour be fixed at nine o'clock. The Judge yielded so far as to go in at eight-thirty o'clock. I have heard him say that when he first came to Rochester the lawyer's office hours were from seven, a. m., until nine in the evening. More work can be accomplished now in a law office with modern aids and appliances in three hours than could then be done in fourteen.

Lawyers in that day thought more of the appreciation than the pay. Eminent lawyers like Joshua A. Spencer would come to Rochester and try a cause for fifty to seventy-five dollars, and it was thought a monstrous charge when Roscoe Conkling named one hundred dollars for a similar service. I remember one able advocate who charged five to ten dollars only, for acting as counsel in the trial of a cause which included summing it up. I know that my father used to act as referee in important cases for three dollars per day, and thought it ample compensation. To charge for counsel was very rare. Clients were never asked to pay anything for it. I well remember the venerable Nestor of the bar, General Vincent Mathews. He occupied as an office the little building in the northeast corner of the Court House square. There, like Carlyle, he smoked his perpetual pipe (of clay with a long tube) and gave counsel to all comers. Lawyers, young and old, loved to consult him because it gave him so much pleasure to produce for them his treasures of legal erudition. If he occasionally charged a stranger a dollar for valuable service, it was an exception to a rule. Once, he received a letter from a young lawyer living in the western part of the state. The correspondent said that he had just commenced his first law-suit, and desired Mr. Mathew's assistance. He then presented an elaborate statement of facts and requested his advice as to the law. He desired this eminent counsel to give him a careful opinion, and said he would be most happy at any time to reciprocate. Mr. Mathews cheerfully furnished the aid requested, sent him a brief on the subject and never received even reciprocation. He was content with a "thank you," handsomely expressed. One of the ablest lawyers of Monroe county who was retained in nearly every important case, and whose business was all that could be desired, said years after to my father, that his income never exceeded eighteen hundred dollars per year.

Lawyers in that day seemed afraid of being charged with a mercenary spirit. They are wiser now. The anecdote of Alexander Hamilton is well-authenticated. A New York merchant after counseling him at great length about important business, said he wished to retain him as counsel

and handed him one hundred dollars. Mr. Hamilton counted it carefully and handed back eighty dollars, saying, "That is quite sufficient, sir." I fear that great lawyer would be considered today not quite professional. But the expense of conducting business now is so much larger that the lawyer could not live, and limit himself to the old time charges. He would incur the reproach of Scripture: "He that providedth not for his own household is worse than an infidel." As late as 1855 the judges of the court of appeals received only twenty-five hundred dollars per annum, and the judges of the supreme court the same amount; while my father's annual compensation as county judge was, if I remember rightly, not more than sixteen hundred dollars. The judiciary of that day certainly labored more for honor, than from any desire for "filthy lucre." Plain living was then of necessity the rule. The office of county judge at that period (there was no special county judge), occupied the incumbent's whole time and absorbed his entire energies. He could not, therefore, if he would engage in other business.

It is a little remarkable that about one-half the lawyers of Rochester were Presbyterians; ten were Episcopalians, while the Roman Catholic church had not a single representative. My friend, John C. O'Brien, the humorist, might observe that perhaps that is one reason why this great religious body has increased so rapidly in wealth and numbers.

It was in 1846 that I had my first view of General Vincent Mathews. This was the year he died. He was then in his eighty-first year and waiting patiently for the muffled oars which sooner or later come to all. His placid face showed the promise fulfilled in him, that at eventide it should be light. My father sent me to the little office to serve a paper, and I saw the lawyer then most esteemed in Rochester, and whom the young men of the city were taught to reverence. Mr. Mathews had then been in practice here since 1821. About 1830 he formed a partnership with Selah Mathews, his nephew, which continued until his

death, at which time he had been in active practice fifty-six years. At his death he received many notable tributes, including a monument in Mt. Hope Cemetery, built by the spontaneous offerings of all classes of his fellow citizens. The firm name was V. & S. Mathews. I should say that a more reliable, painstaking, trustworthy firm of lawyers never did business in Rochester. Whatever they did was well and thoroughly done. Mr. Mathews was always a student of law. If asked for an opinion on a subject perfectly familiar to him he would say, "Well, I must refer to my books as to that." Where a tyro in the law would, with confidence, give an off-hand opinion, General Mathews would carefully fortify his own ideas by reference to the cases, until he became an authority, and his opinion respected by courts and counsel.

He remembered that "fame floats upon the breath of the multitude, while honor rests in the judgment of the thinking." That honor was his, and today gives grace and perfume to his memory.

Two Episodes of Anti-Slavery Days

By Horace McGuire

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, October 27, 1916.

IN a recent conversation with a distinguished member of The Rochester Historical Society, I had occasion to refer to the fact that during my life I had come in contact with two notable episodes in history. It was at his suggestion that this paper was prepared. The events referred to are "The Jerry Rescue;" and the interview between Frederick Douglass and John Brown, prior to the raid at Harper's Ferry.

As a boy of nine years of age I was employed by an afternoon paper, published at Syracuse, to carry a route. I had just left the office with my papers to be delivered to the subscribers when I witnessed the flight and the capture of Jerry McHenry, the fugitive colored slave.

Before describing the scene then enacted, let me briefly refer to the anti-slavery agitation of that period.

Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President of the United States, died July 9, 1850, and was succeeded by Vice-President Millard Fillmore. Mr. Fillmore was from Buffalo, N. Y., and was the first president of its Historical Society. In September following the succession of Mr. Fillmore, the Congress passed, among other of the so-called "Compromise Measures," the Fugitive Slave Law. By its provisions a fugitive slave could be arrested in any state and returned to his master. The marshals were allowed a fee for each arrest, doubtless to induce vigilance in searching for and apprehending the fugitives. The "run-away slave" was not permitted to testify in his own behalf nor was a trial by jury allowed him. At the time of the passage of the act the anti-slavery men believed Mr. Fillmore himself, a Nor-

thern man, would not approve and sign the bill. He did, however, and Mr. Thurlow Weed in his autobiography, referring to that fact, says:

> "The act was so revolting to every sentiment of justice and humanity, it was thought impossible that it should find approval with Mr. Fillmore. In signing it, he signed his own political death warrant, and having served out President Taylor's term, Mr. Fillmore passed into retirement from which he never emerged."

An eminent authority has said that the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law and the several attempts to enforce its provisions in the Northern States, "had as much to do with bringing on the Civil War as did the controversy over slaves in the territories." It was not until 1864 that this odious law was repealed.

The members of the small, but exceedingly active Abolition Party, were importuning Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and in the territories of the United States. This party was bitterly opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law and did all in its power to prevent the passage of it by the Congress. These so-called Abolitionists denied that any man should do violence to his conscience in obeying this law when passed. They publicly declared that they would not assist in the surrender of a fugitive slave, but on the contrary felt it a duty to assist him to escape to Canada, there to obtain the freedom which Great Britain declared should be the lot of every man within its possessions.

In 1851, Daniel Webster, having become a member of Mr. Fillmore's cabinet, came to Syracuse and delivered an address before a great audience of his political friends. In the course of his address he urged upon all citizens to observe the Fugitive Slave Law and denounced the Abolitionists as "traitors, traitors." He predicted that fugitive slaves would be arrested, even in Syracuse, and returned to their Southern owners.*

Prominent among the men thus denounced by Mr. Webster were Gerrit Smith, Charles A. Wheaton, Rev.

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*EDITOR'S NOTE: For the full text of Mr. Webster's Syracuse address see note on pages 221-222, this book.

Samuel J. May, of Syracuse and vicinity, and such other men as Wendell Philips and William Lloyd Garrison.

James G. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," thus refers to the men so publicly denounced by Daniel Webster in his Syracuse address:

> "They challenged the respect of thinking men and even compelled the admiration of some of their most pronounced opponents. The party was small in numbers, but its membership was distinguished for intellectual ability, for high character, for pure philanthropy, for unquelling courage, both moral and physical, and for a controversial talent which has never been excelled in the history of moral reform. In the early days of the agitation they were a proscribed and persecuted class, denounced with unsparing severity by both the great political parties, condemned by many of the leading churches, libeled in the public press and maltreated by furious mobs. Caring nothing for prejudice, meeting opprobrium with silence, shaming the authors of violence by meek nonresistance, relying on moral agencies alone, appealing simply to the reason and the conscience of men, they arrested the attention of the nation by arraigning it before the public opinion of the world and proclaiming its responsibility to the judgment of God."

A convention of the Liberty Party (Abolitionists) was called to meet in Syracuse, October 1, 1851. The day before the convention was to meet, Jerry McHenry, a colored man, residing in the city and engaged at work at his trade as a cooper, was arrested as a fugitive slave and taken to the city police station. While there he slipped out of the hands of the officers and out into the street, making a dash for his liberty. It was the custom of the farmers of the vicinity to bring to the city loads of "good body beach and maple wood," a cord to a load, and stand near the Canal and Packet Landing in the center of the city. On this day there were a large number of loads of wood there standing awaiting purchasers. With my papers under my arm, I saw the colored man handcuffed, dodging his pursuers, among the loads of wood. Boy-like, neglectful I fear of our subscribers, I followed the crowd and witnessed the fight. Jerry fought with a determined effort to be free, but was overpowered, his clothing badly torn, his face covered with blood and one of his ribs broken. A passing wagon was

impressed into the service of the officers and Jerry thrown into it, one of the officers sitting on his breast and another on his legs and others leading the horses as they drove the prisoner back to the police station.

That evening a meeting of the Abolitionists was held at the office of Dr. Hiram Hoyt and plans made for the rescue of Jerry before he could be gotten out of the city. Gerrit Smith was among the number present. It was ascertained that precautions against a rescue were made by the city authorities and every road leading out of the city guarded and additional guards placed about the police station. The Friends of Liberty also made plans. A pair of the fastest horses in the city was contributed by one friend with his enclosed light carriage. Near midnight the Abolitionists to the number of two thousand or more began to assemble at the Packet Landing. Charles A. Wheaton, who kept a hardware store in the vicinity, admitted his friends to his store to arm themselves with iron bars and axes to the extent of the stock on hand. At a given signal a rush was made upon the prison, the guards were overpowered, the doors broken down, and Jerry hurried into the awaiting carriage. As agreed, the Friends of Liberty, having thus accomplished the rescue, immediately scattered in all directions to their homes. With Jerry in the carriage were the two men selected to outwit the officers. The "liberty team," so-called, soon outstripped the officers pursuing and, driving in and out among the dark streets of the city until sure they were not observed, delivered Jerry in the house of a friend. There he was secreted for five days, his wounds dressed and suitable clothing provided. By relays of fast horses he was subsequently taken by night to Oswego and again secreted in the house of a "friend of the cause." After some days a captain of a schooner, a man to be trusted, agreed to take Jerry over to Kingston, Ontario. The schooner sailed out of the harbor of Oswego at sundown, but as the darkness came on returned towards shore to meet the small boat, pulled out by faithful friends, with Jerry. The captain of the schooner kept his promise and the runaway slave under the British flag became a loyal

and respected citizen of Canada, where he resided until his death. He died of tuberculosis, October 8, 1853.*

In your minds, return with me to Syracuse and the morning of October 1, 1850. The "Liberty Party Convention" convened as called and the first business transacted was the adoption of the following:

"Whereas, Daniel Webster, that base and infamous enemy of the human race, did in a speech, exultantly and insultingly predict that fugitive slaves would yet be taken away from Syracuse, and the attempt was defeated by the majestic and mighty uprising of two thousand five hundred brave men; therefore be it:

"Resolved that we rejoice that our beloved and glorious city of Syracuse, still remains undisgraced by the Satanic prediction of the Satanic Daniel Webster.

"Resolved that notwithstanding the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law and the general acquiescence in it, under the influence of the devil-prompted speeches of politicians and devil-prompted sermons of priests, we derive some hope from the resistance of yesterday that a patient and long-suffering God has not left this superlatively wicked nation to perish."

The young men of this day may characterize the language of the above resolutions as both fanatical and intemperate, but men whose memory goes back to those times, who lived then and shared anything of the feeling that prevailed sixty-five years ago, will bear testimony

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*Editor's Note: The late Alfred Mercer, M.D., of Syracuse, N. Y., a man of the highest character, "learned, high-minded, enthusiastic for freedom and right," made provision in his will in these terms:

"To keep green in memory the heroism of the men who rescued Jerry—men who could not look on a slave—I give six hundred dollars to the Onondaga Historical Association, to be known as the Jerry Rescue Fund; the interest of which shall be used every five years to procure some person to deliver a Jerry Rescue oration on October 1st."

Dr. Mercer died August 5, 1914, and the above provision of his will has been observed. In 1924, Franklin H. Chase, Secretary of the Onondaga Historical Association, collected and edited all documents to that date affecting the Jerry Rescue, and these papers were published by the Association (Syracuse Press, 1924). This pamphlet contains the address of Earl E. Sperry, Professor of European History and of Civic Education at Syracuse University, delivered before the Onondaga Historical Association, October 21, 1921; also the additional Jerry Rescue documents which had been obtained. Both the text and the illustrations are of great interest.

that the sentiments expressed are no stronger than was usual with anti-slavery men.

As illustrative of the character of Gerrit Smith, one of the great anti-slavery leaders of that day, it is related he wrote a letter which has been compared to the letter of St. Paul to Philemon about the slave Onesimus. Paul wrote to the master of the slave saying: "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus. If he hath wronged thee or oweth thee ought, put that on mine account." Gerrit Smith wrote to the slave William Lee saying:

> "William, your master writes me that you are a very bad man, and that the best thing to do with you is to sell you to a severe Southern master. I take pity on you as my brother man, and send your master one hundred and sixty dollars. Ten of this amount I ask him to give to you to cover expenses here. The remaining one hundred and fifty is for himself. He consents to part with you for that sum. Do not return a single dollar of the $160 you cost me. I don't believe the best thing to do was to sell you to a severe Southern master. Now, William, show your old master what a good man a bad slave is capable of becoming when he has his freedom. Come and see me. The Lord bless and guide you and give you a good heart.
>
> GERRITT SMITH."

The other episode to which I now refer briefly occurred in 1859. My family had removed from Syracuse, my birthplace, to Rochester, and I, a young man, was employed in the printing office of Frederick Douglass. The office was on Main Street in the old Wilder Arcade building or one that preceded it and adjoined the rooms of the *Rochester Democrat.* I had worked for a while on the *Democrat,* then owned and published by Alvah Strong, father of Rev. Augustus H. and Henry Strong. It was through the kindness of Alvah Strong that I obtained employment with Mr. Douglass. My duties were of a varied character. I was at the office at six-thirty, a. m., to make the fire and sweep out. I set type, did errands, and tried to make myself generally useful. It was no unusual thing to find colored persons, refugee slaves, sitting on the stairs as I came to open the office in the early morning. I became conversant with the location of the stations of the so-called "under-ground railroad." The house of Mr. Douglass on

South Avenue was the principal station here. Trusted men and women did not hesitate to open their houses and secrete these fugitives from slavery. Among the friends in Rochester were Isaac Post, William Hallowell and Samuel D. Porter. At night these black people were taken on their way to Charlotte or Oswego or Lewiston, going as far as possible during the darkness and stopping at daylight to be again secreted in the houses or barns of men known to be of the Abolition Party. It is related that a family of five persons, colored fugitives, were hidden in the barn of Samuel D. Porter on the corner of Fitzhugh and Spring Streets. The officers had searched Mr. Porter's house and barn, but had failed to look under the hay.

The office consisted of but a single room, in one corner of which was Mr. Douglass' desk and around the sides of the room were the cases of type, where his son Frederick, Jr., and sometimes his daughter Rosa, with my help, set the type for the paper formerly *The North Star,* then *Frederick Douglass' Paper.* When the forms were locked up we carried them into the office of the *Democrat,* where the edition was printed. We then folded, single-wrapped and mailed the papers to the subscribers.

I remember the occasion of a call, early one morning when I was alone in the office. The visitor was a tall, white man, with shaggy whiskers, rather unkempt, a keen piercing eye, and a restlessness of manner:

> "Like one who on a lonely road
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> And having once turned round walks on
> And turns no more his head."

I asked the stranger to be seated and informed him Mr. Douglass would be in soon. As Mr. Douglass was out of town much of the time giving lectures, it did not occur to me then as strange that this white man did not inquire whether or not Mr. Douglass was in town. Since then I became convinced the interview was by appointment. This visitor was John Brown, whose soul is said to be marching on.

When Mr. Douglass came in, the greeting between the white man and the former slave was very cordial. They

had been friends for years. These two men talked freely and I recall only enough of the conversation to have been convinced that in most earnest terms Mr. Douglass entreated his friend to abandon some project. This was several months prior to October 16, 1859, when this same white man, John Brown, was arrested and put to death for his ill-advised raid at Harper's Ferry.

It is a matter of history that only a few weeks before the raid, John Brown urged Douglass to visit him at Chambersburg, and that there, for two days, Douglass tried to convince Brown of the folly of the attempt. On that occasion John Brown said to Mr. Douglass:

"Come with me, Douglass! I will defend you with my life. I want you for a special purpose. When I strike, the bees will begin to swarm and I shall want you to help hive them."

Notwithstanding the refusal of Mr. Douglass to join the John Brown raid, he was an object of suspicion, and so great was the fear of his arrest his friends urged flight. Accordingly Mr. Douglass took refuge in Canada and went from Quebec to England.

The author of the biography of William Lloyd Garrison says:

"The refusal of Frederick Douglass to accompany John Brown should have taught Brown's educated advisers how hopeless was his project."

As I stood beside the last resting place of the body of John Brown, near Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, I could not think of him as a martyr to a great cause, but rather a misguided enthusiast. It is true he was obsessed with the wickedness of human slavery. His error lay in the means of its final extinguishment. The conflict between freedom and slavery had raged in Congress for years and was "irrepressible." It could only end by the extermination of the evil. To this proposition all of Brown's friends agreed. None thought an armed invasion of slave territory could accomplish the end. It did come finally in a way not then anticipated. The secession of the Southern States from the Federal Union, with the firing on Fort Sumter in Charles-

ton harbor, brought about the Civil War, and took away from the rebellious South the slaves, as contraband of war. The proclamation of President Lincoln, freeing the slaves, was issued only after the Southern men had refused to lay down their arms. If the soul of John Brown did indeed "march on," it became conscious of the awful price in blood and treasure this irrepressible conflict cost the nation; when, to save themselves and, as they unwisely thought, the institution of slavery, the South shot down our flag and deserted the Union of States.

It is a comfort to believe this marching soul did see the new South arise from the blackness and desolation of a Civil War into a marvelous peace and material prosperity, with a new generation of Southern men as loyal to the flag of our Union as we ourselves; and to see a race of black men, whose fathers and mothers had been slaves, now being educated into good citizenship, occupying positions of trust and professional responsibility, and owning and tilling the very soil formerly drenched with blood.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Daniel Webster delivered an address in Reynolds Arcade, Rochester, N. Y., on May 23, 1851, three days prior to his Syracuse appearance. (See article, "Daniel Webster in Rochester," Volume III, Publication Fund Series, pages 243-252.) Professor Earl E. Sperry, of Syracuse University, describes the Syracuse address of Mr. Webster, as follows (see "The Jerry Rescue," published by the Onondaga Historical Association, 1925, pages 21-22):

"There were some people in Syracuse who were strongly and conscientiously opposed to Abolition and to defiance of the Fugitive Slave Law. They believed that the Constitution protected property rights in slaves, that law should be obeyed by all citizens, even when they disapproved, and that the anti-slavery agitation might disrupt the federation of States. These 'Friends of the Union' or 'Patriots,' as they were called, invited Daniel Webster to deliver an address with the purpose of quieting agitation, recalling rebellious spirits to a sense of their duty as citizens, and impressing them with the determination of the federal authorities to enforce the law. Webster spoke on May 26th, 1851, from the balcony of Frazee Hall, overlooking Market Square before the City Hall, which space is now largely occupied by the southern half of the City Hall. His speech contained the following threatening words, as reported by the Syracuse *Star*, on Wednesday, May 28th, 1851:

"'But what do we hear? We hear of persons assembling in Massachusetts and New York, who set up themselves over the Constitution—

above the law—and above the decisions of the highest tribunals—and who say that this law shall not be carried into effect. You have heard it here, have you not? Has it not been so said in the County of Onondaga? (Cries of Yes, Yes.) And have they not pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to defeat its execution? Pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor! For what! For the violation of the law—for the committal of treason to the country—for it is treason and nothing else.' " (Great applause.)

"'I am a lawyer, and I value my reputation as a lawyer more than anything else—and I tell you if men get together and declare a law of Congress shall not be executed in any case, and assemble in numbers to prevent the execution of such law—they are traitors, and are guilty of treason, and bring upon themselves the penalty of the law. No! No! It is time to put an end to this imposition upon good citizens, good men and good women. It is treason! TREASON! TREASON! and nothing else, (cheers) and if they do not incur the penalties of treason, it is owing to the clemency of the law's administration, and to no merit of their own.'" . . . "'Depend upon it, the law will be executed in its spirit and to its letter. (Great applause.) It will be executed in all the great cities—here in Syracuse—in the midst of the next anti-slavery convention, if the occasion shall arise; then we shall see what becomes of their lives and their sacred honor!'" (Tremendous cheering.)

"By a strange coincidence it happened that the possibility mentioned in Webster's speech was realized, but his prediction and threat were not fulfilled. An attempt was made to execute the Fugitive Slave Law 'here in Syracuse,' and in the 'midst of an anti-slavery convention.' It failed completely and the 'traitors' not only escaped with their 'lives and fortunes,' but their 'sacred honor' to which Mr. Webster made scornful and sarcastic reference, has been given an enduring place in American history."

Lawrie Todd

By JANE MARSH PARKER

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Rochester Historical Society was reorganized March 3, 1888, under the leadership of Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins. One of the charter members was Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, the well-known author of *Rochester—A Story Historical* (1884), and many other works covering the early days of the Genesee Country.

At the first regular meeting of the Society, held at the home of Mrs. Perkins, April 6, 1888, the first paper was read by Mrs. Parker, giving account of Grant Thorburn and his relation to John Galt's historical novel about early Rochester, *Lawrie Todd.* A copy of this novel can be found in the library of The Rochester Historical Society (two volumes: New York, J. & J. Harper, 1830).

During the long life of The Rochester Historical Society many interesting and valuable papers have been read before the members, but the following paper holds the distinction of heading the list:

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, soon after our semi-centennial celebration in 1884 wrote asking why, in all our reminiscences, no mention had been made of Grant Thorburn and Lawrie Todd, two names inseparable in his mind from Rochester, N. Y. It was easier finding those who knew something about Grant Thorburn, than any who had any recollection of Lawrie Todd. Henry O'Reilly said that the old novel *Lawrie Todd* used to be among the books of the Athenaeum. That was my first inkling that Lawrie Todd was a novel.

Some sixty years ago *Lawrie Todd* was a much talked-of novel. It was written by John Galt, an Englishman, whose novels, tragedies and memoirs, although second-rate, were popular. *Lawrie Todd* was a story of the Genesee Country, and "Judiville," where it was located, was known to be Rochester, a border settlement, whose phenomenal growth gave it wide reputation. The leading character of the story was one Lawrie Todd, drawn from Grant Thorburn, an eccentric seedsman of New York city—a man well and favorably known in business and literary circles, an

unusual character with many personal friends in the leading cities of the state. He belonged to the favored coterie which included Irving, Halleck, Bryant and Drake. He published a good deal, and chiefly under the pen-name "Lawrie Todd." You will find his articles in the old Knickerbockers, and some of us may remember his "Hints to Merchants, Married Men and Bachelors," his "Notes on Virginia," and his "Forty Years' Residence in America, or the Doctrine of a Particular Providence as exemplified in the Life of the original Lawrie Todd, Seedsman"—a title giving insight into his character. He was a most entertaining, companionable man, full of anecdote and story, a cordial, sympathizing, generous soul, yet shrewd and cautious and not easily imposed upon. He had landed in New York a poor Scotch laddie, and from his first petty dealings in garden seeds had built up a large fortune. He was very religious, and yet the friend of Tom Paine, nursing him in his last illness. It was at Grant Thorburn's cheap lunch-counter that John Jacob Astor, when a poor peddler, used to stand and eat his crackers and cheese. James Gordon Bennett owed much to Grant Thorburn, as did many rich men of New York, for practical advice which shaped their fortunes.

He was never a resident of Rochester, N. Y., but a frequent visitor in its pioneer days, and in its after-prosperity. Colonel Rochester bought his first trees, seeds and shrubs of him, and Henry E. Rochester, a son of the colonel, has rose trees in his garden today that are descendants of the Grant Thorburn stock.

Above all things, John Galt aspired to write an American novel. He came to this country for that purpose, and met Grant Thorburn in the literary circles of New York. Grant Thorburn suggested to Galt that the pushing, wide-awake settlement in the Genesee Country was the place above all others where he should locate his story. Galt gathered in his material by talks with Thorburn—and evidently received a wrong impression in many particulars. There is a copy of *Lawrie Todd* in the library of The Rochester Historical Society. I do not advise you to read it; I

doubt if you could. It reads like a manufactured story, for all its frequent allusions to the Eagle Tavern, the Mansion House, the Falls, and the Market Place. One may doubt if Galt ever saw the Genesee River. In his description of the cutting down of the first tree in the settlement he says that "the wood-cutters came from seven miles away, to the eastward." That means Pittsford, of course, giving that village the honor of clearing our site in the wilderness. The cutting down of that tree according to *Lawrie Todd* was long anticipated. Wooden cannon had been made, and cartridges out of a keg of powder. There had been much savory stewings and roastings, the description of which, and the elaborate preparation for the event, seemed to tax the imagination of our novelist to the utmost:

"The important day having arrived we were summoned to the ceremony at sunrise. The distance we had to walk was upwards of seven miles, by a path through the forest from which the brushwood had been cleared. A flourish of all the tin horns of the settlement announced that the procession was ready to move. Mr. Hoskins headed the procession with a green bough in his hat; then followed a long train of axemen, two and two. After them came seven parties of six boys each, carrying the wooden cannon on spokes—behind them the blacksmith with a keg of cartridges on his head, followed by two young men with lighted match ropes; to these succeeded a long train of settlers bearing the drink and provisions. When we reached what was to be the center of the town, the axemen or choppers cleared the brush or underwood from around a large tree, and the cannon being properly placed, the old gentleman took an axe and struck the first stroke, upon which the seven cannon were fired three times. I struck the second, and so it went round, until the tree fell with a sound like thunder, banishing the loneliness and silence of the woods forever. Then we gave three cheers. The cannon were fired again, and the drink being poured out into tin jugs, Mr. Hoskins gave for a toast, 'Success to Judiville,' which was re-echoed by all around—all the tin horns and trumpets sending forth a great shout."

There is plenty more in the same style. The story culminates in a tragedy, at the Falls of course. From first to last the author ignores the facts of our pioneer days, for the prosaic meanderings of his halt imagination, which suffers in contrast with the simple reminiscences of our first settlers as given in their journals and records.

The book had favorable notice in high quarters. We find the Shepherd asking Christopher North in *Noctes Ambrosianae:*

"Is not Galt's *Lawrie Todd* maist amusin?" "It is indeed; our friend's genius is as original as ever. The field too he treads is all his own, and it has yielded a rich harvest."

A year afterward we find a different estimate in Blackwood:

"Galt's historical romances are already as dead as if no *Waverly* ever called them into the mockery of life. *Lawrie Todd* is the novel least worthy of Galt."

Dwelling upon its value to emigrants to America the critics adds:

"To see such a thing thrown away is melancholy, but the materials are sacrificed."

No one contributed so much to the subject as Mrs. David Hoyt, and to her I am chiefly indebted for particulars not found in the biographical cyclopedias.

Mrs. Hoyt made the acquaintance of Grant Thorburn in the summer of 1830, when he was at the height of his popularity. Mrs. Hoyt was one of a belated party that would have been left behind by the steamboat, which had already drawn in its gang-plank and was pushing out, when a bustling little man on deck (Grant Thorburn) called out in exact imitation of the captain for the boat to go back for the party. The order was obeyed, the captain laughing with the rest at Grant Thorburn's assumption of authority. Thorburn received the party, and entertained them on the journey from Albany to New York. It was the beginning of a friendship between him and Mrs. Hoyt which lasted until his death in 1863. On this journey he told her of his relation to the story *Lawrie Todd* and many interesting incidents of his life. She visited his "headquarters" at 4 Liberty Street, New York, a kind of museum and seed-store combined. The building had formerly been a Baptist church with a graveyard, and the relics of that graveyard were among his interior decorations. There was a string or festoon of human teeth—a collection of the shell combs and trinkets found in the coffins—weird plumes of hair,

skulls and cross bones in cheerful proximity to rare singing birds, chattering parrots, hothouse plants, and a large aquarium, said to be the first in New York if not in the United States. He was an odd genius, never losing his Scotch abruptness of manner and homely plainness of speech.

It is hard to forgive John Galt, to whom Grant Thorburn confided the experiences of his days of adversity, for not giving Rochester a better historical novel. *Lawrie Todd* is literary rubbish. And yet we are indebted to the book for some of the best of our early settlers,—Englishmen drawn by the story to settle in Judiville of the Genesee Country.

The dialect of the Rochesterese of that day demanded a glossary, according to Galt, and his glossary is perhaps more interesting than his story. Here are a few specimens of his explanations of certain Rochesterese words, leading us to ponder upon the limitations of the British vocabulary at that time:

Tantrum, was Rochesterese for caprice.
Millseat, was Rochesterese for water privilege.
Spider, was Rochesterese for a kitchen utensil.
Spunk, was Rochesterese for animation.
Cent, was Rochesterese for a penny.

His defining "damndest," is certainly misleading and evidently meant to convey the impression that the word and its correlates are indigenous products of Rochester, New York.

The First Church Sun-Dial

By Charles Hastings Wiltsie

Editor's Note: On January 9, 1891, Charles H. Wiltsie and Sidney B. Roby were appointed as a special committee of The Rochester Historical Society to inquire into the origin, history and disposition of the Sun-Dial, that once stood in the small park between the Court House and the old First Presbyterian Church, which formerly occupied the site of the present City Hall.

For forty-five years (1825-1870) this Sun-Dial counted the sunny hours for the citizens of Rochester. For nine years it measured the labors and simple pleasures of village days. It saw the village grow into a city, and for thirty-six years thereafter this primitive clock warned the heedless or indifferent passer-by that "as a shadow, such is life," that time is fleeting, with the hours numbered, and therefore to "be about your business." To unnumbered thousands the old Sun-Dial suggested its message. Who can tell what lives were influenced by this silent monitor?

At a meeting of The Rochester Historical Society held March 13, 1891, Mr. Wiltsie presented the following interesting report:

THE First Presbyterian Church of this city had its original edifice on the east side of South Fitzhugh Street, and close to the berm bank of the Erie Canal. It stood nearly in the centre of the space between Irving Place and South Fitzhugh Street, and faced the north, so that its centre front door occupied nearly the position of the main entrance to the present City Hall. The church was erected in the year 1824, and demolished only two or three years before the corner stone of the City Hall was laid in 1873. For more than two score years a noiseless time-keeper marked the hours of the coming and of the going of the faithful worshipers at this church, for the silent Dial that kept its patient record so many years, and has gone no one knows whither, stood about a score of feet in front of the main north entrance of the church, where all must pass and where the thoughtful might pause to learn of its wisdom. We are informed by George H. Humphrey that this old time-post originally held a position almost directly in front of the north church door. He says

that the Dial was moved about the year 1845 to the west of its original position, and from that year until its destruction at the building of the City Hall, stood nearly over that choice spot of earth, where the Board of Aldermen, for so many years in succession, delighted to plant their stereotyped bed of geraniums; that is to say, at a point which is about equi-distant from the Court House and the City Hall and twenty-five feet east of the east line of South Fitzhugh Street. In this position, it is our opinion, that the rays of the sun—when permitted by the clouds of our climate to cast a shadow—must have fallen "from early morn till dewy eve," upon the face of this curious old clock-of-nature. Beside the Dial at the time of its removal there had grown up a handsome willow tree of considerable size.

It is reported that the Dial was designed by Rev. Joseph Penney, D. D., the second minister of the First Presbyterian Church.* Dr. Edward M. Moore and Dr. Porter Farley are authority for stating that the Dial was placed in position by Silas O. Cornell, a civil engineer of exceptional ability and

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*Editor's Note: Charles Mulford Robinson, in his *First Church Chronicles* (1915), gives Rev. Joseph Penney, D. D., the credit for designing and constructing the Sun-Dial. Doctor Penney was the second minister of the First Presbyterian Church, 1822-1832. Later he was President of Hamilton College, and one of the founders of the University of Michigan.

Mr. Robinson says (page 65): "In fact, it has been well said of Dr. Penney, by one of his contemporaries, that 'whatever aimed to advance the people intellectually, as well as religiously, received his cordial sympathy and earnest co-operation;' and there is general tribute to the vigor of his intellect, to his scholastic attainments and to the charm of his conversation. He had a special interest in the natural sciences and often visited the village schools, cheering the pupils in their studies, attending the examinations, and offering prizes for excellence in study. It was he, also, who constructed the Sun-Dial which stood from 1825 to 1870 on the green between the Court House and the church. As there were few public clocks in the early days, the accuracy which Dr. Penney gave to this famous Sun-Dial's setting meant much to the community. Dr. Penney has been also described as 'quite a genius in mechanics,' who might have won distinction as an inventor."

Mr. Kenneth Y. Alling, and his sister, Miss Millicent B. Alling, concur, on the authority of their parents, in giving Doctor Penney credit for designing and building the Sun-Dial.

accuracy.* He is best known to us by his superior wall-map of this city published in 1839, which has become his most enduring monument to fame. It is surprisingly accurate, and has been the basis of all surveys and maps since made. He it was who made the original survey and plan of our beautiful Mt. Hope.

Mrs. Eliza B. Strong informs us that the Dial was in position in 1834 when she came to Rochester, so that it must have been erected between the years 1824 and 1834. Charles Mulford Robinson says it was erected in 1825.

All our informants are agreed in describing the upper portion of the Dial as consisting of a plain wooden cross in the Latin form. The upright part, which was about six feet long, inclined to the north at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and was securely held in position by two iron bolts, which were strongly anchored in a stone pedestal. The arms of the cross consisted of a similar piece of wood, about four feet in length, fastened at right angles to the upright part. It was not painted, but of gray weather-worn color. On the arms and post of the cross were cut notches and Roman numerals, indicating the hours of the day as the shadow on the Dial slowly moved across them. The upright and the cross pieces were from two to three inches thick and about twelve inches wide, each thus having the shape of a heavy floor joist. These pieces were so arranged and fastened into a Latin cross, that some one part of it would cast a shadow upon some other part at every hour of the day.

A number of people have informed us that they saw this old wooden cross among the debris around the City Hall, during its building. We have been unable to obtain any trace of it since, and it is altogether probable that it has been cut up for firewood.

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*Editor's Note: In setting this Dial, Mr. Cornell labored for a long time to get it absolutely correct, by taking observations on the North Star; and he placed two metal plates on buildings nearby marking due North and West; these plates were used by himself and others to tell the exact variations of the compass at different times in this locality. One of these plates still exists (1925) at the left of the South entrance door of Saint Luke's Church.

George H. Humphrey and Kenneth Y. Alling say that the base or pedestal of the Dial originally consisted of an old millstone about two and a half feet in diameter, and that it was set with the burred or grooved side up, and stood nine or ten inches above the ground. Others inform us that the base at the time of removal consisted of a limestone block about one and a half feet square at the end, and five feet long. This was planted deeply and firmly in the ground. After the completion of the City Hall, this stone was removed to its south-east corner and became a snubbing-post for canal boats. A heavily loaded boat pulled it into the canal one night about the year 1882; it was removed by the canal authorities as an obstruction to navigation, and deposited at the weigh-lock in a place used for accumulating stone and waste material. William Barnard, who for many years has been captain of one of the state scows on the canal, informs us that he had charge of the ice-breaker on which the stone was removed from the bottom of the canal to the stone yard at the weigh-lock. He saw it there often until four or five years ago. John Gonsaul, who has been superintendent of this division of the canal for many years, informs us that he also has seen the stone at the weigh-lock many times. In 1887, all the waste and odd stones which had been accumulating in the stone yard of the weigh-lock for the three or four years preceding, were taken to Fairport to make back-filling in constructing the abutments of the Parker Street canal bridge in that village. Mr. Gonsaul thinks that the base of the Sun-Dial was probably broken up and used at Fairport. The stone-yard of Whitmore, Rauber & Vicinus adjoins that of the weigh-lock, and it is possible that the dial-base may have been used by that firm, as they have done much stone-work for the state in years past.

This curious old clock-of-nature bore no legend or precept whatever; yet it was ever saying to its daily visitors:

> "The Passing Shadows Which the Sunbeams Throw
> Athwart this Cross, Time's Hastening Foot-Steps Show;
> Warned By Their Teaching, Work Ere Day Be O'er,
> Soon Comes the Night When Man Can Work No More."

The rival of this time-post in the church yard was the time-bell in the church tower. Their harmonious teachings, though one so loud and the other so low, have been beautifully expressed by an old English poet:

> "Time from the Church Tower Cries to You and Me
> Upon this Moment Hangs Eternity:
> The Dial's Index and the Belfry's Chime
> To Eye and Ear Confirm this Truth of Time."

Apropos to the subject of Sun-Dials, we consider it within our province to call attention to *The Story of My House,* recently published by Mr. George H. Ellwanger, of this city, and especially to that delightful chapter in which the author mentions Mrs. Gatty's "Book of Sun-Dials," and falls into this charming meditation on their character:

"Often as you contemplate the time-posts and their intaglios, do they absorb the attention afresh, casting new shades of meaning from the sentient styles. They transport you into gardens where old-fashioned flowers and historic yew-trees grow, they conduct you through the old church-yards among neglected graves, they deliver their homilies from weather-beaten walls, and their pathos appeals from many an ancient sanctuary and moss-grown lintel. How noiselessly, how serenely they mark the flight of time! It is Time itself inaudibly counting the hours; the day suavely balancing its silent periods. They mirror primitive time, removed from the present turmoil, when the sun was the pendulum and the shadow the index-hand. Associated with nature by ties the most endearing, by the golden sunshine, the murmuring breeze, and the songs of birds, the dial becomes, as it were, a reflective facet of external Nature in her gracious moods, its very shadow representing sunlight, the sunlight absent where the shadow is not. The sun-dial has molded itself to grace, and with rare exceptions its mottoes are happily chosen, attesting hours of meditation in forming an epigram or shaping a poetic fancy to blend with the shifting shadow."

It is certainly to be regretted that upon our public buildings and churches, and in the ample grounds of our homesteads, these always curious and interesting dials are not as often seen as in the parks and palaces of Europe.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A century ago sun-dials had a place in all English and American gardens. Also, in public squares, on the walls of public buildings, on bridges, and by the wayside, such dials were found. Public

sun-dials are now rare in America, which fact increases interest in the old First Church Dial. Though lost, its memory carries a message like that expressed in Dr. Henry Van Dyke's exquisite verses graven on the sun-dial in the rose garden at Yaddo, Saratoga:

"Hours fly,
Flowers die,
New Days,
New Ways,
Pass by;
Love stays."

"Time is
Too Slow for those who Wait,
Too Swift for those who Fear,
Too Long for those who Grieve,
Too Short for those who Rejoice;
But for those who Love,
Time is
Eternity."

Memories of Village Days

Rochester, 1822 to 1830

By Jesse W. Hatch

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, December 8th, 1893.

I HAVE been invited to put on record some of my early recollections of the Village of Rochester. There has been such a transformation of this place, it would be as easy to recognize Babylon or Nineveh under its heap of rubbish, or ancient Carthage, amid its ruins and broken columns, as to recognize this city compared with the Rochester of 1823. From the junction of East Avenue with East Main Street to the canal; from Exchange Street bridge to the New York Central Railroad crossing, not a building remains, and most of the sites have been built upon two or three times. The river still runs its course; its banks have been denuded of their forests, and in their place, flouring and other mills have been erected, on either bank. The old Brown Custom grist mill had to make way for Platt Street bridge.

Then, again, the customs and habits of the people have changed. Almost every family then had its own garden. They carried their daily purchases to their homes. It was of frequent occurrence to see the professional gentleman thus employed with a basket on one arm and a brace of chickens in hand.

Then, again, many of the industries of this place have become extinct; notably that of the tanner, the wood-ash gatherer, the wood-sawyer, the boat-builder, the comb-maker and many others, all of which were a necessity of those times. We miss the odor of the pig-sty, which was an appendage of many houses of a certain class. The streets, squares and commons were extensively used as cow-pastures. An amusing incident occurred on North Clinton Street. A citizen, an albino, who was nearsighted, encount-

ered a cow on the sidewalk, and, supposing he had met a lady, said, "I beg your pardon, madam."

In preparing this paper I have designed to avoid a repetition of matter contained in the several histories of Rochester, and to relate scenes and incidents of the unwritten history of the place, which have escaped the notice of the historian, but all of which help to complete the history of a city of marvelous growth from a small village, surrounded by a forest, without paved streets or other improvements, to a city of 150,000 inhabitants.

I first heard of Rochester through a relative of my father's living near here, who visited him in the early fall of 1820 at Groton, Tompkins County. I remember of his relating the story of the collapse of a wonderful bridge, erected over the Genesee River at Carthage, near this place, in the year 1819, and the narrow escape of a man with a team of horses that had just crossed the bridge when the crash came.

I came with my father into this country in the month of April, 1822, through Avon, crossing the Genesee River over a toll bridge at that place and coming through Caledonia, Wheatland, Scottsville and Chili to Ogden Centre. At that time a large portion of the present Monroe County, west of the Genesee River, was a dense forest, consisting of heavy timber, with here and there an opening, where might be seen on either side of the road a log cabin, the home of the pioneer, who did so much for the growth, prosperity and fame of this city by furnishing the miller with the unequalled white wheat from which the Genesee flour, of world-wide reputation, was made.

In the summer of 1823, I heard my father read from a Rochester paper an ordinance by the Village Trustees for sidewalks, to be four feet wide, on both sides of Buffalo, Carroll, Exchange, Hughes and Sophia Streets. In the same paper was a doggerel rhyme relating to the industries and the productions of a cotton factory on Brown's Race, and the completion of the Erie Canal to the village, and other improvements going on. At the end of each verse was a

refrain, "In the City of Meed," by which appellation this beautiful city was then known.

In the fall of 1823, I came with my father to the Village of Rochester from Ogden Center (no direct road to this place was then open), via Parma Corners and the Ridge Road to its terminus three miles north of the village. There were two hotels, several frame dwellings and a store at this place. From that point to the village there were very few dwellings. On the right hand side of the road, in the rear of the Vanderbeck grove, was the log cabin of John Merchant, the first jailer of Monroe County. On the east side of the road at Lakeview were two small dwellings. An opening in the forest disclosed the upper Genesee Falls in the distance. At the corner of Driving Park Avenue were two dwellings and the residence of the late Doctor David McCracken, in the grove, still standing. A large part of the frame of the bridge referred to, stood on the east bank of the gorge and remained some twenty years thereafter. Deep Hollow was crossed by a rickety wooden bridge. There were no dwellings or clearings on either side of the road to Henry Draper's place, which was the farm on which the State Industrial School is now located. The house stood on the ground now occupied by Phelps Avenue and was one and a half stories in height. I was told it had been kept as a tavern, the first out of the village on the north. On the east, across the road from Draper's, there was a brick-yard with its unpleasant surroundings, which is now covered with stately dwellings and grounds ornamented with flowers. From there, on to William McCracken's tavern at the corner of Brown Street, there were very few dwellings. The land on either side of the road, where cleared and cultivated, was protected by a rail fence. On the west side of the road from Draper's up to Ambrose Street, there was no fence. The land was covered with a fine growth of oak and chestnut timber. From McCracken's to the Eagle Tavern, there were not many buildings. The Catholic Church at the corner of Platt and Frank Streets was then erected and a forest was in the background; there were very few houses in the vicinity.

The business part of the village was bounded on the north by the Mansion House; east, by the river; south, by the canal; and west, by Fitzhugh Street. The Eagle Hotel, kept by Russell Ensworth on the corner, now Powers Block, was a three-story structure, extending west to Pindell Alley. There was a water-trough in front. The yard on the north was entered by a gate, on the ground now occupied as a jewelry store next to Powers Bank.

When the canal and first aqueduct was finished to the village, the basin on the east side of Exchange Street was a busy place. At the west end of the aqueduct was a bridge over the canal on the island now occupied by Kimball's tobacco factory. Crossing the aqueduct and following the canal to the junction of it with the feeder, we came to the only stone storehouse then built. Returning through South St. Paul Street, we came by a forest, on the right called Wadsworth Woods, which extended to near Jackson Street. There were a few dwellings near the corner of St. Paul and Main Streets. From St. Paul Street to the river, there was quite a steep hill. At the west end of the bridge was the blacksmith shop of Colonel William Cobb, on the ground now occupied by the Commercial Bank. The ground in front of Race Street, from Graves to Aqueduct Street, was vacant. From Aqueduct to the corner of Exchange Street, the buildings were mostly one and one-half story structures, and on the corner was a brick building, long occupied by Alcott, Watts & Langworthy.

In the year 1824 the canal was finished to Brockport and Lyell Road was opened to about four miles west of the village. From there to Ogden Center, most of the way, the pedestrian was guided by blazed trees through the trackless woods. Soon after the opening of the canal, the writer came on a boat with the late Corlas Cobb to the village. On arriving here and crossing the aqueduct, the captain of the boat accompanied us up the high bank at Court Street, through Washington Square to the State Road to Pittsford, then just opened, and pointing through the woods, directed us to call at the first house, Colonel Cobb's residence, now the corner of Monroe Avenue and Alexander Street.

The road was through a swamp and made of logs most of the way. On arriving we were welcomed and hospitably entertained. Next morning the writer called on a German watchmaker, opposite, who lived in a log cabin, where the timber had just been cut, the stumps and brush still remaining on the ground. On returning through the village, I saw on the vacant lot west of Colonel Cobb's blacksmith shop, the first Rochester meat-market on wheels. Our venerable townsman, Samuel Moulson, tells the writer his father had this novel market. Mr. Moulson says he had thills attached to the market and daily drew it out in front of the Eagle Hotel where he could serve his customers from the packet boats and elsewhere, to better advantage.

1825 was made a memorable year for Western New York and Rochester, by the visit of Lafayette and the completion of the Erie Canal. At the time of the entry of the water of Lake Erie into the canal at Buffalo, it was announced in New York by the booming of cannon placed at a suitable distance, one of which was located here. It took an hour or more to convey the news by this means to New York, where De Witt Clinton, upon its arrival, poured water of Lake Erie into the waters of New York Bay.

I stood on the canal bridge at Spencerport and saw General Lafayette with the venerable Nathaniel Rochester and son on the bow of the boat that conveyed Lafayette to Rochester. Mr. Atchison, who has recently died at his home in Spencerport at the age of 103 years, was also there with the writer.

In June, 1825, I came to the village with a grist to be ground at Brown's custom mill at the foot of Platt Street. The brick building, corner of State and Brown Streets, opposite William McCracken's tavern, was then in process of erection and is still standing, and was for a long time occupied as a tin and powder store by the late Ezra M. Parsons. While waiting for the grist I took an observation of the falls and river. The island at the brink of the falls where Sam Patch took his last leap, now occupied by large brick buildings, was covered with a stunted growth of trees, the branches mostly denuded by a freezing spray in

winter. The western or smaller branch of the river, some forty or fifty feet wide, a crescent shape, was the most beautiful sheet of water. The bed of this stream is now occupied by the Vickery Cotton Factory. The construction of Brown's Race, extending along the high bank of the river, nearly to Brown's Mill, had made a second island, which was studded with a growth of maples of medium size; the ground covered with a grassy lawn made it a desirable spot from which to view the scenery. The river bank above the falls from the race to the haymarket spread out to near Mill Street.

In passing through the village in April, 1826, I called at the Mansion House kept by John Christopher. It stood on the corner of what is now Market Street, which was not opened until 1836. Very little business was done north of it. The hotel was three stories high with columns in front. It was a stage house and a favorite place of resort for balls and dinners. It was used in the thirties by Dean and McKinney as a theatre, where the late Mrs. Noah (then Mrs. Dean) was so favorably received by the theatre-going people of the city. It was burned some time in the early forties.

Returning later, I found the Arcade building in process of erection. The post-office had been removed to the corner of North Fitzhugh Street. I was particularly interested in an apparatus for delivering letters, it being a circular case resting on a pivot, with pigeon holes for letters and papers alphabetically arranged and easily rotated to find the letter or paper wanted by the applicant.

In crossing the river bridge on the north side, I heard Colonel Harman Bissell giving directions for the building of the piers upon which the second market at the corner of Front Street and other wooden buildings were erected, which were occupied as stores, thus connecting the business of both sides of the river. The early occupants of the market and stores were energetic business-men and did much for the growth and prosperity of the village. About this time the Globe building was erected by Jared N. Stebbins and William T. Cuyler. It was a massive stone structure,

four stories high, surmounted by an observatory, then the tallest building in Rochester, extending from the corner of Water Street to the river on Main Street and included the Gerling Mills on North Water Street. The front was occupied as stores below and offices above, the late Harvey Humphrey occupying the corner office. The rear was occupied by a machine and other mechanic shops, in one of which was a shoe-peg machine, invented by an ingenious shoemaker by the name of Reuben H. Thompson, who worked for the late Abner Wakelee. This machine was so constructed that upon putting into it a log of maple-wood and rotating the same, it came in contact with cutters, so arranged and actuated as to produce shoe pegs perfectly made and which were delivered through a spout into a proper receptacle. The machine attracted a good deal of attention by reason of the ingenuity displayed in its construction. It proved, however, to be impracticable for the reason that it cut the pegs across the grain of the wood.

At this time there were no paved streets; the crosswalks were made of slabs, liable to be removed by heavily loaded trucks, conveying logs through the street. During a rainy season in the fall and spring, vehicles of all kinds might be seen in front of the Arcade floating up to their hubs in a sea of mud. Across from the Arcade was an auction store where daily might be seen, pacing up and down the front, a burly negro called "Whistling Tom," dressed in the uniform of a British soldier, inviting country people into bargains in "dat ar store," interspersing his calls with whistling "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." The auctioneer was subsequently mayor of this city.

The tannery of Works & Graves was then located at the corner of Exchange Place and Front Street. There was a large pile of waste tan-bark at the corner of the street which so remained into the thirties, where the boys of the period did their ground and lofty tumbling. The lot on the north side of Exchange Place, from Mill to Front Streets, was vacant with the exception of the blacksmith shop of the late William Simpson. As late as 1834 Dan Rice had a circus exhibition there. There was a row of buildings erected over the canal at Exchange Street bridge, where

refreshments were served to boatmen, emigrants and others. After brief service, they collapsed and fell into the canal.

As we approached the village from the west, via the canal, for miles on either side there was a heavy growth of timber. On the east side of Lyell Avenue bridge, there was a cooper shop of Ephraim Moore, in an opening in the forest. On the west side of Lyell Street bridge, a log cabin was the only house in the vicinity. All west of the canal to Jay Street was heavily timbered. From Jay Street to Buffalo Street were several boat yards, where might be seen a fleet of canal-boats in process of building, from the keel set up to the finished boat, ready to be launched. On the south side of the canal at the junction of Buffalo and High Streets, now West and Caledonia Avenues, was a dry dock for the repair of boats. This period was a bustling and busy one. On approaching the village, via the Buffalo Road, in the winter, frequently a string of teams of an indefinite length, loaded with firewood, would be overtaken by the traveler, who would fall into line waiting for a place to pass. The streets of the village, during pleasant days, at all seasons of the year, were filled with teams from the surrounding country, tied to posts in front of the stores. What a picture, if one could have gotten a snap-shot! There were teams with lumber from Alleghany County; with tan-bark from eastern towns; wagons from the immediate vicinity; the "prairie schooner" of the pioneer, bound for the West; with an occasional team runaway, frightened by the fife and drum of the military company on parade.

On the Fourth of July, 1828, the writer joined the citizens of Rochester in celebrating the day, coming early from Pittsford where he then resided. Being an entire stranger, I devoted the time to making observations of the improvements going on. Buildings on both sides of Main Street from the river toward Clinton Street had been erected and a stone building on the corner, later occupied by Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., containing some four or five stores. The corner was occupied by Wilson Lambert as a dry-goods store. On the opposite corner, on the site now occupied by the Granite Building, was a brick hotel; east

and adjoining, was the celebrated Blossom Hotel, the west part being occupied by the late Elihu Groves as a shoe store. On the east, further along, were several two-story dwellings. The occupants were among the most enterprising of the east-siders, among them being William Atkinson, Frederick Starr, Asa K. Allen and Richard Van Klick, who kept a hat and fur store in the Globe Building; he died of cholera in 1834. On the south side of Main Street from St. Paul Street to Minerva Alley, the buildings were of wood and one and a half stories high. The foundation of St. Paul's Church was laid at this time. The frame dwelling built by Truman Stone on South St. Paul Street stood back from the street and was kept by him as a tavern. It had a front later, three stories high, and was kept by Samuel Brown as a hotel in the year 1834. This is now Nos. 26 and 28. Daniel's Block was on the south and extended to Ely Street. The Methodist Church was on the lot south of Cook's Opera House, not on it, as recorded in Peck's History of Rochester. North of the Mansion House on Carroll Street was the Monroe Garden kept by the late George Gates, who subsequently conducted the City Hotel on Buffalo Street at the terminus of the Rochester and Tonawanda R. R., now known as the old University Building, which was built about 1827 or 1828. The Garden was on the lot, later occupied as a drygoods store by J. Fahy & Co., and included a part of Market Street. It was nicely fitted up with booths and gravel walks, and ornamented with shrubs and flowers. During this year, 1828, John Sears opened a hairdressing establishment at No. 47 Carroll Street. In his show-windows were a man and woman, wax figures, which, being the only one in the village, attracted particularly the attention of the young people. He advertised bear's oil extensively. A tradition in the family, as related by his grandson, is that he kept two bears in his back yard, annually slaughtering one, which with a plentiful mixture of lard, enabled him to supply his numerous customers with the principal pomade then used. It was fashionable for ladies to part their hair in the middle of their forehead, and a plentiful use of Sears' bear oil kept their "beau catchers" in place. The dude of the period wore a white bell-crowned beaver hat, the nap

beaten with a rattan and roses blown into the fur; his neck was surrounded by a stock, the frame of which was made of bristles, to keep the head erect; his coat was of blue broadcloth, cut swallow-tail and trimmed with brass buttons; his vest, buff marseilles; his trousers, mouse color; stockings, white; and shoes, low cut, with square toes.

It is well known that the early settlers of the village were mostly from New England; that they brought with them and retained their religious convictions and that they had the courage to express them. They believed in the sacredness of the Lord's Day. The completion of the Erie Canal had brought in a large element that did not respect these convictions, and it was the universal practice for canal boats and stages to arrive and depart from the village on the Sabbath.

There was a desire for a more rapid transit between this place and Albany. To further this object, a plan was conceived and executed by sympathizers with the New England element mentioned, to build and equip a line of first-class coaches, to be called the "Pioneer Line," to run between Albany and Rochester, six days only, each week. The people generally took a lively interest in this enterprise and the success of the undertaking was a matter of frequent talk. The reduction of the fare and the fresh appearance of the whole equipment was a sufficient inducement to claim a large patronage. The coaches were loaded inside and out, and the old line run by Sherwood and Sprague of Auburn, which carried the mail, had little patronage and made no attempt to keep up with the "Pioneer," but would follow with one or two passengers later. An incident related to the writer by the late Edmund Lyon shows the shrewdness of one of the parties of the old line. The late Asa Sprague became alarmed at the loss of patronage and said to Sherwood, "Dum it, Sherwood," (this was his swear word) "we are losing all our passengers, something must be done." The reply was, "Sprague, load light and go behind." By reason of overloading and overdriving, the horses of the "Pioneer Line" began to

break down; it soon collapsed and proved an unprofitable investment.

The excavation of the hill at Main and St. Paul Streets was an important event and did very much to give the east side a boom. About 1830, East Main Street was cut down about four or five feet, the grade extending nearly to Clinton Street. The low buildings on the south side of Main Street were elevated and stores put in as far east as Minerva Alley. This was known as the House Block, in which was located the bakery of Thomas Passage, and not in the block below, as recently published. (See the first city directory of 1834). During the panic of 1837, there were large numbers of men out of employment. To supply them with work, recourse was had to the City Fathers, and an ordinance was passed again to cut down the grade of Main Street at St. Paul Street. An ordinance also provided for an issue of city currency, including fractional, to pay for the work. While this relieved labor, it nearly ruined the taxpayers.

On the early morning of January 25th, 1834, a fire started in the market at the west end of Main Street bridge. It rapidly consumed the market and all the wooden structures on the bridge. There was an opening between them and the Globe building, but the Globe had outside stairs by which the fire communicated to it in the rear and the building was destroyed. The writer occupied the corner store, which was the last to burn. Immediately after the destruction of the market, there were temporary structures erected on the vacant lot in front of Race Street, for a market, which was occupied until 1837, the market on Front Street being erected during the year previous. Wooden buildings were erected on the bridge in the summer of 1834, except on the market lot which remained vacant for some time, the present structure being erected by the late Aaron Erickson. The Globe was rebuilt the same year. Adjoining the Globe on the north, on the bank of the river, was the morocco factory of John Demming, later owned and rebuilt to the line of the street by Aaron Erickson. Next adjoining, was the morocco factory of

Edward Roggen; next, the large wooden tannery of Williams & Merrell, in front of which was usually a huge pile of hemlock bark; still further, the large stone tannery of Jacob and Daniel Graves, and further on, the machine-shop of Joseph Hall, who became famous as the manufacturer of threshing machines. The piers of the bridge erected by the Mumfords at River Street were there at this time.

Somewhere in the twenties, Horatio N. Curtis erected a stone building on the south side of Main Street from the corner of Water Street to the river, three stories high. The front was occupied by stores, the upper part used as mechanic and machine shops. Curtis had a woolen factory on the corner in the second story. There was never a hotel in the building, as has been recently published. Main Street, on the south side, being some ten or twelve feet narrower than Buffalo Street, the end of the Curtis Building projected into the street and made an unsightly appearance with its end platform and stairs. It was twice burned; first in the forties, at which time two young men lost their lives, one, the brother of Colonel W. H. Benjamin. The second fire occurred in 1855 or 1856. At the time of the erection of the stone-arch bridge, in 1856, an arrangement was made with property owners on the south side of Main Street to run a straight line from the west corner of Graves Street to the south-west corner of S. St. Paul Street, thus obliterating the unsightly end of the Curtis Building. In descending the hill from the corner of N. St. Paul Street, a deflection to the left hand of the street car track to the centre of West Main Street may be seen.

In conclusion: I have, with few exceptions, brought down my recollections to about 1830. There are many other subjects of equal interest which might be referred to here, such as the early military history of Rochester and vicinity, and the many industries which have been developed, particularly the manufacture of shoes and the sewing-machine for shoe work, in which trade I became interested and with which I have been connected for sixty-five years, from the time of the itinerant shoemaker with bench and kit, tramp-

ing from house to house, among the early settlers, annually covering the feet of the whole family, to that of the palatial shoe factory, the sanitary condition of which is very much better than that of the homes of many of the workmen.

And, here I pause, to do honor to the sturdy pioneers, who made untold sacrifices and who did so much to lay the foundations, both morally and commercially, of the beautiful city in which we dwell. I would stand with uncovered and bowed head before the long procession of familiar faces which memory recalls, as they one by one pass by me, and utter a prayer that those who come after them for all coming time, may imitate their example and emulate their virtues.

Buffalo Street (now Main Street West), Rochester, N. Y., as it appeared in 1840. The view is taken from a point near the corner of Washington Street, and shows the central part of the city at the four corners. The square of the first Court House, with small office buildings in front, is seen on the right; part of the First Methodist Church, the National Hotel, and the Eagle Hotel, appear on the left. This sketch was drawn for the "Historical Collections of the State of New York," 1841

Rochester in the Forties

By Porter Farley, M. D.

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, February 12, 1892.

MY earliest recollections of Rochester embrace the decade between 1840 and 1850, a period just midway between the date of its first settlement and the present time. It was even then a place which had experienced phenomenal growth and business prosperity, which had been incorporated for many years, since 1834, as a city, and which then and long before had enjoyed the worthy distinction of being the largest flour-producing market of the country. It possessed an active and intelligent business population. Among its leading citizens at that time, as indeed ever since the date of its settlement, it had many men of remarkable intellectual strength and moral worth, and the conditions of municipal life were then happily such that this class of its citizens participated in its councils and in official stations controlled its affairs.

Rochester in 1845 was a city of between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. But it was utterly without many of the features now possessed by every flourishing American city of that size. The great advance in all the mechanical arts and particularly those which relate to the modes of travel, to the lighting of streets and to the construction of buildings for manufacturing and commercial purposes, has worked a revolution in urban conditions, which aside from the fact of immense numerical increase of population, makes the Rochester of today a very different place from the Rochester of forty years ago.

Electricity as a street illuminant had not then been thought of. Gas-works had not then been established in the city. Petroleum had not then been utilized, and the familiar kerosene lamp was an invention of the next decade. On nights when the friendly moon was absent or obscured, the darkness of the streets of Rochester was relieved—one

might say was emphasized—by flickering whale oil lamps, which were set on wooden posts upon the street corners.

Travelers from the east came to Rochester in those days by the Rochester & Auburn Railroad, and upon reaching the city, alighted from the train in a dingy wooden station house which occupied the site adjoining the present Brackett House. There was no railroad which passed through Rochester in those days. There was, however, the Tonawanda Railroad, which had its eastern terminus here in a station-house still standing on the berm bank of the Erie Canal on Ford Street, opposite the present Co-operative Foundry. At a time which antedates my memory, the trains on this road used to run still further into the city, as far as a point in West Main (then Buffalo Street) opposite the old United States Hotel, that large brick building still standing which was the cradle and for so many years the domicil of the University of Rochester.

Of street cars there were none. Such few streets as were paved at all, were made exceedingly uncomfortable for riding, by the cobble-stone system, which has not absolutely become a thing of the past in this city. For a short distance on South St. Paul Street, from St. Paul's Church to Andrews Street, the roadway was paved with wooden blocks and its surface, as I first recollect it, was delightfully smooth and pleasant to ride upon; but I also remember that it was but a few years before this condition passed by rapid stages of decay into the superlative degree of humpiness, practically impassable for a passenger vehicle, except at a slow walk. The extensions of North St. Paul Street, Buffalo Street and the Pittsford Road, now East Avenue, were macadamized for some short distances, but they were all far from being good roadways. Most of the side streets of the city were dirt roads. Mud and dust alternately prevailed in them for a good part of the year.

As before noted, there was then no continuous line of railroad running through Rochester; but there were railroads terminating in different stations, which entered it from both the east and the west. The palmy days of stage-coaching and canal-boating, as modes of travel in this

region were already past; and yet I can remember that for quite a number of years when I was a boy, the packet-boat was a daily spectacle which never lost its charm to youthful eyes. A large passenger business still in those years proved profitable for the sharp, narrow packet-boats which ran up the Valley Canal and east and west upon the Erie. As it swept through the town it was a sight which compelled attention. A crowd of passengers, in good weather, sat upon its open deck; its hull was white with green window blinds; its helmsman was furnished with a bugle, which he was wont to blow upon in strains pleasant to hear and in sweet contrast with the hoarse shriek of the locomotive, which now resounds through the land. The sharp prow of the boat was armed at its upper extremity with a still sharper knife blade, with a hooked point turned forward, designed to catch and cut the tow line of another boat, which might otherwise sweep the deck. It was drawn at a good round trot or canter by three horses, harnessed tandem and always more or less decorated with a profusion of ivory martingale rings and parti-colored tassels. The driver rode the rear horse, and his saddle was generally covered with a white wool sheep skin. Only a morbid soul could fail to find interest enough in such a moving spectacle to cause him to pause in his walk across the bridge to see the packet as it swept beneath him.

And this reminded one of the bridges which, in those days, spanned the canal within the city limits. We now have a variety of these structures, all of iron, and of diverse designs. But in those days an invariable type prevailed. They were all of wood and were really lattice-trusses, but in shape were arches of long radius. All were sheathed with matched boards and were painted white. All of them had two trusses on each side and between each pair of trusses, thus placed, ran the passage way for pedestrians. The larger bridges, as for instance those on Buffalo and Exchange Streets, had a fifth truss in the middle, which divided the carriage roadway into two parts, neither of them wide enough to admit the passage of two vehicles

abreast; so the rule was to take the right hand side of the bridge in driving.

Of the bridges which spanned the river in 1846, not a single one remains. Their sites, however, are all occupied by more modern structures. At Clarissa street was a wooden bridge on stone piers, with two carriage ways and two foot walks. The whole structure of the trusses was covered with matched boards, painted white. The division between the two roadways was so high that when riding in an ordinary vehicle one could not see the horses or passengers in a similar vehicle on the other roadway of the bridge. At Court Street was another wooden bridge on stone piers, which, however, were not near as high as the present ones, for the reason that the continual quarrying of stone has lowered the bed of the river at that place and has greatly changed the appearance of the stream. In 1846, a very considerable waterfall, some six or eight feet in height, extended across the river at a line, say, one hundred and fifty feet south of the Aqueduct. The superstructure of Court Street bridge was cheap and rough. My recollection is that it was simply a plank roadway and sidewalks built on stringers, which were strengthened by braces running from the piers and abutments. The guards upon the bridge were practically open board fences.

The old Aqueduct, which antedated the present structure, crossed the river at a somewhat different angle from this one. Its western abutment stood partly on the site of the present one, though extending a little north of it. The remnants of a portion of the western arch can still be seen by anyone who chooses to look for it. It will be found serving as the foundation for the small brick building which stands north of and at the west end of the aqueduct. The eastern abutment of the old aqueduct stood at a distance of about a hundred feet from the present one. I can remember when several of its eastern arches were still standing in a ruinous condition. The material of which they were built was the red stone from quarries along the lower river bank. Some thirty years ago these stones were used in the construction of a private dwelling on East Avenue, now owned by John A. C. Wright.

Main Street bridge in 1846 was an irregular and somewhat picturesque structure. Its northern side throughout its entire length was occupied by a row of one-story wooden structures, which even then looked venerable and were occupied mostly by dealers in ready-made clothing. The plank sidewalk in front of these stores was some two feet lower than the planking which formed the carriage roadway; and I can well remember that, owing to the careless and informal way in which the planking was laid, one could see through many openings, the water flowing beneath, as he crossed the bridge. The upper side of the bridge was not built upon in those days, nor for many years later, even after the present stone-arch bridge had supplanted the one I first remember. No buildings stood there on the 17th of March, 1865, the day of the great flood, on which occasion I saw the trunks of great trees carried by the high water clean over the western end of Main Street bridge, down Front Street and out again into the river through a then open lot, now built upon, a little below Exchange Place.

Andrews Street bridge in those days was a wooden structure with its trusses boarded over and painted white. It stood several feet lower than the present bridge—some six or seven feet lower, I should judge. The Andrews Street hill on the eastern side of the river was therefore much steeper, and was a place frequented in winter by the boys for coasting. No buildings stood at that time between Water Street and the river, between Andrews Street and the railroad bridge. The boys, in sliding down hill, used to finish their run upon the ice of the river. As the ice at that point seldom formed all the way across, this sport was often just dangerous enough to suit the more venturesome spirits. I have often seen the sleds run out so far that their course was finished only by swerving off to the right, so as to run along upon the edge of the ice so near the water that one would hold his breath till the boy got safely away. The New York Central Railroad bridge was a wooden truss, wide enough, I think, for three tracks. There were no regular sidewalks for foot passengers, but in those days of loose railroad discipline the approaches of the bridge were freely open to the public and multitudes, mostly of the

working classes, crossed it daily. That bridge was carried away by the flood on the evening of March 16th, 1865.

At that time I lived in Brighton, just beyond the city line, but I had been in town all day and with the crowd on Main Street bridge had watched the unusual rise of the threatening waters. Just before dark it became evident that a destructive flood was certain to come. The water which had found its way into the Genesee Valley Canal had so raised the level of the Erie Canal that a heavy stream began to pour over the walls of Child's Basin down through Aqueduct, Main, Graves and Front Streets. When, just at dark, I concluded to start for home, I was obliged to wade a stream in Front Street nearly knee deep. The thought at once occurred to me that the railroad bridge was so low that it never could stand the ordeal now prepared for it. Bent upon seeing for myself the state of affairs at that point, I ran down Water Street. When I reached the railroad tracks the night had become dark and windy. A man who had just that moment come upon the spot, stood there with me and in the darkness we spoke together, discussing the question whether the whole of the bridge was still standing or not. The eastern end was there before us, but the flood was running furiously over it and we both thought that the greater part of the bridge was already gone. While we stood there the crash came and the remnant of the structure was torn from its abutment and swept over the falls.

At the time we speak of, the territorial divisions of Rochester were described by names which latterly are but seldom heard, but which then were in common colloquial use. These names, though so familiar to our boyish ears, will perhaps be entirely new to some of you who have known Rochester only during the last decade. We mention among them, first "Cornhill," which was the name applied to the high land on which Plymouth Church stands and to that district just south of it, say up as far as Caledonia Park. This name, of course, was descriptive of a time when this section was farm land lying on the skirt of the village of Rochesterville. Forty years ago the southern part of Corn-

hill was the habitat of some of the most turbulent elements of our population. No. 7 Engine House, which stood on Plymouth Avenue (then Sophia Street), just north of S. F. Hess' dwelling, was the headquarters of the Cornhill boys, a rough and ready crowd, not without many worthy members, but numbering also many who were a disgrace to themselves and often a nuisance to the community.

On the western side of the river, the district north of the present New York Central Railroad tracks was always called "Frankfort." The derivation of the name was from Francis Brown, one of the proprietors. Further down State Street the settlement made just opposite the lower falls was called "McCrackenville," from the name of the family which occupied the old mansion frame house still standing in the locust grove at the head of Buell Avenue.

There was still one other westside locality which had its distinctive appellation. That was "Bull's Head," the name of the old stone tavern still standing on the corner of Buffalo Road (now West Avenue) and Genesee Street. As in London, the names of well-known houses of entertainment, such as the "Bell at Edmington," "The Elephant and the Castle," and many others, are used to designate the districts of the city in which they stand, so did the Bull's Head Tavern give a name to the district lying about it.

On the eastern side of the river there really was then no thickly peopled settlement above—that is south of—the Erie Canal.

The Fifth Ward was the Irish settlement and was then always called "Dublin." It was populous and untidy and was disfigured by two or three tenement houses, since happily destroyed by fire.

North of Gorham Street were farms and orchards. The only house of any pretension in that outlying district was the so-called Hart house, still standing, and now occupied by General Brinker. But further north in the neighborhood of the lower falls, were some very superior dwellings, among which—still standing, though all more or less remodeled—were the Frost, the Gay, the Strong and the Hooker mansions.

Then came the village of Carthage, which in its early years had rivalled, and by many of its business-men and landed proprietors had been expected to surpass, Rochester in material development. As I first recollect it, the place was decidedly more stirring and vital than it has ever been since. It is the one suburb of Rochester which, during forty years, has not grown. It has suffered from the effects of many disastrous fires. The business buildings which were thus destroyed had been used for industries which for some years had been declining and consequently none of them was ever rebuilt. And so with the dwellings which have been burnt, they never have been reconstructed. Failing business naturally reduced the demand for habitations. Although Carthage has always since my recollection been within the corporate limits of Rochester, it did not originate as a suburb. It was an independent settlement. In the vernacular of the place, and by the great majority of its inhabitants, it was called "Cathridge." They never appeared to be troubled by any apparent inconsistency between the orthography of the name and their peculiar way of pronouncing it. Its settlement antedated the construction of the Erie Canal and was determined by the fact that here was the head of navigation on the Genesee River and the landing place for the vessels which frequented the port of Genesee; and also by the further fact that here was abundant water-power furnished by the lower falls.

Carthage lies between the lower falls and the upper river landing. Its history was flourishing, prosperous and promising up to the time when the construction of the Erie Canal gave to Rochester a business boom which carried it speedily to the forefront of prosperity, among the then western cities. The advent of the railroad still further helped Rochester, but it at the same time actually injured the business of little "Cathridge." The volume of business at the Port of Genesee at once fell off and has only very slowly and through the course of many years partially revived. Even now the Port is not where it used to be, but is at Charlotte, some six miles below, near the mouth of the river.

In the year 1843, when I was but three years old, my father moved onto the so-called Holley Farm in the town of Irondequoit, on the corner of the Ridge Road and St. Paul Street. There I lived for ten years. It is just the other side of the village of Carthage, so that in going to and from the city, we always had to pass through it and consequently the locality is the one of all others most deeply impressed upon my boyish recollection. In those days there were visible—and in many places there can yet be seen—the remnants of a horse-railroad which before the time of my recollection used to connect the canal navigation of Rochester with the Port of Carthage. Its course in the central part of the city had been even then obliterated, but it is a matter of history that it had its upper terminus in South Water Street, convenient to the canal, ran down Water street till near Andrews Street, when, there being no buildings to obstruct its course, it turned and ran by an oblique course into St. Paul Street at a point a little below Andrews; thence it ran along St. Paul Street to about the present location of the New York Central Railroad, where it left the highway and from that point onward ran through the fields between St. Paul Street and the river bank, till it reached the point of land just above the old landing place, where were situated the extensive warehouses of Hooker & Company, two hotels, another large warehouse and cooper shop, all of which have since been either destroyed by fire or pulled down. These buildings were on the plateau above the river bank. Down under the bank, which is here some two hundred feet high, were other warehouses and a hotel standing on or just above the dock. That old horse-railroad was constructed with cuts and fillings yet remaining to be seen, and its strap rails were laid on stringers which rested on two parallel lines of large red sandstones, many of which remained in situation until within the last fifteen years. The building which was used as the uptown business and ticket office of this railroad, stood on or near the corner of Main and Water Streets. It is still in existence, having before my recollection been moved to the northwest corner of St. Paul Street and Court Street, where it has stood to this day in use as a flour and feed store. At the landing-

place, the upper and lower warehouses were connected by a double track inclined railway. While one car ran down on one track, the other car ran up on the other, the two cars being connected by a cable which took a double turn around a drum in the upper warehouse, which drum being propelled by horse-power, furnished the motive for the operation of the inclined road.

Adjoining the warehouse was the largest hotel in the place. It was built of wood and fronted south toward the village; but its covered platform in the rear overlooked one of the most charming prospects in all this region and was a most attractive place upon fine summer days. To watch from this lookout-place, the shipping at the wharves, the operations of the inclined road which was then still in use, and most of all to see the splendid lake steamers as they rounded the point and drew up to the dock, were sights of which as a boy I never tired, albeit I did not have the opportunity of going there whenever I pleased and was delighted to make the most of such opportunities as the occasional visits made there with my father permitted. In peach season we used to ship the products of our orchards largely by these lake boats, and it was one of my amusements to ride over to the warehouse and hotel on the peach wagon and see the operation of shipping our load down the hill, and at the same time enjoy the life and business atmosphere of what was then a really lively place. This hotel was called the Pavilion. "Pavilion. A. Green House" was the inscription to be read upon the oval sign which stood upon its post in front of the building. This house was then the boyhood home of one who afterward came to have a reputation which brought him to the notice of the crowned-heads of Europe, made him the recipient of their tokens of honor and by the good work he did in the novel and beneficent industry of which he was the founder and acknowledged head, laid the civilized world under a perpetual obligation which should always keep his memory green. As I read the sign "Pavilion. A. Green House," I used to think, without being able then to express my notion of the matter, that the words "A Green House" were merely qualifying or descriptive of the word "Pavilion,"

which stood before them, designed to make the understanding of the word possible to the wayfaring man, even though he might be a fool; but it is hardly necessary to say that such was not the case, and that "Pavilion" was the name of the hotel; that A. Green, the father of Seth Green, was the landlord; and the word "House" was added because, as can be seen, the sign would not have been well-balanced without it.

The ecclesiastical history of Carthage is unique. When I first remember this place, there stood in the center of the village a church building in the then-prevailing style, which was an imitation of a Grecian Temple, porch, pediment and columns all in wood; a wide expanse of common clay in front, much frequented by geese, and behind the building were the horse-sheds, which always constitute a part of the plant of a country church. If this church had ever possessed a settled pastor, I never learned the fact. Probably it once had one, but his memory and influence appeared to have vanished from the place. For years, as I recollect it, this church stood practically unused, and at last, probably about the year 1850 or 1851, there happened to it the novel experience which is the occasion of this reminiscence. The owners of the building, whoever they may have been, sold the building to the congregation of the Hollanders' Protestant Church in Rochester, and they moved the structure for more than two miles up into the city and established it on the corner of Atwater and Leopold Streets, where for many years they used it as their place of worship, and where it now stands, occupied today as a carriage shop and livery stable. I have often wondered if any other case can be cited where an old-fashioned wooden building has been moved two miles and more in order to get it into a prosperous and growing city.

Of the public buildings which were standing when I first remember Rochester, none remains at the present time excepting the two Episcopal churches of St. Luke and St. Paul; and both of these have been altered in some important particulars. St. Paul's Church was burned out about

the year 1848, so that nothing but its blackened walls were left standing. They were, however, in such a condition that they were allowed to stand when the edifice was restored, so that the only marked change in its external appearance is in the style of the tower, which differs much from the old one. A new superstructure was placed upon the tower of St. Luke's Church some time between 1860 and 1870. In other respects the exterior of that building remains substantially unchanged, and it may now be regarded as the most notable architectural monument of the past now standing in the city.* There is not a single church tower or steeple in the city which I have not seen built. The last landmark of this class to disappear was the tower and cupola of the Asbury Methodist Church, which stood on the corner of Main and Clinton Street, and which was lately pulled down to make room for the new East Side Savings Bank.

The first Court House, when I was a boy, stood on the site of the present one. It was built of grey stone, with red stone trimmings. It consisted of a high basement story in which the police force of the city had its headquarters, and above which were two other stories for the accommodation of the courts and public county offices, except the County Clerk's Office, which was in a little stone building, built on the model of a Grecian temple, which stood on the corner of Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets, on the spot afterward dedicated to the occupancy of the Cogswell Fountain. The symmetry of the Court House plaza was preserved by the presence of a sister edifice standing on the corner of Buffalo Street and Irving Place. It was occupied, when I first recollect it, as the law office of Selah Mathews, then one of the most eminent counsellors in the legal profession of Monroe County. Grass and willow trees grew both in front and rear of the Court House. A large wooden sun-

*Editor's Note: On May 11, 1924, St. Luke's Church celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the present edifice. Immediately thereafter, a fund of over $75,000 was raised for needed repairs, which were completed and celebrated, March 29, 1925.

dial in the form of a cross stood in the grass plot between the Court House and the old First Presbyterian Church which stood where the City Hall now stands.* There was no City Hall building in those days. The old Blue Eagle Jail stood then upon the river bank near the site of the present Erie Train House. There were, of course, many church edifices in those days, and so far as I know the societies which occupied them have all survived to this day, but with the exception of St. Luke's, St. Paul's, St. Patrick's, St. Joseph's, the First Baptist and the Second Presbyterian, none of them occupies the sites they then stood upon.

One of the most notable public buildings in those days and one the loss of which I much regret, was the Central Market House. It stood on Front Street at the foot of Market Street, where later was erected the City Building, occupied by the Poor and Fire Departments. The Market Building was a wooden, one-story and basement structure, built around three sides of a square and with its back doors and windows opening over the river. Its front was largely composed of glass windows which were provided with green lattice blinds. On the roof, over the middle of the central part of the building, was the carved wooden figure—a very good one, too—of a bull, life-size, who with fierce gaze looked down upon the crowds who frequented the precinct over which he stood as the presiding genius. That Central Market was an excellent institution. Its stalls were occupied by a dozen or fifteen butchers who by reason of the close proximity of competitors and the facility thus offered to the public for a comparison of the different stocks and the neatness which prevailed in the keeping of them, were compelled to maintain a standard of excellence in quality and variety which the citizens of Rochester have not enjoyed since the demolition of the old building and the abandonment of the Central Market system. I can remember when it was customary for many of the leading citizens to go early in the morning to this place with their market-baskets on their arms and there select and thence

*EDITOR'S NOTE: See, "First Church Sun-Dial," this book, pp. 229-234.

carry home the meat for the tables of their families. Delivery wagons are an institution of more recent origin. In those days the ex-mayors, judges, clergy and leading merchants did not feel it beneath the dignity of their stations to meet each other almost daily at the public market and after purchasing their dinners each one carried home his loaded basket on the crook of his own elbow.

The public school buildings in those days were modest edifices in comparison with the many spacious and substantial ones which we see here today. As I first recollect Rochester, there was then in successful operation a High School, which occupied a large, three-story stone building on Lancaster Street, on the site of the present Unitarian Church edifice. Henry O'Reilly, in his "Sketches of Rochester," gives an interesting account of the origin of this institution of learning.

A vast change has taken place during the last forty years in the business buildings of Rochester. The Smith Block on the corner of Main and Exchange Streets is the only large building now standing on a public street which presents in a general way the same appearance that it did forty years ago. Even that has been partly demolished and all its store fronts on the ground floor have been removed to make way for plate glass and iron. As I recollect Rochester in 1846, there was not a single store which possessed a plate glass front.

For many years the old National Hotel, on the site of the present Powers Hotel, was the most conspicuous specimen of the old-time structures in its primitive condition. A very considerable building it was for the time and the town in which it was built. Of the principal hotels which, forty years ago, offered their hospitalities to the wayfarer in Rochester, not a single one remains. There were in those days the Eagle Hotel, on the site of Powers Block; the Rochester House, a huge building on Exchange Street occupying the whole front from the Canal to Spring Street, with its barns extending on Spring Street as far as Pine Alley; the Blossom House, on East Main Street, upon the present site of Sibley, Lindsay & Curr's store; the Mansion

House, on the corner of State and Market Streets; Tone's Hotel on South St. Paul Street; the Clinton Hotel on Exchange Street, and the United States Hotel on Buffalo Street. The only buildings now standing and occupied as hotels, which were doing business here as such when I was a boy, are the Farmers Hotel, on the corner of East Main and Elm Streets, and the Union House, on West Avenue, near Canal Street. There were, of course, other inns and taverns, but the houses which I have just named were the principal ones and those which recur to my memory, without recourse to books of reference. The Eagle Hotel stood till about the close of the war, when it was bought and pulled down by Mr. Powers. The Blossom Hotel burned down in the midst of a dreadful wind and snow storm in the winter of 1853 or 1854. The Rochester House was burned down, with the loss of several lives, some years earlier, probably about 1850. The Mansion House building, somewhat altered and devoted to other business uses, is still standing. The United States Hotel, in 1850, and for about a dozen years later, was occupied by the University of Rochester, and is now a tenement house.

Before the introduction of water by the Hemlock and Holley systems, the City of Rochester suffered from many disastrous conflagrations. The paid fire-department had been organized some years before the water-works was built, but at the date of my earliest recollections, the volunteer fire-system was in its glory. It was about the time when the transition was taking place between the old goose neck fire engines and the more modern style, called the piano machines, which were the ones in use when steam fire-engines were introduced. A fire in those old days was an occasion of great excitement. The presumption then was not as it is now, that when the fire-department reached the spot, the conflagration would be quickly checked. In fact, the chances were decidedly the other way. There was then, of course, no telegraph fire alarm system. There was no heavy City Hall bell to indicate by the number of its strokes, the locality of a fire. An alarm was given by ringing of the church and school house bells, and the fire

department took its cue as to the direction in which it should run, either from seeing the smoke and light, or from the locality of the bell which first sounded. It was a frequent experience for the engine companies and hose carts to start off furiously in one direction and to find out later that they were going wrong. Meanwhile, the bells in every steeple and cupola in town were pealing forth their alarms and the streets were filling up by a crowd, such as only a circus procession or a political demonstration can call out in these days.

The flour mills of Rochester, many of which are still standing, were most of them built before my day and were certainly remarkable structures for a frontier town in a newly settled country. The Kempshall Mill at the western end of the aqueduct, on the site of the present Bee Hive Building, was, when erected, one of the largest mills in the world. That, and several of the other largest mills, have since been destroyed by fire. There were extensive milling buildings on the flats at the Middle Falls on the east side of the river, which also suffered this fate, which were rebuilt and which have a second time been swept away by the same destructive element. Although the flouring mills were such an important factor in the material development of Rochester, it is a remarkable fact that the men who built and operated them nearly all died poor. Most of them became utterly bankrupt. I can recall the names of but few who were exceptions to this remarkable course of misfortune. As I understand the matter, the explanation lies not in the actual difficulties attending the business when conducted in a conservative manner, but in the opportunity which it offers for indulging in speculation in grain. The temptation to fall into this line of business proved too much for most of the Rochester millers and their ruin was the consequence.

The social life of Rochester in those days was of course characterized by a simplicity and an austerity which the increase in the size of the place, the accumulation of wealth and changes in religious ideas have gradually modified, till

now the change is very great. The church was then, much more than now, a potency in social life. The great revivalist, Charles G. Finney,* had several times been here and by the terrors of the law which he preached with eloquence and power, had repeatedly shaken the Protestant religious community to its very foundations. The frivolities of life were held up by him as destructive sins. Tobacco, card-playing and dancing, were stumbling blocks in the way of salvation. The Christian must avoid them or he could make no progress on the heavenward journey. The torments amid the flames of a literal hell were described with lurid rhetoric which terrorized vast audiences. I can well remember some of these scenes and their effects upon others and upon myself. When a little boy, I have often gone home from one of these meetings with my throat swelled and dry, suffering all the tortures of a condemned murderer, afraid to go to bed and not able to sleep when I got there. I was never able to persuade myself that these horrible fears were the "conviction of sin," which we were told was the first stage of a true conversion. With me it was then the dreadful belief that what I heard was really true, and a deep-seated childish sense of the injustice of such a law as I had been born to live under.

The Finney revivals had made Rochester an intensely religious community. Church discipline in those days was a reality. As an example of the matters which it was customary for the ecclesiastical powers to deal with, it may be mentioned that the elders of the First Presbyterian church, after resolving in formal session that their duty in the premises was clear, called upon the wife of one of the most prominent business-men among its members and admonished her to desist from the frivolity of wearing tape trimming on her underclothing. Among the more prominent families of the place, there were few who permitted card-playing or dancing in their houses, even upon occasions of entertainment, when such amusements would now be regarded as innocent and in order. The few families who failed to submit to this strict ethical code

*Editor's Note: See, "The Magic of a Voice," this book, pp. 273-290.

were looked upon by the more austere citizens as decidedly off in moral color, and their church affiliations were with the more liberal Episcopalian denomination.

There was no theatre which was patronized by the respectable classes. Public entertainments and lectures were given in Tallman's Hall, which stood on Buffalo Street, on the site of Wilder's Arcade. About the year 1846 or 1847, Anson House built Minerva Hall on the corner of Main and St. Paul Streets. That was the principal place for public assemblages until the erection of Corinthian Hall, in Exchange Place, about the year 1848. The more central location of this last-named hall, its fine acoustic properties, and the great popularity of its genial proprietor, William A. Reynolds, made it soon the favorite gathering place of the Rochester public. Its walls have echoed to the voice of hundreds of the most notable of the world's orators and songsters. There, in the summer of 1851, Jenny Lind sang before an enthusiastic audience which filled every seat, nor did the crowd of hearers embrace only those within the building. The street below and the roofs of all the surrounding buildings were filled with a listening multitude, one of which I was, occupying a seat on the slanting back roof of Hatch & Churchill's shoe store, on the corner of State Street and Exchange Place. The roof had been prepared for the occasion by the erection of plank seats, one above the other, and they were all occupied, mostly by children like myself, whose parents could hardly afford for such youngsters the five dollar admission fee, which was the minimum cost of the tickets, many of which, however, had been sold at auction for fancy prices. Big Tom Grannis, the oyster dealer, bought first choice of seat for fifty dollars.

Those were the days of great political excitement, the very height of the anti-slavery agitation. Corinthian Hall was the scene of many a notable episode in the history of that great movement. Beecher, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes and many others spoke there repeatedly. There, in 1858, I heard Seward deliver the famous speech in which he set forth the doctrine of an irrepressible conflict between the forces of slavery and freedom.

The means of exit from the old Corinthian Hall were never what they should have been, but the auditorium was an admirable one, and it was with regret that its old frequenters saw it transformed to its present arrangement, and the city thus left practically without a corresponding place of assembly to supply its loss.

I had intended to speak of many other topics related to the middle age of Rochester. They crowd upon me in sufficient numbers, but having, perhaps, already written enough to tire in the reading some of those whose interest in the subject is not stimulated by early association and by familiarity with the matters herein described, I now forbear and leave the subject of fair Rochester.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In his "Studies in Local History," Number IV, the late William H. Samson has the following discussion as to the maps of the City of Rochester, which have appeared in directories; these maps showing the changes in street names, and our continuous community growth:

"The first directory, published in 1827, contained a map engraved from a drawing by Elisha Johnson. The second directory, not published till 1834, the year when the village became a city, contained the map of 1827, slightly altered. The third directory, published in 1838, contained the same map as that of 1834. The fourth and fifth directories, published in 1841 and 1844, contained no maps at all. The sixth directory, published in 1845-46, contained a new map by Silas Cornell. Directories were issued every two years, and Cornell's map was used in six of the directories, though slight revisions were attempted once or twice. In 1859, he made a new map, which was used in four directories. Then in the next four directories no maps at all appeared. In 1870, a new map was engraved. Very slight revisions were made in this during the next four years (they were now issuing directories annually) and then for three years there were no maps at all. In 1878, a new map was made. In 1879, this was slightly revised. In 1880, no map was issued. In 1881, the publishers used the map of 1878. In 1882, a new map was presented. This was slightly revised nine times and in 1892, another new map appeared; for five years it was revised and in 1898, another new map was printed, which has been revised annually since that time. It seems, therefore, that new maps were engraved especially for the directories in 1827, 1845, 1859, 1870, 1878, 1882, 1892, 1898, and 1906. Any one who had these nine maps detached and mounted on linen, would have what was most essential to a general study of the changes in streets and street names and expansion of the city."

Henry Clay's First Visit to Rochester

By Ira L. Otis

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, March 11, 1892.

THIS was in the year 1836, when Rochester had just changed from a thriving village into a proud, though small city. "Isms" were prevalent in the country. Abolition was being talked about as a dogma, and beginning to assume a political aspect. Rochester, always at the front in any new doctrine preached, had its Abolition disciples, who were wont to air this just and righteous cause with ability and earnestness.

Mr. Clay came to Rochester by stage from the west by way of the Ridge Road, having made the journey from Buffalo in that primitive manner. A large number of patriotic and hospitable citizens having been apprised of his coming were desirous of presenting the honors of the new and thriving city to the distinguished man. On horseback and in carriages they met the incoming stage at Row's Tavern, a few miles out on the Ridge Road, a prominent house of entertainment in those days, and after presenting the usual compliments of the day, accompanied the distinguished guest to the old Eagle Tavern, where apartments had been provided. All the town was in excitement and men of all classes were eager to make the event memorable in honor of the great Kentuckian.

Mr. Clay at this time was at his best. He was in middle life and in perfect command of all his faculties. In appearance he was tall and commanding, though slim and wiry, and his impressive features at once indicated a superior man. His voice was sweet and melodious, and it possessed an impressiveness and fullness which enabled it to vibrate like a silvery bell whose tones fell like a benison upon the ear of the private listener, or of the hearer on the verge of a vast audience. The magnetism of the man was unique.

The touch of his hand conveyed a pleasant, friendly feeling, and when he opened his wide, firm, but attractive mouth, you felt drawn towards him and was made a friend forever. He had an appropriate and happy word for every one. If the calling or business of the one introduced was mentioned, he had a few words to say upon that calling, which were not only extremely appropriate, but were such that he seemed to have a knowledge of the particular person, his aims, and his prospects.

The evening of that day, Mr. Clay held a reception in the parlors of that renowned hostelry, the Eagle Tavern. Among the large group of gentlemen who called to pay their respects was John F. Bush. Mr. Bush was introduced as an Abolitionist, one who honestly and emphatically advocated the Abolition doctrine. Mr. Clay, calling him "Mr. Bŭsh" (emphasizing the short sound of *u*, instead of the usual long sound), said he was exceedingly pleased to meet him; he was glad to meet a man who had the courage of his convictions; and said that he himself was an Abolitionist of long-standing, that slavery was a curse to the country, and should be abolished.

Mr. Clay was accompanied by his body servant, a slave, a very black though bright fellow, whom he called "Che-arles." After a short conversation with Mr. Bush, Mr. Clay called his servant, who was not far away, and said to him that he wished to introduce him to the prominent Abolitionist "Mr. Bŭsh," and wished that he would talk with "Mr. Bŭsh" and obtain full information in regard to northern Abolitionism. Charles held quite a conversation with Mr. Bush. Mr. Clay, after speaking with, and receiving many in the rooms, coming to the place where Mr. B. and Charles were talking, said aloud: "Now, 'Che-arles,' you have undoubtedly had a very interesting conversation with my friend Mr. Bŭsh. Now I wish you would tell these good people here gathered your desires as to your present condition. I will preface it with the remark (and I mean every word I say) that you can from this moment have your liberty; that, if you wish, you are no longer a slave. Now what answer do you give? Speak up

plainly before these people." Charles, rolling the whites of his eyes as if he was enjoying the thing, said: "Massa, I'se a slave, I know, but if you want me to say just what I think, I can tell these gentlemen that I'd rather have one bird in the hand than two in the 'Bŭsh.'"

The next morning Mr. Clay made a great speech from the steps in the rear of the Court House before a large and appreciative audience, soon after which he departed. From that time on, his friends were many in Rochester.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Henry Clay died at the National Hotel, 6th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852. The history of this hotel goes back to the early decades of the century, for in the time of Clay and Webster it was filled with the leading men of the government who caused many memorable things to happen beneath its roof. On the top of the hotel building was a large clock, the hands of which were stopped to register the exact moment of Mr. Clay's passing; and that clock with the hands stopped, remains to be seen to this day (1925) as a memorial to the "Great Pacificator."

Three months before Mr. Clay's death, Henry O'Reilly, of Rochester, called to see him. In the library of The Rochester Historical Society in an autograph letter left by Mr. O'Reilly, with this note:

"This is a copy of a brief note which I sent to the 'Great Commoner' in the last hours of his earthly life, when we were guests at the same hotel in Washington."

The letter is as follows:

"National Hotel,
"Washington, March 27, 1852."

"To
"Henry Clay,
"With the respects of one who venerates his life-long devotion to the prosperity and perpetuity of our glorious Union—one who would esteem it a consolation for years of anxiety in extending the Telegraph System through the United States, to have the honor of presenting his salutations personally to Mr. Clay."
"HENRY O'REILLY."

A memorandum in Mr. O'Reilly's handwriting follows the letter:

"NOTE: The servant who handed the foregoing to Mr. Clay was at once directed to invite me to Mr. C's room. I had left the Hotel, however; but when I returned the servant informed me that Mr. Clay directed him to ask me to call when I returned to the Hotel.

"I did call, about noon; when I found Mr. Clay on a couch, in a morning gown, in a state so feeble that it seemed to me, when he thanked me for the kindly feeling I expressed, the words might be his last. The interview I made as brief as possible, though I drew a chair by his side as he directed. His prostration must excuse him, he said, from much conversation; I saw the effort was so great with his feeble powers, that I withdrew after a few minutes.

"It is needless to say that the contemplation of Henry Clay in his death scene (for such the interview may be considered, even tho' life may yet linger with him a few days or weeks) was not without its effect on my mind and feelings."

"H. O'R."

"Mar. 27, 2 P. M. 1852."

The Magic of a Voice

Rochester Revivals of Rev. Charles G. Finney

By H. Pomeroy Brewster

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, January 8, 1892.

PERSONALLY, I am unwilling to admit, what more than once has been said, that if Charles G. Finney had been born fifty years later, he would not have been the marked man which he was. It is not my province or purpose to discuss this question; but it is very certain that his life fell at a period peculiarly adapted for the best development of those remarkable abilities with which he was endowed. Unheralded and unaided by advantageous circumstances or surroundings, he suddenly claimed the notice of the Christian public, taking that prominent position which his force of character and rare talents enabled him ever thereafter to retain; though his personal modesty made the very success to which he attained a never-ending surprise to himself, and more especially when he reflected upon the bold and aggressive religious doctrines he held and taught. Like the great apostle to the Gentiles, "as one born out of due time," he was urged forward in his varied lines of activity by an overwhelming sense of his debt of gratitude to the Almighty, making his adult life one long conflict: first, with himself, on that autumn day in 1821, when, to use his own words, he resolved once for all "to settle the question of his soul's salvation;" and, this victory gained, thenceforward, to win the unregenerated world, until the full tale of years allotted by the Psalmist had been told. Then, with his spirit mellowed by age, and a heart full of love for his fellow-men, he passed beyond the veil.

It would be impossible to render even scant justice to the life work of a character so unique as that of Mr. Finney,

without some slight knowledge of the man himself; yet even that must be so briefly told that it will but in part disclose the man. First then, by every instinct of his nature and by the constant schooling of his conduct, he was a true gentleman, though measured by a worldly standard; but when we come to scan him closer, differ as many of us may from his views as a theologian and educator, he rises to a higher plane as a Christian teacher, when we mark his utterly unselfish solicitude for the well-being of others, and his warm-hearted sympathy for those in trial or under temptation. While beyond a question, he was a man of fixed and well-defined principles, from which, when he had once tried and proved them to his own satisfaction, nothing could turn him; yet withal, he treated with deference and courteous consideration, those who differed from him, if convinced they were equally honest in their convictions.

There were those who opposed Mr. Finney before they knew of his preaching and doctrine; there were ministers who really believe they were serving God in so doing; but it was usually from hearsay evidence and report. When they came to know him and his preaching, their judgment was often softened.

From his well-known severity of manner in preaching, and the almost unattainable standard he set up for a Christian life, it would be but natural to expect his ideas of church government would be modeled after the high Puritan party; yet this was not the case. His charity was too broad, and his training as a lawyer too thorough, for him not to emphasize at all times the legal maxim, that any one charged with a fault, should have the full benefit of the doubt; and even more, he would not judge another by a test to which he himself was unequal. Professor Wright tells an incident, of which he was an eye-witness, in 1856, that illustrates the manner in which Mr. Finney applied his teachings to himself. He had preached in the morning upon "The Training of Children," and was to continue the subject in the afternoon; but shortly after the sermon began he stopped abruptly and said: "But, my brethren, why am I trying to instruct you on the subject of training your children in the fear of God, while I do not know that one of

my own children gives evidence of being converted;" and immediately closed the service with prayer. It was this very sincerity, unostentatious as it was real, that counterbalanced the excess of zeal to which at times he was carried; and which, I doubt not, bore fruit for himself in later years, since Dr. Brand writes of him: "Like the apostle John, President Finney made love the principal theme of his old age." This could not have been said truthfully of his earlier years, when thundering forth the terrors of the law.

As we might expect from a man like Mr. Finney, he was most systematic, even punctilious, not only in all his business matters, but also in the minute details of everyday life; while his love for children exemplified his naturally genial, happy temperament. His own children look back upon their home life with a tenderness and satisfaction, which is the best evidence of the pleasant home they enjoyed; and his grand-children, Mr. Wright tells us, "loved to be in his family, while attending school, and were very fond of relating the pranks which they played upon their grandfather, and the good-natured way he accepted them."

There was another phase of this remarkable man's character, which I am inclined to think is not very generally known. His sense of humor was intensely keen, breaking bounds at most unexpected times. Thus, in its earlier days, Oberlin had some persons among its inhabitants whose zeal was not always in accordance with knowledge. One day at a prayer meeting, a lady of the busy-body class was bewailing in a tedious manner the number of the "unsanctified" in the community, and like "Mrs. Chick," urging the necessity for "making an effort." Suddenly Mr. Finney interrupted her, saying: "Sister J., what have you been doing since you came here to live, to make the place and people better?" Her well-known character, pointed the query so plainly, that a smile ran round the room, showing the appreciation of the remark.

A warm friend and fellow professor used to cause him considerable loss of time by his phlegmatic movements;

especially in responding to the door-bell when called upon. One day Mr. Finney rang the bell, and immediately turned to go away; but hardly had he reached the bottom step when the door was opened by a child just coming out, who called after him. "Oh! is it you, George?" said Mr. Finney. "Well, you need not have hurried so; I was on my way to the post-office, and thought I would ring the bell now, so that the door would be open when I came back;" the remark being especially intended for the dilatory professor, whom he saw sitting by an open window and within ear-shot.

One more story on this subject: Once the class-room was undergoing repairs, and Mr. Finney's study was temporarily used. The soporific influence of cushioned chairs and the lounge, an unusual luxury, was all too evident; some of the young men even "catching a forty wink nap." Their wide-awake teacher, however, noted the fact and in the customary closing prayer, included a request, "that a way might be provided to keep the class awake during their lesson hour;" otherwise, he made no comment upon the matter until the following day when the students found hard benches had replaced the easy chairs; then, he said good-humoredly: "You see, gentlemen, my prayer of yesterday is answered." Our own dear old Dr. Chester Dewey could not have done this thing in a happier manner.

I may not take time to speak of Mr. Finney's theories as an educator, theologian, philosopher and politician (or rather I should say political opinions, for he could not be called a politician), but I must remark incidentally that Mr. Finney himself was never forward, as many have supposed, as an anti-slavery agitator. Heartily as he condemned the system, his sermons or published writings may be studied in vain to find any formal discussion of the subject of slavery. For even his writing and teaching were but episodes in his career. He was a preacher of the gospel, from first to last; but not at all in accordance with any regulated pattern or "engendered in the light of the latest gospel according to monotony." It accorded neither with his tastes nor habits to work through the usual ecclesiastical

machinery. Professor Wright, in his recently published sketch, says: "He aimed rather to avoid synods and general assemblies and could have little patience in listening to the discussions of the petty technicalities occupying so much time of ecclesiastical bodies."

Least of all could he endure the party rivalries so often appearing in them. It was this feeling, beyond doubt, which at times led him into some of those extravagant expressions for which he has been so severely condemned. If his convictions and views were extreme, his logic was at all times faultless. He had a system, as well as a message, while there was about him, both as a writer and speaker, those magnetic qualities which did not move "the lonely rapture of lonely minds," but arrested alike the thoughtful scholar and the busy crowd. It is difficult to analyze this; though we all have felt and known *the magic of a voice.*

When Edmund Burke, in that celebrated trial of Warren Hastings, came to speak of the man, personally, no terms are adequate to describe the more than mortal vehemence of his eloquence, under which the entire audience seemed to have felt one convulsed emotion. Even Hastings, himself, fell beneath the wondrous spell: "For half an hour," said he, "I looked up at the orator, in a reverie of wonder, and during that space, I felt myself the most culpable man on earth."

Whitefield was another speaker of this character. His voice could thrill over Moorfields, in musical thunder, or whisper his secret to a single listening ear, with equal eloquence and expression. His thoughts were possessions, and his feelings transformations; and if he spoke from his heart, his hearers heard, not with their ears alone, but with the sympathy of the soul, inspired by the magic of his voice. They were not alone enthusiastic admirers of Garrick, who ran after him, to weep and tremble, at his bursts of passion; but those colder critics of the Walpole school, who acknowledged with reluctant wonder, that they had been surprised with sympathy. Lord Chesterfield, whose cool deliberation of action was so universally recognized, sat one day with Lady Huntington, in her pew, when Whitefield began to

compare "the benighted sinner" to a blind beggar, on a dangerous road. The dog which was piloting the beggar escapes from him just at the moment he is skirting the edge of a precipice; yet he moves on, trusting to the guidance of his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff, this blind guide (his staff) slips from the poor creature's hands, and Whitefield intoned the ringing sound, as it bounds from rock to rock, into the abyss below. But it was something more than the simple words which told of how, all unconscious of his danger, the blind man stumbles forward and stoops to recover his staff, that made Chesterfield start forward as he did from his seat, and shout aloud: "Good God, the man is lost!"

It was this undefined element which we see in such men as Burke, Whitefield and others, that gave such peculiar force to Mr. Finney's labors as a revivalist; though the real power of his preaching did not at all times lie in such bold strokes and brilliant surprises, or they might have been no better than the rhetorical efforts of Kirwin and other dramatists. He was an orator, but as an orator he never forgot his divine calling. Mr. MacArthur's description of Professor Drummond fits Mr. Finney so perfectly I quote it:

"He is never illusive, superior, strained; he does not condescend; he is always himself, a courteous, unaffected gentleman, with a sincere respect for his audience."

But beyond this Mr. Finney could and did impart that touch of the master which redeems the familiar from platitudes.

An earnest, fearless man whose clear, logical mind, even as a student, detected the inconsistencies of many of the Calvinistic dogmas, he writes:

"In the old school library" [of his theological teacher, the Rev. George W. Gale, formerly of Princeton, N. J.] "I found nothing proved to my satisfaction. Not because I was opposed to the truth, but I was not satisfied with the positions of the theological authors, for they were unsound and not satisfactorily sustained. They seemed to me to state one thing and prove another, frequently falling short of logically proving anything."

From the first Mr. Finney boldly claimed this, and even saying of some: "They are unsusceptible of proof." This, added to his peculiar ideas and methods of revival work, brought down upon him the opposition of many leading divines, like Lyman Beecher and Asabel Nettleton, the most prominent and successful leaders in revival work in New England; against "this complete radicalism," as Dr. Griffin (then president of Williams college) termed Mr. Finney's teaching, until matters culminated in the "New Lebanon Convention" of 1827.

Within the limits allotted me I am compelled to omit much of interest, and cannot, therefore, give a résumé of Mr. Finney's labors, or those wonderful efforts in 1829-30, resulting in the formation of the "First Free Presbyterian Church of New York," of which the Rev. Joel Parker became first pastor. Mr. Parker, at the time of this revival in New York, was pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Rochester, but had been lending his aid to Mr. Finney and had invited him to come to Rochester. The time seemed inauspicious. Dissensions were threatening the disruption of the Old Brick Church, then being without a pastor. Elder Josiah Bissell, of the Third Church, was endeavoring to haul Dr. Penney, of the First, over the Presbytery coals, and the Third Church, who had acted on Mr. Parker's advice to ask Mr. Finney to supply his now vacant pulpit, "was in a low state of religion," though manfully backing their Elder in his battle with the pastor of the First. However, despite all this, in September, 1830, Mr. Finney arrived in Rochester and became the guest of Elder Josiah Bissell, and began his work. Through the intervention of "Mr. S.," Mr. Finney and Dr. Penney became warm friends, the pulpit of the First was thrown open for the use of the revivalist, with Dr. Penney in active co-operation, and the breach between the worthy doctor and Elder Bissell was healed up, and the revival was soon in full swing. Almost at once the harvest began, and Mr. Finney records at some length the particulars of the conversion of Mrs. Mathews, the wife of a prominent lawyer, Judge Selah Mathews, as the "first fruit" of his effort.

I am unable to find anything to show just the style of Mr. Finney's sermons in Rochester at this time; but from many things, I am led to think they must have partaken largely of the dramatically denunciatory character. Of Mr. Finney's work at this time an Elder wrote: "I have been fairly skinned by the demonstration of these men;" while the phrases "blistered," "broken down," "crushed," are often used. Dr. Griffin observed of our sermon: "It sounds like the accredited language of profanity, or as a pious woman of color in Troy expressed it: 'I just done winner whats got into all de ministers to swear so in de pulpit.'" A sermon preached by Mr. Finney in Andover, the same year, I doubt not is fairly typical of the Rochester sermons, and what Professor Parker describes at length I must abridge. Mr. Finney was illustrating the folly of the men who expect to be saved on the general ground of justice, and after they have endured an adequate amount of punishment for sin, to be admitted to heaven. We may easily imagine the graphic words descriptive of the jar to the harmony of the saints by the advent into heaven of souls thus saved; from the following: ". . . he fixed his glaring eyes upon the gallery at his right and gave all the signs of a man who was frightened by a sudden interruption of his worship. With a stentorian voice he cried out: 'What is that I see? What means that rabble-rout of men coming up here? Hark! Hear them shout! Hear their words: 'Thanks to hell-fire! we have served out our time. Thanks! Thanks! Thanks to hell-fire we have served out our time!'" Then came a lengthened pause, a fearful stillness pervaded the house, and the preacher again began in the gentlest tones: "Is this the spirit of the saints? The music of the upper world? And every created thing which is in heaven or on earth and under the earth and on the sea, and all things in them heard I saying: 'Unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, be the blessing and the honor, and the glory, and the dominion, for ever and ever. And the four living creatures said Amen.'"

It was during this first Rochester revival that "the anxious seat" was first substituted for the "inquiry meet-

ing," which stirred up not a little opposition on the part of the Old School Calvinists, as an unwarranted "means of grace." Perhaps the most thrilling incident of this revival was the accident which occurred at the First Church on the evening of October 1, 1830, by a timber from the roof falling end downward and breaking through the ceiling, just after service had begun and when every available place in the building was occupied. The panic which followed can hardly be described. People rushed over each other in their mad efforts to escape. Some jumped from the galleries to the aisles below; but strange to say, none were killed, though many were badly injured. Mr. Finney says:

"Before I had time to think again Dr. Penney leaped from the pulpit, almost over me, for I was kneeling by the sofa. . . . I tried to quiet them, but a couple of women rushing into the pulpit on either side caught hold of me in a state of distraction. . . . I did not know the danger and the scene looked so ludicrous, I could scarcely refrain from laughter. . . . The house was strewn with all sorts of women's apparel, bonnets, shawls, gloves and all parts of dresses scattered everywhere."

But the accident caused no diminution in the work of "pulling sinners out of the fire." St. Paul's Church being without a rector, the vestry tendered the use of the church to the "First," but Mr. Finney's labors were continued in the Brick and Third. Out of a population then numbering 10,000, it is said 1,200 that year united with the Presbyterian churches of the city. The Rev. C. P. Bush must be the authority for saying "nearly all of the lawyers, judges, physicians, merchants, bankers and master-mechanics were converted—even the courts had little to do and the jail was nearly empty for years thereafter. The only theater in the city was converted into a livery stable and the circus into a soap factory."

I must now briefly speak of the revival which was in progress in 1842, when Mr. Finney next visited Rochester. It was under the auspices of the famous Jedediah Burchard and Dr. Shaw, pastor of the Brick Church. Burchard was what may be well termed an athletic divine. Hell-fire and

brimstone were his sole arguments and the hold he had upon the common people was simply wonderful. "You can take your choice," he said in one sermon, "a future life of ease, or forever live in hell. Do you know what hell is? Well, I'll tell you; and I tell you, too, it's real. An ocean of liquid burning brimstone, that is daily replenished. It is walled in by great walls guarded by devils armed with pitchforks. High on the crest of the waves of fire, the damned soul is swept toward this wall, where the sinner thinks he may find at least temporary rest, but when at last he has managed to climb part way out of this sea of fire, he suddenly finds himself pitchforked back and swept out by the receding tide. Thus for all eternity, living in alternate hope and torment." These were the words uttered in the pulpit of the Brick Church by this fearful man, and repeated to me by one who heard them; and who said, "I can never forget the terror and fright they caused me."

Mr. Finney no doubt was, as I have said, at times dramatic, but he never failed to be logical, clear and honest.

There was one sermon at this time from the text, "The wages of sin is death," which some perhaps with reason might have termed dramatic, for it certainly was most forcible and striking, when after showing that if men chose sin, they must reap what they had sown, he startled his audience by the way he uttered the words, "Wages! Wages!" Yet, there was neither threats nor a cry for vengeance, in his peroration.

I have already said Mr. Finney was an orator, but as an orator never forgot his divine calling, even at times such as the one I have just mentioned, when to impress his thoughts upon his hearers, he put forth those wondrous oratorical powers, which in his later years, were so frequently spoken of by the English press.

It is easy, therefore, to understand why men like Addison Gardiner, who thought deeply, and reasoned from solid foundation facts, looked to Mr. Finney to solve the vexed problem of their lives. It was almost solely through Judge Gardiner's influence, though Rev. George Bordman of the

"Bethel" and Dr. Shaw joined in the effort, that Mr. Finney took any part in the revival of 1842.

Naturally, his hearers were of a different class from Burchard's and included many professional men, of whom the judge was prominent, and Mr. Finney's sermons were aimed almost entirely at these men. At last (I have his own words for it) he carefully prepared a sermon, designed as he expresses it "that lawyers accustomed to listen to argument should feel the weight of logically presented truth." It was during this sermon, a well-remembered incident occurred. When he had nearly closed, he says: "I discovered Judge Gardiner was gone from his seat . . . I felt distressed . . . and thought that the sermon I had prepared with my eye upon him had failed in its effort." Proceeding with his story of that night at some length and his fears and sorrow, he says: "Just as I drew to a close . . . I felt some one pulling at the skirt of my coat . . . there was Judge Gardiner, saying: 'Mr. Finney, won't you pray for me by name, and I will take the anxious seat.' " Beyond doubt, the scene which followed was the most remarkable ever witnessed in any church in Rochester, when the most prominent lawyers and professional men of the city, who crowded the pews, rose en masse, passing to the front and kneeling until every aisle was filled.

Even the conservative Dr. Whitehouse, then rector of St. Luke's, openly encouraged his people to attend Mr. Finney's meetings and came himself and later declared that "not less than seventy among the principal people of his congregation were converted and confirmed" as the result.

One quaint and curious incident occurred during this period, when a well-known lawyer brought to Mr. Finney a duly signed, sealed and acknowledged deed, ready for delivery, "in which he quit-claimed to the Lord Jesus Christ all ownership of himself and of everything he possessed." I regret Mr. Finney does not give the name.

Mr. Finney's third and last effort in Rochester as a revivalist occurred in the autumn of 1855. The following characteristic letter, from our old-time friend, Dr. J. H.

McIlvaine, tells part of the story and is especially gratifying for its candor:

"Evelyn College,
"September 30, 1891.

"Mr. H. Pomeroy Brewster:

"Dear Sir—Your request for some account of Mr. Finney's labors in Rochester, I have carefully preserved to answer in due time.

"The last time Mr. Finney preached in Rochester—I forget what year—was attended by the greatest revival I ever saw. He preached in several of the churches twice or three times every day and Sunday for about eight months. During all this time a prayer meeting was held every day at 10 o'clock a. m., averaging from 800 to 1,000 attendance. The whole population of Rochester rocked as if the city had been shaken by an earthquake.

"Almost all the churches were opened to Mr. Finney, but I, being a true-blue old Scotch Sectarian, would not let him into the First Church, for which I have repented ever since.

"Judge Gardiner, Mrs. Benedict, another gentleman whose name I do not now recall, came to me begging and entreating that I would invite him. But I, in my blindness, stood firm, telling them they might break my heart, but they should not break my principles. The number of converts were incredible. Mr. Finney was heard to say: "If he could only get into First Church, he would have all Rochester converted;" and I do not doubt but he would.

"Notwithstanding the excitement was attended by a great deal that was immoral. As an example one young lady belonging to the first circles circulated a bare-faced lie about me, and when I told her father, not knowing it was his daughter, he sent her the next morning to confess and apologize, which she did.

"Upon the whole, the blessing of that revival to Rochester, in my opinion, can never be over-estimated.

"We all send our love and so I remain,

"Very truly yours,

"J. H. McIlvaine."

Those of us who know the good doctor personally, will not be surprised at the tone of his letter, but its chief value lies in the evidence it bears that no small amount of the opposition Mr. Finney met with lay in the fact that he was in advance of the times.

The Third Church was then under the pastorate of the venerable Dr. A. G. Hall. Dr. Hall was very conserva-

tive and firmly-grounded in the old school faith; it was not strange, therefore, that he could not agree with Mr. Finney, or that he refused him the use of the Third Church. At a meeting of the parishioners of the church to consider the subject, a stormy debate took place, which ended by a meeting of the session who resolved to invite Mr. Finney to preach from the pulpit of the church, provided he would refrain from uttering his peculiar views. Mr. Finney made no direct reply, but a few days later spoke of the fact when preaching at the Central, and said: "You may be sure I received the invitation with holy indignation." Dr. Hall never came to be in full accord with Mr. Finney, though I'm inclined to think that his views may have become a trifle modified, for at a later period (some time after 1856) when Mr. Finney chanced to be in Rochester over Sunday, a self-appointed committee consisting of Dr. Dewey and others went to Dr. Hall, who was then confined by illness at home, to consult what was best to do. Even then Mr. F. seems to have been something of an elephant on the hands of the good brethren. Dr. Dewey was saying, "We must do something; some one must open their doors for him," and Dr. Hall was protesting that he did not know what was best, when suddenly the door was opened and O. N. Bush came in and at once cut the gordian knot by saying: "You are too late for any argument, Doctor, for I have invited him to take your place as I knew you were sick." Dr. Dewey, my informant told me, fairly roared with laughter, while a sigh of relief came from all, not the least noticeable that of the conservative Dr. Hall. The Brick, together with the other Presbyterian churches, and the Congregational societies, all joined hand in hand in pushing forward the "revival." The city soon began to feel the effects of these efforts. Business men used to discuss religion in place of "shop" or politics, and churches outside of the Presbyterian faith took up the rallying cry, and if they worked after their own peculiar manner, they neither forgot or failed to recognize the obligations they felt. The especial feature of this revival, was an unusual one, and at the same time a noble tribute to the man, acknowledging at once the vital importance of his work and his rare talents as a logician.

The bench and bar, almost with one voice, urged upon him a request to deliver for their benefit a course of lectures upon "The Moral Government of God." In complying with the invitation Mr. Finney realized that he was to meet his peers, that the intellects as well as the hearts of these men were to be convinced, therefore, he says: "I shaped my lectures from evening to evening, with a design to convince these lawyers, that if the Bible was not true, there was no hope for any one." Some of you, I know, listened to these masterly efforts; and will recall their clear, terse arguments. His manner had nothing then, of the dramatic character, which at earlier times marked his sermons to the masses. He well knew that was not the time nor place for an exhibition of intellectual pyrotechnics and therefore concentrated the whole powers of his great mind to convince beyond question the minds of these men, leaving the rest to a higher power. Dr. Anderson, who was always present, never failed to accord Mr. Finney the highest possible praise, not only for "his magnificent logic," but more for "his candor and honesty in meeting frankly the questions involved."

On the other hand, nothing could show us more clearly the utter absence on the part of Mr. Finney of anything akin to sectarian prejudice than the frank and cordial recognition he always gave to the earnest efforts of Christians of all denominations outside of those more immediately engaged with himself, and following his peculiar methods for revival work. At the same time, it equally reveals their purity of purpose and fidelity as Christians, when we find representative men, like Dr. Whitehouse, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Finney, encouraging each other as they did. In his own writing, this respect for his fellow workers, of different faiths, is marked; nor does he fail to pay a flattering tribute to the citizens of Rochester, as a whole. He says, in his autobiography: "I never preached to a more highly intelligent people. They have ever manifested an earnestness and an appreciation of the truth which excels anything I have seen on so large a scale elsewhere."

His liberal-mindedness, I may say prescience, of what to-day all recognize, is seen in his remarks relative to his labors in Boston: "The orthodox ministers," he said, "have been preaching orthodoxy, as opposed to Unitarianism, until all that can be accomplished by discussion, has been accomplished. I feel that what is needed by Unitarians, is to see Christians live out the pure gospel of Christ. . . . The orthodox churches are too formal; they are in bondage in certain ways; they are afraid of measures; afraid to launch forth in freedom. . . . The ministers and deacons of the church, though good men, are narrow, are afraid of what the Unitarians will say." The same spirit was manifested later when he wrote: "London is and long has been cursed by hyper-Calvinistic preaching."

In conclusion, it is not out of place to speak of Mr. Finney in the closing years of his life, as a pulpit orator.

Brilliant as he was in his earlier career, with advancing years that wondrous magnetism of voice and manner increased, and while he had a style peculiarly his own, it was far from being stereotyped, but seemed at all times especially fitted to his auditors. To the simple, uncultivated masses, his familiar personal manner had a special charm, though measured by any established model, it would be difficult to consider his sermons as "preaching," they still were ever forcible, solemn and winning.

Those of a higher class found themselves first enthralled by his beauty of diction and the magic of his voice, then fast bound by his unanswerable arguments.

After the close of his last visit to England, in speaking of him, Dr. John Campbell, editor of the *British Banner,* wrote:

"Yet never a man had less of the meretricious or clap-trap than he . . . His sermons are always peculiarly striking, pungent and carefully drawn out of the subject. He speaks with an ease altogether peculiar, and to a large extent his style is colloquial, interspersed, nevertheless, with lofty flights and impetuous bursts of a more oratorical character, when his delivery becomes intense and his voice acquires an ocean swell, forcible and solemn. . . . His voice is clear and remarkably strong; nevertheless admitting of the deepest pathos."

Mr. Finney's last day was a quiet Sabbath, enjoyed in the bosom of his family. At sunset, supported by his wife, he walked for a little time in his garden that he might listen to the music at the opening of evening service in the church near by. With the coming dawn of August 16, 1875, his spirit passed beyond the confines of earth; leaving a name written in ineffaceable characters upon the pages of religious history. Like that of Napoleon, which stands out in letters of blood in the story of France; while none dare dispute the magnitude and grandeur of its influence, yet the world is ready to wrangle over the question of whether it was for good or ill; yet, all must concede such names "were never born to die."

EDITOR'S NOTE: After the reading of the above paper before the meeting of The Rochester Historical Society, January 8, 1892, a general discussion followed. The minutes of the Secretary record the fact that Doctor Augustus H. Strong, who presided, commented upon the value of the paper, and gave some personal reminiscences of his own in connection with the revivals under Mr. Finney, expressing the opinion that a foundation of morality in Rochester was thus laid, such as the city might not have had otherwise.

In his *Reminiscences of Early Rochester*, printed elsewhere in this book, Doctor Strong says: "Rochester owes more to revivals of religion than it owes to its providential location or to the energy of its people; for without those revivals it is questionable whether there would have been anything like the education or the enterprise that have characterized the city."

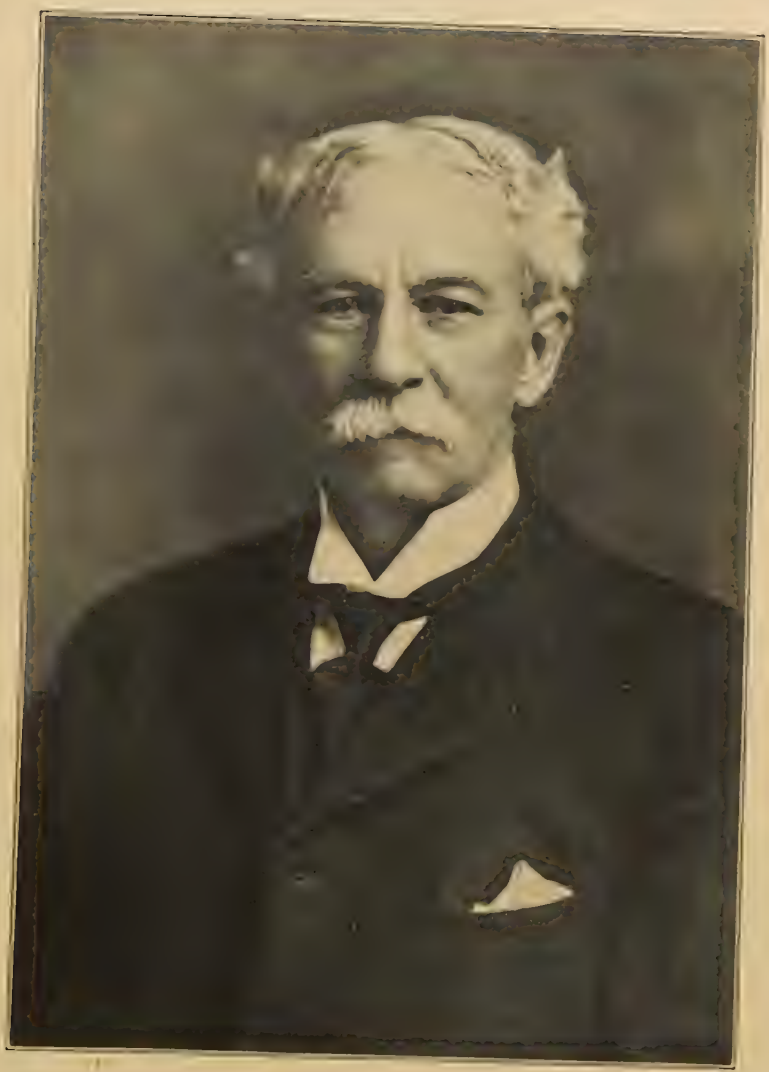
These views make especially significant in local history the *Memoirs of Rev. Charles G. Finney—Written by Himself* (New York, 1876), giving account of his three great series of revival meetings in Rochester, 1830, 1842 and 1855-56.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Henry Brewster Stanton will be remembered as "the husband of Elizabeth Cady Stanton," the famous advocate of woman's rights, and yet he was a man of unusual ability, a distinguished advocate of freedom for slaves, a leader in a great cause when leadership required courage, a lawyer in general practice, and a journalist of power and influence. For nearly half a century he was connected with the public press, beginning his career in Rochester on the *Monroe Telegraph*, under Thurlow Weed, in 1826. Mr. Stanton remained here six years. In 1855 he wrote a delightful volume entitled "*Random Recol-*

lections;" a second edition appeared in 1886, and a third with extensive additions in 1887. Therein it appears that he attended the first series of revival meetings held in Rochester, 1830, by the Rev. Charles G. Finney, and gives his impressions as follows:

"In October, 1830, Charles G. Finney, the famous evangelist, came to Rochester to supply the pulpit of the Third Presbyterian Church. I had been absent a few days and on my return was asked to hear him. It was in the afternoon. A tall, grave-looking man, dressed in an unclerical suit of gray, ascended the pulpit. Light hair covered his forehead, his eyes were of sparkling blue, and his pose and movements dignified. I listened. It did not sound like preaching, but like a lawyer arguing a case before a court and jury. This was not singular, perhaps, for the speaker had been a lawyer before he became a clergyman. The discourse was a chain of logic, brightened by felicity of illustration and enforced by urgent appeals from a voice of great compass and melody. Mr. Finney was then in the fullness of his powers. He had won distinction elsewhere, but was little known in Rochester. He preached there six months, usually speaking three times on the Sabbath, and three or four times during the week. His style was particularly attractive for lawyers. He illustrated his points frequently and happily by reference to legal principles. The first effect was produced among the higher classes. It began with the judges, the lawyers, the physicians, the bankers, and the merchants, and worked its way down to the bottom of society, till nearly everybody had joined one or the other of the churches controlled by the different denominations. I have heard many celebrated pulpit orators in various parts of the world. Taken all in all, I never heard the superior of Charles G. Finney. His sway over an audience was wonderful. Do not infer that there was a trace of rant or fustian in him. You might as well apply these terms to heavy artillery on a field of battle. His sermons were usually an hour long, but on some occasions I have known an audience which packed every part of the house and filled the aisles listen to him without the movement of a foot for two hours and a half. In his loftiest moods, and in the higher passages of a discourse on a theme of transcendent importance, he was the impersonation of majesty and power. While depicting the terrors or the glories of the world to come, he trod the pulpit like a giant. His action was dramatic. He painted in vivid colors. He gave his imagination full play. His voice, wide in scope and mellow in pathos, now rung in tones of warning and expostulation, and anon melted in sympathetic accents of entreaty and encouragement. He was a fine singer, and when a lawyer, used to lead the choir and play the bass-viol in his town. In singing the Doxology he alone could fill the largest edifices. His gestures were striking. As he would stand with his face toward the side gallery, and then involuntarily wheel around, the audience in that part of the house towards which he threw his arm would dodge as if he were hurling something at them. In describing the sliding of a sinner to perdition,

he would lift his long finger towards the ceiling and slowly bring it down till it pointed to the area in front of the pulpit, when half his hearers in the rear of the house would rise unconsciously to their feet to see him descend to the pit below. Bear in mind that this was without the slightest approach to rodomontade or exuberant excitement on the part of the orator. Mr. Finney regarded his success in Rochester as among the greatest of his remarkable career."



REV. AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, D. D.

Reminiscences of Early Rochester

By Rev. Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D.

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, in Catharine Strong Hall, December 27, 1915.

I AM asked by your honorable Society to give you my "Reminiscences of Early Rochester." I have hesitated to do this, because my reminiscences are so personal. To tell you about river and canal, streets and buildings, pavements and bridges, in the days of long ago, with no mention of the men who lived here, or of my own connection with these places in the past, would be as dull as one of Walt Whitman's inventories. I cannot say that I was the principal man who lived here, but I am the only one whose impressions I can give at first hand. I am convinced that my only way to entertain you is Walt Whitman's way—his way of treating the whole universe as a part of himself. And so I begin, as he begins, by saying: "I celebrate myself." I describe Rochester as I saw it. It unfolded itself, to my childish eyes first, as a mystery to be solved; then, to my boyhood, it was a region of glamour; finally, it has become a notable center of population and influence, an inspiring workshop and a delightful home. You will pardon my seeming egotism, if I make my own personal history the thread upon which I string my recollections of many localities, otherwise too familiar to be interesting.

The south side of Troup Street, between Eagle Street and Washington, is memorable to me, for there it was that I first saw the light. I have sometimes said that I came to Rochester on the third of August in the year 1836; perhaps I should have said that Rochester came to me. My first impressions were of a frame house, one and a half stories in height, diagonally opposite from the ground now occupied by the brick house of Mrs. Dr. Stoddard. Her ground was then an open common of several acres, with only a

great smoking and rasping planing-mill in its center. Livingston Park, with the pillared mansion of William Kidd, was then the chief glory of the Third Ward. In my own humble habitation, my memory or imagination dimly discerns the gracious form of my mother, as she was in the days of her youth and beauty, and as, thanks to the generosity of my brother, her likeness is perpetuated in the Library, and her love for learning is commemorated in the structure, of Catharine Strong Hall.

Out of the dim recesses of the past there emerge faint images of a garden-plot, in which I sowed seeds, and then dug them up next day to see how they grew. In the rear part of the house was my grandmother's spinning-wheel, together with a churn and a pounding-barrel of my mother's. In the parlor, which was too sacred for common use and was opened only on Sundays, there was a big family Bible, which like the parlor itself was seldom or never opened, but which had a gilt cross on its bright red cover, with rays of gold proceeding from it in every direction, and this Bible, with its golden light, I tiptoed up to, in awe-stricken curiosity, in order to see. And in this parlor, Dr. Pharcellus Church, our pastor, with his swallow-tail coat and white choker, gathered the timorous children for prayers, when we could not run away in time, and out from the gate I made, when four years of age, my first excursion into the great world, running away from home, as I afterwards declared, "to hear Dr. Church preach."

My father, Alvah Strong, was the chief proprietor of the Rochester *Daily Democrat* and he used to instruct his children after breakfast by reading to them the news. One morning he read to us the account of a hanging. It occurred to me that it would be a nice thing to try on. When Father had gone to his business, I discovered a rope dangling from the rafters of the woodshed, and a tub standing conveniently near. The bright idea entered my head that, by turning the tub upside down and standing upon its bottom, I could reach the rope and tie it around my neck. I was eight years old, and my brother was two years younger. I said to him: "Henry, when I get the rope tied, and I say

'One, two, three,' pull out the tub." Henry was perfectly agreeable, and he pulled out the tub accordingly. That is the last thing that I remember. Either my squirming or Henry's screaming called my mother to the rescue, and I was cut down. But I had a scar on my neck for six weeks after, and I learned a lesson which perhaps has saved me from a similar fate ever since.

When I reached the age of fourteen, the house on Troup Street had been sold, and we had moved to more comfortable quarters on the East side of the river. The old house was offered for rent, and it became the residence of Mrs. Fox, famous in the history of the Rochester Knockings. Her two daughters, Katy and Margaretta Fox, were the professed media of communications from the spirit-world. All Western New York was excited by the reports and the doctrines of Spiritualism. A gentleman from Mount Morris, with his wife, came to this city to investigate. He applied to my father for an introduction to Mrs. Fox. But my father was not only a newspaper man. He was also a Baptist Deacon, and this calling up the spirits of the dead seemed to him forbidden in Scripture. So he hesitated. Hospitality, however, was one of his foibles; he reflected that it would be his guest that would do the calling up; he himself would be only a looker-on. He consented to take his two friends to the Foxy abode, and, to give me a new bit of instruction and experience, he took me along.

When we reached the house on Troup Street, we found it crowded with visitors. Every room, upstairs and down, was full; people were sitting on the very stairs. Our guest was a tall and stately man, a Presbyterian Elder, and, with his wife, one of the leaders of Mount Morris society. My father was a sort of public man, whom everybody in Western New York seemed to know and to respect. Mrs. Fox came to the door, regretted greatly that she could not receive so distinguished a delegation at that particular time. But would not the spirits grant us an interview? She would inquire. So she advanced from the front steps to the brick walk, with her daughter Katy, and she propounded the question. Raps were immediately heard upon the bricks beneath our feet. Yes, the spirits would meet

us. When and where? At the house of Deacon Strong, that very evening. Imagine the consternation of my father. To house this growing heresy and blasphemy! But my father was a polite man, and courageous. Hospitality again conquered, and the spirits invaded our house on South St. Paul Street.

That was a memorable evening for me. It began very solemnly, with the wheeling out of a heavy mahogany center-table into the middle of the parlor. Then the company gathered tremblingly around it, and formed a closed circle by clasping hands about its edge. There we waited in silence. Katy Fox was opposite me. I thought I observed a slight smile upon her face. I was less observant of the proprieties at that time than I have been since, and I ventured, alas, to wink at Katy Fox. And I thought that Katy did something like winking in return. She was a pretty girl, and why shouldn't she? But she soon composed her countenance. The séance proceeded solemnly to the end. But for me there was no more solemnity nor mystery. All the rest of the performance seemed a farce.

There was no manner of doubt about the rappings. These began under the table. Then they seemed to proceed from the floor. At last they came from the doors of the room, and even from the ceiling. Questions were proposed to the so-called spirits, and ambiguous or commonplace answers were spelled out. I do not remember a single communication that gave knowledge of any value, or beyond what the questioners already possessed. But the effect upon our two guests was great. That courtly gentleman got down on his knees and peered under the table, to discover the source of the sounds. It was all in vain. He was deeply impressed, concluded that these rappings were veritable messages from beyond the grave, went away a believer. Some weeks after, my father learned that his guests had left the Presbyterian Church and had joined the Spiritualists. He never forgave himself for leading those two innocents into temptation.

Not all of Mrs. Fox's visitors were so impressible. Miss Mary B. Allen was the preceptress of the best Rochester school for young ladies. Allen Street, I fancy, was named

for her father; at any rate it was the location for her Seminary. Miss Allen was a maiden lady, sharp and wiry, with a grain of wit which could not tolerate nonsense. She concluded to investigate the Knockings. Katy Fox had been a pupil at her school, and this gave Miss Allen introduction to the home of the spirits. "Was there any one of her departed relatives or friends with whom Miss Allen would like to converse?" So asked Mrs. Fox. "Yes, I had a grandmother, whom I loved very much, and I would like to talk with her." "Is there any particular question that Miss Allen would like to ask?" "Yes; I am interested in education, and I would like to know something about methods in the other world. Spelling, for example. How does my grandmother now spell the word 'scissors'?" And the spirit of the grandmother spelled out "sissers." "Oh," said Miss Allen, "that is just the way Katy Fox spelled 'scissors,' when she was a scholar in my school!"

Speaking of schools, I must mention a school very near the place of my birth, which I attended when I reached the age of twelve. It was situated where Plymouth Church, the church of the Spiritualists, now stands. In the basement of a plain building, with gymnastic pole and merry-go-round in the center of the lot in front of it, Mr. Miles, a typical Milesian, reigned supreme. He was a stout Irishman, with long black hair and knotted muscles, who thought the rod the best instrument of instruction. Wackford Squeers, in Nicholas Nickelby, was his prototype. He was the best teacher of geography that I ever knew. But he was a savage and a brute. He terrorized his scholars. He made life intolerable to those whom he did not like. He would fling a heavy ruler across the room at the head of a boy whom he caught whispering or napping. When a boy ran away, he would paint the word "runaway" on his forehead, streak his face with stripes of many colors, set him up on a barrel with coat turned inside out, and lead the other boys in an Indian pow-wow dance around him. For some trifling offence, he seized a boy by the heels and let him down head first into a pail of water, or sprinkled him from an elevation, while the boy lay face upright on the floor.

These barbarities were unknown to the parents, for Mr. Miles threatened to kill the boy that told. I learned a great deal about map-drawing from Mr. Miles, but I am happy to say that he ended his days in a Western State's Prison when serving a sentence for bigamy. Only recently a worthy citizen of Rochester, whom he compelled to suck a bolus of assafetida in the presence of the whole school, has passed away. I have wondered what happened when he met Mr. Miles on the other side of Jordan.

My grandfather, Dr. Ezra Strong, lived in a house on the west side of Exchange Street, somewhere between our present Industrial School and the large chemical laboratory of Mr. R. J. Strasenburgh. My grandfather's house became famous for harboring William Morgan, who wrote, in its upper chamber, his exposure of the first three degrees of the Masonic Order. My grandfather knew nothing of Morgan's work, and was greatly surprised when Morgan disappeared and his body was found in the Niagara River near its mouth. The report was started that Masons had abducted and murdered him. At this late day, we can hardly conceive the bitterness and fury of the controversy that followed. It became the central theme of politics in Western New York. Many a church inserted into its Covenant a pledge that no one of its members should ever belong to a secret society. Thurlow Weed first rose to public notice by his leadership of the Anti-Masonic party, and it was his connection with my father's partner, George Dawson, that led to their ultimately joining in the ownership and conduct of the Albany *Evening Journal.* Thurlow Weed was for many years the virtual manager of the Republican party. When asked whether he was sure that the body found in the Niagara River was really the body of William Morgan, he replied that it was "a good enough Morgan until after election."

Our county jail was situated on the so-called "Island," between the Genesee River and the raceway, on which now stands our Erie Railroad Station. I have two reasons for remembering that old jail. The first is that, on a bright Sunday afternoon, I accompanied my father when he distributed tracts among the prisoners and gave them good

advice through the grated doors of their cells. And the second reason is that my father, some years after, sent me with a pass from the Sheriff to witness a hanging. As if that scar on my neck had not been a sufficient deterrent from anger, malice and homicide!

There were better schools than that of Mr. Miles. I remember with gratitude old Number Twelve, where I got my first ideas of English Grammar and parsed the Paradise Lost under Principal Adams, and with still greater gratitude the old High School, where I first learned Latin and Greek under Professor Benedict. The High School occupied the ground on which the present Unitarian Church now stands. It was the roughest sort of a building, but the memory of it is sacred to me, because there I first conceived the idea that I could be something and do something in the world. There first dawned upon me,

> "The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
> And all the sweet serenity of books."

Professor Wetherel was an excellent teacher of English, but Professor Benedict was the teacher of the classics; and, though he was not great as a drill-master in grammar, he inoculated me with a love for classical literature, which I found greatly to my advantage when I went to Yale. And Professor Dewey—who could ever forget his demonstrations in chemistry, so humorous, so serious, so practical? A grand old man, afterwards Professor in our University, he left us long since, but fortunately we have his able and accomplished son, Dr. Charles A. Dewey, to remember him by.

I cannot end my account of the old High School without telling of the experience that made it chiefly memorable to me. The janitor of the building was Chester Heywood, an oldish scholar who paid for his tuition by sweeping floors, making fires, and ringing bells. He began Latin with me, ten years at least his junior. We had learned our declensions and conjugations, and were ready to begin the Latin Reader, when the Spring vacation arrived. Heywood was jealous of vacations; he was twenty-five years of age; he had no time to lose; he wanted to study. He assembled

some of the younger boys, and proposed that we should employ our vacation in seeing what we could do with the Latin Reader without a teacher. Most of the boys smiled and declined. They preferred to serenade the girls and to have a good time. I alone surrendered. I rose every morning at five o'clock and I studied Latin till night. In three weeks I read all the Latin laid out for the following term. When the term opened, Professor Benedict examined me, found that I had done my work fairly well, took me out of my former class, and set me with the older boys to reading Cicero. I learned that, where there was a will, there was also a way. I became ambitious, and perhaps a trifle conceited. But I had won the favor of my teacher, and with him I afterwards read Horace and Herodotus and Sallust and Aeschylus and Aristophanes, before I went to college. Those three weeks of vacation work changed the whole current of my life and encouraged me to act independently of my teachers.

My next habitat was at the Four Corners. There my father printed and published the *Daily Democrat.* Though I was prepared at the age of sixteen, he thought me too young to go to college, particularly since, under the influence of Theodore Whittlesey, a bosom friend of mine, to my sorrow taken to heaven many years ago, I had determined to enter Yale. So my father took me into his counting-room, where I had a year and a half of general training, more valuable than that of any single year in college. There I learned to keep the books of the establishment by double entry, to set type, read proof, take telegraph reports, collect bills, and manage other details of the office. The counting room was at that time a place of exchange for all Western New York. People gathered there to discuss the prospects of the wheat crop in the Genesee Valley, the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency, the laying of the Atlantic Cable, and the differences between the Old and the New School Presbyterians. Those discussions, especially when election time drew near, were often hot and vociferous. I learned lessons of business management, which served me in later days, in dealings with the trustees of Church and

Seminary. One of my chief perquisites was access to good literature. The booksellers sent in books, for review. My father gave me the privilege of taking home the books I liked. So I was led to read, not only dime novels, but the essays of Lord Bacon and of Macaulay, the poems of John Milton and of Longfellow. At the end of my year and a half, I had a stock of general information, upon which to draw, in college essay-writing and debate.

The windows of the printing office looked out upon the Eagle Hotel, which from 1829 to 1868 occupied the site of the present Powers Block. In that hotel, Rev. Charles G. Finney had his quarters during the great revival of 1830. There my father had called upon him for a private interview with regard to the concerns of his soul. Mr. Finney was writing near the window of the room, and he motioned to my father to sit down near the stove at the other end. At last the tall man rose and strode forward. "What is it you came to me for?" "I have been thinking on the subject of religion. But I have no feeling." The Evangelist bent forward towards the stove, grasped the iron poker, and came at my father, as if he would beat out his brains. Father was startled and rose. "Oh, you feel now, don't you?" said Mr. Finney, and went back to his writing. Father was so scandalized and indignant, that he left the apartment without even saying "Good Morning," but he began to ask himself what Mr. Finney could have meant. He concluded that it was an object-lesson, to teach him that, if he feared a poker so much, he would do well to be in fear of hell. At any rate his convictions deepened; he was soundly converted; and he became a Deacon in the Baptist Church.

The greatest ash-pole that was ever raised in this country was erected at the corner of the Eagle Hotel. It took twenty horses to draw it to its place. Its cross-trees soared above all the buildings of the town. Its top-gallant mast carried the biggest flag Rochester had ever seen. All this was to further the canvass of Henry Clay for the Presidency. In 1844, when I was only eight years old, that pole, with the flag flying by day and colored lanterns at the masthead by night, made me an ardent Whig, and Henry Clay's

ignominious defeat at the election seemed to me an inexpressible sorrow. Nor can I forget that other liberty pole which lifted its head on the triangle ground where Mr. S. Millman's Sons now provide us with lobsters and strawberries. These two poles seemed to guard and protect the city, for at that time our district schools had not yet learned to marshal their pupils and to salute the flag every morning. We were patriotic enough, but we were also "unprepared."

I must go back, through Exchange Street, to the Erie Canal. In its day that was as great an achievement as is the Panama Canal of our own day. It was at that time the longest canal in the world. It was built in eight years and four months. In 1825, cannon along its banks transmitted from Buffalo to New York the news that the Canal was opened. Packet boats arriving and departing, at the Exchange Street Station, soon became a familiar sight. The Rochester House on the southwest bank was the crack hotel of the town, and the great gathering place of visitors from abroad. The new Aqueduct had cost $600,000, and it still remains a solid and artistic structure that puts to shame the bridges with which we have defaced the landscape. I well remember the excitement with which I took my first voyage on the Erie Canal, from Rochester to Albany, when, at the age of twelve, I went alone to attend the State Fair. There were competing lines of boats, and each sought to impress the public by its superior speed and accommodations. Boats left Rochester at seven o'clock in the morning and arrived in Albany on the third day, in time to take the steamboat to New York. None of my ten voyages to Europe have been so stirring as was that trip on the "raging canal."

The Rochester House was a great hotel for a city of only ten thousand inhabitants. In 1834 its location on the bank of the Canal and at the western end of the Aqueduct gave it prestige and patronage. But I have never heard mentioned in any history what to my mind was its chief distinction, namely, that it housed in its great parlor the first really important Debating Society of the city. My father's position and acquaintance procured for me, when only sixteen,

an invitation to join this Society of much older men. It was called "The Orion," to intimate modestly that its members constituted a galaxy of stars. Its aim was to cultivate the art of public speaking. Each member was required, at the beginning of each meeting, to utter himself extemporaneously on some subject which he himself chose, and to hold forth for at least five minutes. This first exercise was followed by a debate on some subject mutually agreed upon, and the debate lasted often until midnight. Suppers were frowned upon. I remember only one of these, and some of the members declined to attend it, upon the ground that oysters were foreign to the educational purpose of the Club, and were often surreptitiously accompanied by beer. But the Society had eloquence enough to swamp the House of Representatives. Heywood and Gliddon and Watson could orate interminably. All this was attractive to a boy of sixteen. I learned to think on my feet, and I have ever since been thankful that I had that association with voluble and thoughtful men.

The Canal had another hotel upon its banks—the United States Hotel, on Buffalo Street, now Main Street West, which the University of Rochester at first bought and occupied. Ralph Waldo Emerson treated a serious matter rather humorously, when he said that an omnibus full of professors and students from the College at Hamilton came early enough in the Spring to have a crop of freshmen with the first green peas. But such was the humble origin of our University. These were giants in those days. The coming of Dr. Martin B. Anderson to be President made certain a steady and vigorous growth. When I think of that company of tall and alert men whom I met when I began my theological course in 1857—Maginnis, Anderson, Robinson, Kendrick, Northrop, Richardson—six men, all of them six-footers, I cannot repress a feeling of admiration. They were pioneers, stalwart and determined, and they made the University and the Seminary truly great. Again I have to be thankful that I ever came in contact with teachers so able and inspiring, so self-sacrificing and faithful. They have ceased from their labors, and their works follow them. Next to the influence of religious revivals

must be reckoned the formative influence of education, in shaping the intelligence and character of Rochester.

It seems a very minor educational influence, but, to be perfectly veracious, I must mention Bishop's Museum. It was situated on Exchange Street, upstairs, near the present quarters of the Genesee Valley Trust Company. It was the precursor of our modern Moving Pictures, Art Galleries, and Cabinets of Geology and Mineralogy. The Eden Musée and Madame Tussaud never made such an impression on me afterwards as did that so-called oyster-shell three feet in diameter, and those waxwork figures of Othello, not smothering, but stabbing Desdemona. There bloodthirsty Indians were always scalping helpless settlers, Bluebeard gloated over his victims, and Queen Elizabeth glared pitilessly upon Lady Jane Grey. Jenny Marsh Parker has written eloquently of the learned pig that was exhibited there, "the famous pig that could pick out any playing card called for and could even spell and add. For twenty-five cents one could behold not only some small remains of the mastodon found in Perinton, but wax figures whose glittering eyes, and genuine daggers, and redundant hair, made little children scream with terror." One may smile at such a collection, but I can truly say that what I saw in that dusty museum gave me a desire to know something of science and of history. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and "the child is father of the man."

And why should I be silent about the great work of Henry A. Ward, my schoolmate of early days, whose collection of rocks, minerals and fossils was first exhibited in the great upper room of the building on the south-west corner of Buffalo and Sophia streets? He was a born scientist, with a bent for the making of teaching cabinets. He had a love for each science as a whole. He had no desire to make a collection simply of fishes. He wished to show the progress of life from the protozoa upward to man. His cabinets in Rochester, Vassar, Richmond, Chicago, are masterly in their comprehensiveness and completeness. To make them up, he became a great traveler. He visited Iceland and the Congo, Alaska and New Zealand. He crossed the Andes before there was a railroad, and was the guest

of Boer magnates in South Africa before the war. He would go to a quarry where important specimens were to be found, would select with the eye of an expert the minerals or fossils which would fill out gaps in his stores, would exchange these with the British Museum or the Imperial Museum at Berlin, all the while aiming to make his acquisitions an all-round teaching force, representing the whole history of creation. It was a noble ambition, but it made him a wanderer on the face of the earth, whose stories of adventure were humorous and thrilling in the extreme. He hated publicity, and he liked to collect better than he liked to teach. But he was the greatest collector that this country ever knew. His chief monument is the great Field Museum of Chicago, for which he received one hundred thousand dollars. But the Cabinet of our own University has a unity and completeness of its own, unsurpassed by any similar collection in this country. Many unique illustrations of past forms of life make it a greater credit to Rochester than our citizens generally appreciate.

I have seen three several Court Houses in this City. Until 1850 there was only the old Court House, erected in 1821 at a cost of about $7,000. It had a projecting portico with four Ionic columns, and an octagonal belfry covered by a cupola. To this domicile of justice my father sent me at the age of thirteen, to hear a murder trial, in which a Dr. Hardenbrook was arraigned for the killing of his wife. I listened with rapt and awed attention to the plea of Mr. Tremaine, of Albany, in which he scathingly urged the jury to bring in a verdict against the accused. But the jury was recalcitrant, and Dr. Hardenbrook was acquitted. Three years after, our second Court House had taken the place of the first, and this one cost about $72,000. It was of brick, three stories in height, and surmounted by a wooden dome, upon which rested another smaller dome, with a statue of Justice and her scales crowning the whole. Four massive stone columns upheld the roof of the portico and gave an air of dignity to the edifice. And in its court room, I witnessed one of the most impressive scenes of my life. Judge Iva Harris of the Supreme Court, who afterwards became

Chancellor of the University of Rochester and Senator of the United States, was to pronounce sentence upon a brutal criminal, whose ignorance of the English language made necessary the intervention of an interpreter, even to communicate to him the meaning of the words that sealed his doom. Those who knew Judge Harris have not forgotten the large mould of his mind and the correspondingly magnificent port of the man. The bearing of the Judge that day seemed the very embodiment of the majesty and impartiality of the law. But, coupled with this, there was a deep compassion for the miserable being before him. As he addressed the convicted man, tears were seen trickling down his cheeks, his voice trembled and broke, he could not go on. The solemn hush of that court room was like the silence of the grave that was just opening to receive the murderer. Justice paused—but justice must be done. With a struggle that shook his whole frame, Judge Harris regained his self-control, and the words were spoken that consigned the convict to a felon's death. Those words were awful, because it was felt that there could be no recall. I learned in that court room something about processes of law, but I learned a better lesson still, namely, that Justice is no respector of persons, and that from her final decisions there is no appeal. Our third Court House cost, with its furnishings, more than $800,000, and it shows how great has been our advance in population and wealth; but I am always sorry that the statue of Justice with her scales could not surmount the edifice as it did the structure of its predecessor.

Old Corinthian Hall housed the Athenaeum. It was a famous gathering place for concerts and lectures. I heard Jenny Lind sing there, on a summer evening. The windows were all open, and her flute-like voice was heard by people sitting on the roofs, across the river, hundreds of feet away. The Athenaeum was the forerunner of our Mechanics Institute, and in Corinthian Hall it gave courses of lectures by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John A. Dix, Horace Mann, Theodore Parker, Wendell Philips, and Henry Ward Beecher. Three men, however, caught my fancy in those days in an especial degree. One was William

H. Seward, when he took me on his lap at the age of ten, and uttered prognostications of my possible future greatness, upon the one condition that I would be a good boy. The second was Daniel Webster, who swung round the circle after he had voted for the Fugitive Slave Bill, and strove to calm the indignant conscience of the North. It was an unusually cold day on May 23, 1851, when he addressed the people of Rochester in Reynolds Arcade.* He stood in the gallery at the south end, with eyes shining like torches in a cavern, and cheeks red with cold. He seemed even then to be on the edge of the grave. The crowd was so great that there was almost a panic when the gallery creaked with its weight, but Daniel Webster drew from that audience little applause. Rochester was once called "a hotbed of isms," and Abolitionism was one of the "isms" and therefore the people took small stock in the maintenance and defense of slavery.

The last man I shall mention was the greatest of the three. It was Abraham Lincoln.† He was proceeding to Washington in 1861 to take his oath of office as President. In the old Railway Station on the west side of the Genesee, he emerged from his sleeping-car to greet the crowd that welcomed him. His gaunt form seemed worn with care, but he had the air of a man who was called by duty to a high destiny. Every hearer of that brief address felt assured, after he had finished, that "honest old Abe" would do the right thing in the Presidential chair. I never saw him after that, unless I may claim to have seen him pass to his burial. From a balcony in Broadway, New York, I looked down upon the catafalque that bore his mortal remains to their last home. As far as the eye could reach, up and down the great avenue, soldiers filled the street from curb to curb, twenty bands with muffled drums were playing the dead march, and the sidewalks were crammed with spectators in tears. I have long thought that it would be

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*EDITOR'S NOTE: See article, "Daniel Webster in Rochester," Publication Fund Series, Volume III, pages 243-252.

†EDITOR'S NOTE: See "Abraham Lincoln in Rochester," Publication Fund Series, Volume III, pages 233-241.

only fitting that there should be two monuments in our National Capitol precisely alike, one to Washington, the other to Lincoln.

In conclusion, I must say something about the churches of early Rochester. Of course, my first recollections are of the old Baptist Church on North Fitzhugh Street, where my father was a Deacon. There had been services there long before I was born, commemorative of the deaths, on the same fourth day of July, of our two Presidents, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. And when William Henry Harrison died, only a month after his inauguration in 1841, our Baptist Church held another service to commemorate the work of the hero of Tippecanoe. The funereal hangings, the dirgelike music, the solemn sermon of that occasion, most deeply impressed me. I learned a lesson of patriotism, as well as of religion. I well remember the old First Presbyterian Church, which stood opposite St. Luke's, upon the site of our present City Hall, and which was ministered to by Dr. McIlvaine, the chief opponent of Mr. Finney's revival methods.* I remember the Brick Church, under the ministry of the beloved Dr. Shaw, Mr. Finney's chief supporter, where Mr. Finney sometimes fairly thundered and lightened. I remember the First Methodist Church, on the ground of Duffy's Department Store, and the Asbury Methodist, where the East Side Savings Bank now stands. Opposite the Asbury Methodist was the Second Baptist Church, on the ground now occupied by Sibley, Lindsay & Curr. But I owe most to the old Bethel Church, which stood on the North side of the Canal on South Washington Street, and which afterwards became the Central Presbyterian Church; for it was there that I made the greatest decision of my life. Mr. Finney, the evangelist, under whose rough ministry my father had been converted in 1830, came a second time to Rochester in 1842, and a third time in the winter of 1855-56. On the last occasion a great company of men, many of them our first citizens, who had

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*EDITOR'S NOTE: See letter written by Dr. McIlvaine on this subject, printed in this book at page 284.

begun a new life under his preaching twenty-six years before, rose up like a body guard, to do him honor and to support him. Rochester was visited by one of those earth-shaking revivals that defy criticism and change the face of a whole community. I was at that time a Junior at Yale, but I spent my Spring vacation at home. Mr. Finney's reputation, and an inner unrest of spirit, led me to attend one of his meetings. The question was propounded to me: "Will you from this time serve God, instead of yourself, looking to him to show you the way, and doing His will as fast as it is made known to you?" And I answered: "Yes, I will." I went out into the dark, that night, doubtful about my future course; but I went back to College, determined at any rate to be a Christian. Light came in time; and here I am to give thanks to God and to the Central Presbyterian Church, which in its earliest days gave me the opportunity of setting my feet in the right direction. Rochester owes more to revivals of religion than it owes to its providential location or to the energy of its people; for without those revivals it is questionable whether there would have been anything like the education or the enterprise that have characterized the city.

Thus I have wandered on in my story, more and more interested in it myself, as the burial-places of memory have given up their dead. I cannot expect you to be as interested as I have been, and I have therefore withheld as much as I have given. I have not attempted sketches of personal character, though many a man of note shines out of the misty past, and many a celebration like that of the rag-a-muffin "Invincibles" rings its bells in my memory. I seem to see that splendid young soldier, Gilman H. Perkins, with his gallant company of Union Grays. I remember the crowd on Main Street, when our first regiment marched to the Civil War, and the wives and sweethearts of the men walked, perhaps for the last time, by their side. I remember Levi A. Ward's generosity and hospitality. I remember the Rochesters, after whom the city had been named, and who gave it character from the beginning. I remember Hiram Sibley and Lewis H. Morgan, Isaac Butts and S. P.

Allen, Mortimer Reynolds and William C. Bloss, Everard Peck and William Alling, D. W. Powers and D. M. Dewey, the Chapins and the Bissels, the Ellwangers and the Sages, the Elys, the Moores and the Smiths. And last of all, and the funniest figure of all, I remember Othello Hamlet Etheridge, in his black velvet cutaway coat and white trousers, his ruffled shirt and red waist-coat, his Byron collar and patent-leather boots, whose work was sign painting, but whose specialty was diamonds. Was there ever such a compound of taste and vanity? He thought himself a born actor, and he was persuaded to make his début, as Hamlet, on the stage. But, alas, he was seized with stage-fright; a single snicker from the audience caused him to collapse; and he rushed frantically, amid roars of laughter, into the green-room and into histrionic oblivion. I could tell you ever so many stories about Rochester celebrities, and many of them deserve commemoration. But I will not have you accuse me of the garrulity of old age, and so I rest my case, as the lawyers say, and relieve your patience.

However, I have the right to a postscript, and I cannot refrain from saying, before I sit down, that I have seen Rochester grow from fifteen thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The house of Mr. and Mrs. Willard, once the house of Silas O. Smith, on East Avenue, seemed in my boyish days to be far out in the country. What a noble expansion there has been to the South-east! But this is almost equaled by the North-east, North-west and South-west. The wilderness has come to blossom as the rose. Every year our city has become more prosperous and beautiful. I have circumnavigated the United States, and I have traveled much in foreign lands, but I have never found a city with so large a proportion of comfortable homes or such a general air of culture and refinement. No street in the world surpasses East Avenue, unless it be the street of millionaires in Pasadena, California. No city is better provided with educational facilities, or has a society more appreciative of merit. We have a goodly heritage. Let us be thankful to the fathers who founded our institutions, who planned our hospitals and our parks, who set

the pace for our own generation by their plain living and high thinking.

When I go to Mount Hope, I am reminded that a large part of Rochester is underground. Eighty-one thousand have been already buried there—five times as many as lived in Rochester when I was born. My first pastor, Dr. Pharcellus Church, delivered the dedicatory address at the opening of that beautiful cemetery, and in the Village Reader, one of my first text-books, his address was printed as a model for declamation. He interpreted the name Mount Hope as meaning that death does not end all, but is only our time of beginning, and that hope can never hope too much as we look into the future for ourselves or others.

What shall be the future of Rochester? Let us fixedly resolve that, so far as in us lies, we will hand down, to those who come after us, what we have ourselves received, but with some increment of intelligence and purpose due to our peculiar opportunities and experience. "Other men labored, and we have entered into their labors"—"As we have freely received," so let us "freely give."

The Adventures of a Surveyor-Pioneer in the Genesee Country: Augustus Porter

By Charles Mulford Robinson

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, March 13, 1896.

ORSAMUS TURNER opens an interesting chapter in his *History of the Holland Purchase* with these words:

"Few names were earlier, have been more intimately, and none more honorably, associated with the entire history of settlement and progress in Western New York, than that of Augustus Porter."

The bearer of the name is the subject of this paper.

Augustus Porter was born January 18, 1769, at Salisbury, Conn., in a family already very old and distinguished. He was educated in the common school of the town, and when seventeen years old began to study surveying at Lebanon. His tutor died before the course was complete, but young Porter, returning to Salisbury, was able, on his father's considerable property, to put to practical test the theoretical knowledge he had gained of his chosen profession. He was devoted to it, was keenly ambitious, and longed for the wider opportunities of the boundless West; and in 1789, when twenty years old, he started forth. He joined a party from Sheffield, Mass., and went first to Ontario (then Montgomery) County, to survey lands in which his father had an interest.

Of this journey, his first into the wilderness of Western New York, we have, from Augustus Porter himself, a full account. His future companions were met in Schenectady early in May. The party was well-provisioned and had two boats, each navigated by four men. The course from

Schenectady was up the Mohawk to Fort Stanwix (now Rome), the Little Falls being passed by a carry. At the fort there was another carry of about a mile to Wood Creek. This is a very small stream, but at the portage there was a saw-mill dam which created a considerable pond. When full, its contents could be discharged rapidly, and upon the flood so occasioned the two boats were borne seven miles, to where Wood Creek is joined by Canada Creek. By means of the latter the travelers gained Oneida Lake, and then, passing through that and its outlet, they came to Three River point. Thence the course was up the Seneca River and Seneca outlet to Seneca Lake at Geneva. The only interruptions were at Seneca Falls and Waterloo (then known as Scoy's). The journal that Augustus Porter wrote long afterwards says:

> "At Seneca Falls we passed our boats up the stream—empty, by the strength of a double crew, our loading being taken around by a man named Job Smith, who had a pair of oxen and a rudely constructed cart, the wheels of which were made by sawing off a section of a log some 2½ or 3 feet in diameter."

Only three white persons were seen in the whole journey from Fort Stanwix to Geneva. The latter was then the most important of the western settlements and consisted of some six or seven families.

Leaving boats and cargoes at Geneva, the party divided, four of the leaders, including Porter, following the Indian trail, packs on backs, to Canandaigua. At this place, then called Kanandargua, there were ten or twelve persons, nearly all of whom had come out less than two weeks before. There were only four houses, and these were of logs.

From Canandaigua young Porter went direct to his destination, "Township No. 10, Fourth Range," now East Bloomfield. With the necessary "hands and provisions" he made the survey of the town, and then passed to "Township No. 9, Sixth Range," now Livonia. This, he says, was one of the best in the Genesee Country, but he declined to purchase when land there was offered to him at twenty cents an acre. Various towns were surveyed, Porter's business growing apace. It was rough, exciting work in that

wild country; and there was at least one massacre by Indians, the sufferers being a small surveying party like Porter's and only a short distance from his.

Several years were spent in this work. In the fall Porter generally returned to Connecticut, spending the winter in writing out his field notes at his father's house in Salisbury. Each spring he would return to "the West," generally making the journey each way by the water route. Once, in December, he went on foot; and once, in February, in a two-horse sleigh. Of the foot journey his record merely says that it "was very tedious," owing to the depth of the snow. He had three companions and whenever practicable the party made use of snowshoes.

It was on one of these long trips, in the spring of 1790, that Augustus Porter, westward bound, first met James Wadsworth, who was also going west to occupy property at Geneseo. It was on Wood Creek, the little stream navigable only by a flood from the mill-dam, that the strange meeting took place. Occasionally these floods proved insufficient to carry a boat through to deep water, and in that case there was nothing to do but to wait for a second moving of the waters. As Porter and his party were coursing down the stream, they came upon a grounded boat the navigators of which were standing in the water, ready to start with the coming tide, and one of these navigators was Wadsworth.

Porter spent seven summers in the Genesee Country as a surveyor for various of the original purchasers of this wilderness of Western New York. His employers had bought the land from the state of Massachusetts; and he made the first private surveys. He also acted as assistant surveyor to Andrew Elliott, surveyor-general of the United States, in running the line from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario; and his business extended to the survey of all the lands lying west of Seneca Lake, first the property of Phelps and Gorham and then of Robert Morris, and known later as the "Holland Purchase." He also examined, for Mr. Wadsworth, some property in Northern New York, north

of Schenectady, and made a brief trip by water to Virginia. On his own account he purchased considerable land in Western New York, of which the possession of greatest interest here was the part ownership of a tract of 20,000 acres which included the site of much of the present city of Rochester. In 1795, too, he purchased a considerable tract about six miles north-east of the present village of Avon and half a mile west of Honeoye Falls.

In 1796, the Connecticut Land Company employed Augustus Porter as chief surveyor, with a corps of more than fifty assistants, to make the first survey ever made in lands owned by the state on the south shore of Lake Erie, and called the "Western Reserve." The unbroken wilderness was occupied by hostile Indians; but the dauntless pioneer, only twenty-six years old, accomplished his task, and laid out and named, among other towns, that which is now the city of Cleveland, choosing the name in compliment to the party's managing agent, General Cleveland.

This expedition was naturally not without exciting adventures. Four batteaux, purchased at Schenectady for the transportation of men and stores, were manned by the surveyors. Following the usual water route from Schenectady the party gained Oneida Lake, and thence, by way of the Oswego River reached Lake Ontario. On the Mohawk a man was lost overboard and drowned; and at Oswego the British, who were in possession, declined to let the party pass. But Porter was not so easily stopped. Returning a short way up the stream, the men waited until night. Then, under cover of the darkness, the boats floated down the river and passed the fort unperceived. A few days later this post, as well as that at Niagara, was surrendered under the stipulation of Jay's treaty, so that the party had no difficulty in passing the latter fort, nor in returning. By Lake Ontario the party reached the Niagara River. This was followed to Queenstown, where the long, hard carry commenced, past the lower and upper rapids of Niagara and the falls, to where Chippewa now is. Through all this distance and over the carries on the Mohawk the same batteaux were borne. By the upper Niagara, Lake Erie

was gained; and in order to ascertain the amount of land embraced in the Reserve it was necessary to traverse the whole southern shore of the lake, from the eastern to the western boundaries of the territory, a distance of 120 miles. This Augustus Porter did himself.

In 1797-'98 Porter, whose reputation was now wide, was employed by Robert Morris, the Revolution's financier, to lay down the boundaries of the lands west of the Genesee River, the Indian title to which Morris had lately obtained. This whole country was very much of a wilderness, though scarcely to be compared in that respect to the Western Reserve. In getting to Buffalo, where there was a British Indian interpreter, an Indian trader, and two white families, the route was along the lake, chiefly on the beach, as no road had been built; and in returning an Indian trail was followed as far as where Avon is now situated. In all that distance there was only one dwelling-house, and the living, of course, was very rude for the surveying parties. Bear meat, cooked on the end of a pointed stick held over the fire, was one of the delicacies that Augustus Porter used to tell of long afterwards.

Porter's own home at this time was in Canandaigua, and though a house and family ties now tempted him to spend all the time he could there, he had still to be much away, to a great extent in the development of his own increasing landed property. In 1800, he ploughed forty acres of the tract which he had purchased some years before near Honeoye Falls. This, it is recorded, then gave conclusive evidence of having been the site of a large Indian village, embracing the burying ground within its limits.* So numerous were the graves that it was necessary to level the earth with the spade before teams could pass over it, and nearly 1,000 pounds weight of hatchets, bits of brass kettles, gun-barrels, locks, leads, etc., were found.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: This was Totiakton, the principal village of the Senecas; the inhabitants having moved from the hill west of the present Rochester Junction, after destruction by Denonville of the former village at that site, in 1687. For full account, see article, this volume, "The Expedition of the Marquis de Denonville against the Senecas," by George B. Selden, Jr.

In 1802, Augustus Porter was awarded the contract for carrying the mails from Utica to Fort Niagara. It was a stage line now, and the route was the usual one to Buffalo and thence down the river on the Canadian side, to the fort. And in that fall he was elected to the state legislature from the two counties of Ontario and Genesee. He did very little surveying now, but was occupied mainly with the management of the Phelps and Gorham estates, and later with that of his own, in addition to public duties.

Early in June of 1806, Augustus Porter removed with his family to Niagara Falls. It was the second very important movement of his life and marks the line between the two great divisions of his career. We have had the Pioneer-Surveyor; we shall have now the Pioneer-Settler.

Augustus Porter and his younger brother, Peter Buell Porter, who had lived with him at Canandaigua and was destined to become the great statesman and general of the war of 1812, had visited Niagara Falls some years before, and become convinced that a great industrial future lay before the region adjacent to such enormous power. In 1803, therefore, when the state offered this land for sale, the Porter brothers and Benjamin Barton and Joseph Annin had combined to purchase a very large tract, with the water power adjacent to, and above, the falls of the river. At the same time that this purchase was made they leased the state's landing places at Black Rock and Lewiston, with other land which the state was not ready to sell, and agreed to furnish at reasonable rates and for a term of thirteen years, all the transportation facilities over this long "carry" which broke the great through water route to the West. This, then, was the origin of the Porter, Barton Transportation Company, one of the most important and interesting enterprises of Western New York's early history; and one which, through its absolute monopoly, its great warehouses, its many teams, its wharves and numerous vessels, and its connections east and west, had no small part in the building up of the country. For the immigrants, then first pushing westward in a steady stream, were transported by this company and its allies from Schenectady, N. Y., clear to

Mackinaw, Chicago, and Fort Wayne. Through its hands, too, passed eastward nearly all the business of the fur companies and the large Indian traders; and among the papers of the company, which are still in the possession of the Porter family, are very many letters from the thrifty trader, the original John Jacob Astor.

The company is not only commercially important, but historically so, for it was "the first regular and connected line of forwarders that ever did business from tidewater to Lake Erie, on the American side of the Niagara River;" and Augustus Porter, who became, by degrees, the head and front of the enterprise, had the contract now, and personally throughout the war of 1812, of supplying all the frontier posts of the United States government.

It was, then, for the better engagement in these great enterprises, whose story would make a paper in itself, that Augustus Porter broke up his home in Canandaigua, and early in June of 1806, removed his family to Niagara Falls. After the fashion of those days, he was his own teamster, coming to the new home with whip and reins in hand. The weather was favorable, but the journey took four or five days, and it must have been a hard one for a mother with a month old child. But there were heroes in those days.

The house which Augustus Porter left at Canandaigua was sold to John Greig. The new one to which he first took his family at Niagara was the old Stedman house, perhaps a mile and a half above the falls. On the journey they had found the country pretty well opened from the Genesee River west to Batavia, but from that point the settlements were very sparse. There were five or six families at Lewiston, but only two at Schlossers, which was the nearest point to the Stedman house. The surrounding region was still so wild that bears were common in the forests and wolves too numerous for several years to make it possible to keep sheep. At night the howling of the wolves around the house was a familiar sound. Wild geese and duck abounded on the river, eagles nested above the falls, the land was infested with rattlesnakes, and deer were often seen on Goat Island. Of the erections early made by the French

and English and long since abandoned, the Stedman house into which the Porters moved, was alone unruined. It had served at one time as the mess house of the little English fort.

Augustus Porter and his associates, of whom Barton had settled at Lewiston, had already commenced improvements at the falls. They erected a blacksmith shop and sawmill a year before Porter took his family there; and in 1807, a year after their settlement, the firm erected a grist mill, the first to be established at Niagara. To raise its frame all the able-bodied citizens of the neighborhood were insufficient, so that a company of forty soldiers had to be brought from Fort Niagara. Before they left they stripped the garden of its fruit, which was very fine, and the experiment thus proved expensive. The mill was of two stories and had two runs of stones.

Early in 1808, Niagara County was organized. It embraced all of the state west of the Genesee River. Fifteen days after its organization Augustus Porter was appointed the first judge. Hence arose the prefix by which the contemporaries always called him thereafter, and by which he is described by historians, public and private. It was a title which suited well his rather reserved and, in the old style, dignified manner; and accorded with the awe and respect with which his neighbors always regarded him.

In the same year, 1808, Judge Porter erected a dwelling of his own, on the site of the present homestead, which is nearer the falls than was the Stedman house, and thither removed his family. This house, though only one-half the width of the present structure, was the most splendid in this Western region. It was built of brick, which in itself was a distinction. The bricks were made on the spot. The cut stone for the window sills and the marble for the fireplaces was brought all the way from Albany on sleighs, and the glass for the windows came from Pittsburgh. The location, too, was superb, chosen not for a generation, but forever. The garden behind the house sloped down to the famous rapids. From the windows of the structure one might see them, or one might look up the river to where it

stretched smooth and broad as a lake, or down to where the spray cloud hung above the falls; while through closed doors and windows the roar of the cataract came, like lulling music. In the heart of the wilderness the mighty river made a clearing; the stillness was filled as though with the voice of God; and over the opposite trees, that dipped uncut branches to the rushing waters, the sun set in rare radiance and glory. Never did pioneer find grander spot than this in which to build his habitation.

A road corresponding to the present street ran by the house. Opposite, an orchard of small fruit was planted, and just above an apple orchard. A portion of the latter is still standing, the gnarled old trees having lived through the war of 1812, and later through the advance, which is often more destructive than an enemy's to them, in property values. Over what was to become the village of Niagara Falls the large forest trees were pretty well cut down before 1812, but young trees and undergrowth, particularly near the river, grew very thick and close, quite down to the falls. On the Canadian side there was a great cedar swamp, and cedars grew below the falls on the steep banks of the river. All along up the river, on both sides of the road, Augustus Porter had, or came to have, farming interests as the land was cleared. It was necessary of course to raise everything required for home consumption, and he had not only his own family for which to provide, but a very large force of men engaged in the various works in which he and the firm had an interest. It was necessary, too, as far as possible, to raise supplies for the posts which he was under contract to care for.

The family life passed quietly before the war; the boys went to school at Lewiston, making the seven mile journey each way by horseback through the woods, on the Portage Road. The Judge added to his other enterprises a large rope-walk and a carding establishment, while newcomers to the slowly growing village had built a number of small dwelling houses, several shops, and a comfortable log tavern.

The Indians roamed freely about the country, but Porter, through fearlessness of them, had gained their respect, and it was at this time that they began the custom of coming frequently to his house as guests, sometimes spending the nights as well as parts of the days. Often they came to demand "fire water," the curse of the Indian race, but they knew that they could have it only on the condition, clever and humorously stern, that they first drink a certain measured and wondrous quantity of cold water—after which they might have all the whisky that they wanted! Among the Indians who thus visited the family, one of the most cordially welcomed, and perhaps the most frequent in late years, was the great Seneca chief and orator, Red Jacket. Corn Planter and Farmer's Brother were other visitors and they all had a name for Judge Porter which meant "The Chain Bearer," given perhaps when he surveyed the "Gore" between the Seneca reservation and Lake Erie; for on that trip Judge Porter was accompanied by Red Jacket and Scaugh-juh-quatty, the chiefs whom the Senecas had appointed to show the line.

We come now to the war. Previous to 1812 itself few warnings probably reached the wilderness around Niagara of the great conflict that was so seriously to interrupt settlement and progress and subject the people to sacrifices and suffering. Yet Augustus Porter must have been better posted than most of his neighbors, for his brother Peter, who had been elected to congress in 1810, filled the important post of chairman of the house committee on foreign relations, and it was he who, in the latter part of November, 1811, reported the resolutions authorizing immediate and active preparations for war which the congress adopted, after his great and stirring speech of December 11th.

In June, 1812, when the declaration of war between the United States and Great Britain was definitely made, most of the inhabitants on the frontier moved to the interior. But when nothing happened they gradually returned, and remained until December, 1813, when the dreadful invasion took place. During the twelve or thirteen months of anxiety in the little town, Judge Porter had to be much

away from home, traveling from post to post on the Great Lakes, buying and delivering provisions, probably the main dependence on the frontier of the national commissary department. His wife and children remained at Niagara. A few trusty servants were with them, but Mrs. Porter was practically the general of the village. In the cellar of the house, as it was the only brick structure in the town, were stored the village guns. The transportation business had been suspended, many of the strong men had enlisted and marched away, and the settlement lay at the mercy of the Indians, frightened and still, ready to yield to panic at any moment. This Judge Porter well knew; and realizing the unique position which he and his family held in the town, he wrote to his wife that she must stay there as long as possible, feeling sure that her presence would allay the fear: "When it is unsafe for you to stay longer," he added, "I shall know and send you word." And so she, with the boys and the baby girl, stayed on. Once there came a report at night that the Indians were coming, and the men flocked to her for advice and arms. She did not falter, did not doubt the news nor question her husband's care. In the stillness of the night she rose, the calmest woman in the village, and passed out the guns to the men, from the cellar window, with a word of cheer for each. It proved a false alarm, but the incident shows what was the feeling in the settlement and the character of the woman.

At last, after weeks of this anxiety, and when the snows of December, 1813, were deep, the dread message from Judge Porter came:

> "It is unsafe to stay longer. You must make haste. Leave very quietly and go to your brother in Canandaigua. As I get opportunity I will send money to you there."

She confided the secret to only one person, a trusty servant; knowing that a dropped hint would strike the settlement with panic and all would be lost. As though she were going for a drive, she ordered that the sleigh be brought to the door. At evening she and her children got into it; and with her servants' help she was able to stow away in it a few precious things, such as a carpet, some silver and linen; and so, in the night and in winter, with the

enemy near, she started for Canandaigua. But before she left she took the bungs out of the whisky barrels in the cellar, that the Indians should not make themselves mad by drink for their cruel work on the morrow. Of that ride to Canandaigua we know no more, except that the brave woman and her charges arrived in safety.

When the family returned to Niagara peace had been declared, but the suddenness with which, after their flight, the little town had been attacked showed that the warning had come none too soon. Mrs. Porter had left two men in the house. On the morning after she had gone they saw from the windows the Indians approaching. The watchers at once took flight, and the last glimpse which family story gives of them is that they were seen running up the river bank with Indians brandishing tomahawks in full chase. The rest of the hostile party, made up of both British and Indians, broke into the Porter house, sacked it of the little the members wanted, heaped the beds and other furniture on the kitchen floor, and then set fire to the mansion. Except for the foundations it was entirely destroyed, and with it went many valuable charts and calculations based on the original surveys which the great pioneer had made in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Such maps and manuscripts as escaped the flames, together with the instruments used in the original surveys, are now preserved in cases by the Buffalo Historical Society, to whom Judge Porter's sons presented them after his decease. Among the things which the Indians stole and carried away was a coffee urn of lacquer, mounted with silver. Some years later it was found in Canada, little the worse for having been buried for a time, and was restored to Judge and Mrs. Porter.

The settlement of Niagara and the frontier suffered as did the Porter mansion. There was no resistance worthy of the name. Buildings and property of every description were destroyed; many unresisting persons were killed; and others, only escaping with their lives, were reduced to extreme want and suffering. Nothing was saved except two or three small dwellings and the log tavern. These had been set on fire with the others, but persons in the

vicinity extinguished the flames by hand after the departure of the enemy. No buildings were re-erected at Niagara until after the close of the war, in 1815.

Though Judge Porter was busy with the commissary department throughout the war, his interest in his Niagara possessions was still vast, and his confidence in the success of the American arms, with the final restoration of peace on the frontier, seems never to have faltered. In 1814, a year before the war's close, he was able to steal a clever march on the state of New York by which he gained, in spite of the legislature's reluctance, the desired possession of Goat Island. There was a lawyer of considerable prominence named Samuel Sherwood, to whom the state had given, in consideration of a failure of title to lands he had purchased of it, an instrument called a "float." This allowed the bearer to locate 200 acres on any of the unsold or unappropriated lands of the commonwealth. Peter B. and Augustus Porter bought the instrument of Sherwood and chose Goat Island and the small islands adjacent to it, some 70 acres in all, as a part of the tract. In 1816 they received their patent or deed.

After the close of the war, in 1815, Judge Porter brought his family back to Niagara Falls; and the government reimbursed him for the burning of his house inasmuch as he had permitted its use as an arsenal. While the old homestead was being rebuilt on a scale twice as large as before, and in the proportions that it now has, the family occupied a small dwelling opposite to the present International.

Transportation over the portage was resumed as soon as peace had been declared; the village recovered quickly from the shock of war; and now began a period of several years of busy quiet, the zenith of Judge Porter's career, when, with every faculty alert, he was the prosperous man-of-affairs, enjoying the fruit of his labors as brave Pioneer-Surveyor and struggling settler before age laid its hand upon him. The family life was characterized by early risings and early retirement to bed; there were long expeditions in land clearing, in the hunting of the hedge-hog, in developing the estates; and much thought and no little

correspondence in carrying on the business of the Transportation Company. The visits of the Indians at the house were renewed. Red Jacket came once more in all the glory of his chieftain's garb and with the dignity that made him famous; and Corn Planter came, already an old man of eighty years or more, scarred and wrinkled and ugly, the half-breed chief—but an Indian by education and habit—who had appealed to President Washington when he saw his fellows being wronged.

On the seventeenth of August, in 1817, on Friday, his excellency, James Monroe, President of the United States, spent the night at Judge Porter's. He was on his way from Fort Niagara to Black Rock and was accompanied by Major General Brown.

In 1818 Judge Porter built a bridge to Goat Island, on the site of the present structure. He was his own engineer, and the work was considered at that time an extremely difficult and dangerous undertaking. But it stood for thirty-eight years, until removed to make way for a bridge of iron. It is related that the Indians watched the building of the bridge over the rapids with great amazement. Day after day they gathered on the bank. Red Jacket came among them. He saw the bulkhead built in shallow water next the shore, rollers put on the flooring, and then the hewn logs which were balanced over the rushing, swirling stream by the rollers. The logs were let down on pike staffs and piers were built around them. Red Jacket grasped the idea, and, exclaiming, disheartened, "Damned Yankee! Damned Yankee!" he walked away. The building of the bridge was followed by the cutting of a road around the island.

Of the visits of the Indians to Judge Porter's house we can get a good idea from the personal recollections of one who witnessed them only a few years later, as a little girl. She says that there were two classes of Indians: The Tuscaroras and the Canadians. The visits of the latter were considered great occasions. They came in parties of two or four, generally in the winter because then they were hungry, and usually they came three or four times in a winter. They were in full regalia of feathers, robes, and

rings, unwilling to acknowledge any mendicancy. They always arrived in the evening. The servants were afraid of them as they stalked into the kitchen without knocking, but the Judge would go out and talk to them. They could not speak English, but he and they never had any trouble in interpreting one another's signs. They were fed on doughnuts, apples, and cider, and meat, and would roll themselves in their blankets on the kitchen floor before the great hearth fire at bed time. Next morning, before the family was up, they would be gone. The Tuscaroras were much milder and came oftener. They sold mats, baskets, and beaded work and, in the summer, berries. One of their number could dance. He liked to be asked to do so, and as it was sport to watch him, it became a regular thing. It was a wild dance; he accompanied himself, and all his fellows were proud of him.

Judge Porter's life was now mainly where his interests centered, in and about the growing village of Niagara. As his brother Peter was busy in affairs of state and nation, so he was equally busy, and locally not less prominent, as the pioneer. The office of the Judge was in the "front cellar," or high basement of his house. It had its own entrance, and was the hub of the settlement. Here was the first village postoffice; here was transacted much of the Porter, Barton & Co. business; here every Saturday night came the long line of men to receive their wages. That these men were numerous for the times one can guess from the Judge's many interests. About six men were employed regularly on the place. Then he had his rope-walk, his sawmill, his flour and carding mills, his farms, which extended on both sides and far up the road that is now Buffalo Avenue, and his land clearing expeditions. A horse was ready at his door at four o'clock on summer mornings; and, cantering off, frequently to be gone all day, the Judge would in person oversee his enterprises. The land clearing would sometimes keep him several days at a time, when he would live with his men, eating with them, and doing some of his own cooking in the way he had learned as a surveyor—only now

pork roasted on the end of a stick took the place of bear's meat.

The housekeeping was on a generous scale, so that the Judge's wife was hardly less of a factotum than the Judge himself. The mansion's great cellar was many times subdivided. There was the office; and there was the meat cellar where were barrels of pork and whole sides of beef; the apple cellar, the milk cellar, the vegetable cellar, with its cider and vinegar; the lock cellar where was kept a keg of brandy, the wines and whisky, and the cheese, preserved fruit and mince meat; and finally the "Jones cellar," named and reserved for the itinerant cobbler who came two or three times a year, and used the room as a workshop where he made shoes for the family and the servants. The cooking was done over the immense hearth in the kitchen, the fowls, sometimes a large turkey and two chickens roasting together on a spit before the fire; and also in a great brick oven. Beef, pork, poultry, fruit, vegetables, and grains were of course raised on the family farms. The beef and pork was butchered at home, and there the lard was prepared, the hams were smoked, and the sausages made. And these butchering times were great occasions. All the help was called in to assist in the disposition of the carcasses, for no part was lost. Mrs. Porter understood every detail of the work; but the practical superintending was done by a woman of the village, summoned to the mansion of the Judge for the occasion and made general of the scene. The cider was brewed at home, and the churning done, part of the latter for a while by Rover, the dog; and all the cooking was on the liberal, lavish scale of New England hospitality, which made the arrival of guests no possible embarrassment to the well-stocked shelves of the cellars. Indeed it is remembered that Henry Clay, coming in unexpectedly just as the family repast was ready, was greeted with a dinner that aroused his praise, for a word from the mistress had brought pies and preserves galore to add to the regular meal. In the summer, when many men were employed about the place, it was customary to prepare a mid-day meal for all of them, and a long table was spread on the porch of the kitchen, whither bountiful supplies went out.

Nor was it food alone that the housekeeper of that day had to look after. She, or her assistants, had to make almost everything used in the house. All the candles and soap were made at home, and there too the spinning was done. For the latter a woman was employed especially and another, who lived in the village, on the site of the present Cataract House, was knitter of the family. There was also the cobbler, of whom we have spoken, and in the Judge's carding establishment on a race a kind of cloth called satinette was made for the local consumption. The knitter devoted almost her entire time to her task, making all the mittens and stockings for the dependents as well as the family.

But to return to the order of events: Erie county in 1821 was set off from Niagara, and Judge Augustus Porter was elected a member of the constitutional convention, to represent with one colleague the four counties of Cattaraugus, Chateauqua, Erie, and Niagara; in 1822 he erected at Niagara Falls the large flouring-mill, subsequently owned by the Witmer brothers. This had four runs of stones and was furnished with all the modern improvements that had then been adopted in Rochester. In 1825 took place the visit of Lafayette at Judge Porter's.

Of this a full account has been published by Lafayette's secretary, M. Levasseur. Briefly it may be said that the general, after breakfasting with the family of Judge Porter's brother at Black Rock, was driven to Niagara Falls. There the town presented to him an address and a banquet, but such was Lafayette's impatience to see the wonder of which he had heard so much, writes his secretary, that both presentations were made as brief as possible. Early in the afternoon the party visited Goat Island, and their impressions are detailed with genuine French emphasis by the Secretary:

"Monsieur A. Porter, brother of General Porter, (with whom we had breakfasted at Black Rock) is the proprietor of Goat Island. He had the courtesy to conduct personally General Lafayette to all the most picturesque points of this remarkable, or unique, property. . . . . After two hours of a delightful drive and promenade we left the island, casting a parting glance upon the bridge, that unites it to terra firma.

. . . . The general could not tear himself away from this imposing scene and I believe that when he learned that Goat Island and its charming dependencies could be bought for the sum of $10,000, he regretted deeply that the distance from France would not permit him to make this acquisition. This would be indeed a delicious habitation, the surface of the ground, many acres in extent, is covered with a vigorous vegetation, while the turf is continually refreshed by the spray, pure and light, that rises from the cataracts, presenting an agreeable refuge from the heat of summer. The course of the water that surrounds it offers a motive power that is incalculable, and one that could be easily applied to uses of many kinds. I do not think that Monsieur Porter (should he ever desire it), would find it difficult to rid himself of a property that combines so many advantages."

This year was notable also for two great public improvements. The construction of a Black Rock harbor, in which Augustus Porter took a most active part; and the completion of the Erie Canal. Though the canal did not touch at the settlement of Niagara Falls, it had an important influence upon the development of that town. Not only did it make useless forever, as a line of transportation, the ancient carry around the falls, leading immigration directly to Buffalo instead; but by the easy development from it of large water-power at Lockport, it caused a serious check to industrial enterprise around the cataract, diverting the improvement to its own line. Yet in the advocacy and building of this waterway no great land-holding family had a more distinguished part than did the Porters. Peter B. was one of its earliest projectors; and when, with Morris and Clinton, he constituted the commission for selecting its route, the Porter brothers again indicated, as in the war of 1812, a broad patriotism that put the welfare of the nation above their own.

But in a certain way, which they could not foresee, the quiet that now stole upon the village at Niagara, the relative stagnation in which it was to lie for fifty years—so slow was its growth during all that time—redounded to the benefit and comfort and prominence of the Porter family. They had no pressing need of larger material prosperity, and as the great landowners of the region, as a family whose name stood high in the annals of history, as the possessors of the greatest natural wonder the new world had to offer, a unique position came to be held by them. Locally

the ruling Porter was as Lord of the Manor, hardly a cap but was raised to him. And in a larger social sense the simile of the English homestead stands. To many a notable, indeed, have swung open the doors of the hospitable Porter mansions. President Monroe, Lafayette, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay, are but a few names that stand out with special prominence in those days that followed the visits of the great chiefs of the Indians. In fact Peter B. himself became national secretary of war in 1828, under Adams; and a glance at some of the old papers of Augustus Porter has revealed letters indicating the personal friendship of Millard Fillmore, De Witt Clinton, Lafayette, Cyrus W. Field, and Hamilton Fish.

In other places, too, one stumbles continually on things throwing light on the prominence of the family. In "Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America," for instance (Edinburgh, 1829), the writer tells of a visit he made to Augustus Porter at Niagara Falls, and how the Judge took him around Goat Island and discussed with him what was best to do with that wonderful piece of property. It is interesting, in the light of recent discussion and legislation, to find that the judge had been advised to cut down all the crooked trees and "erect a great tavern" there, on the brink of the precipice. It would have paid no doubt, but the Judge was too loyal to his sense of the beautiful ever thus to ruin nature's own setting of that glorious scene.

But at Niagara Falls itself, during Judge Porter's life, the special emphasis was on the paternal relation to the village. It is no insignificant thing that he was always then referred to, and for years afterwards was spoken of, by the surviving villagers, as "The Judge." Other name was neither needed nor given. To him the townsmen came to pour out all their troubles, sure of sympathy and wisdom and help. He was the oracle of the neighborhood, called upon to settle or advise in all kinds of difficulties.

The latter years of Judge Porter's life, says a brief sketch of him prepared by his son, Albert H. Porter:

> "Were chiefly devoted to his private business, in the cultivation of his lands, and in various local improvements, with his characteristic energy, his mental faculties unimpaired to the time of his decease."

Turner, who visited him in 1849, the year of the Judge's death, wrote of this man of eighty:

"He may be said to constitute a connecting link between two generations. . . . Living now in an age of luxury, of increasing effeminacy; surrounded by all the comforts of life; with ample means to enjoy its luxuries; he emphatically belongs to the old school; preserving the simple, frugal habits of his youth and middle-age, his habits of industry and economy, his love of the substantial and sensible things of this life."

And then with an enthusiasm which, as he says, needs no apology, exclaiming on the changes which this pioneer had seen, Turner wrote:

"How blended with change, progress, the mighty achievements of our age and race, is the name, are the reminiscences, of this early pioneer!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: At the second annual festival of the Pioneers of Rochester, held at the Blossom House, October 12, 1848, the following letter from Augustus Porter was read (See published Proceedings, 1848, pages 14-16):

"Niagara Falls, Sept. 28th, 1848.

"ENOS STONE, Esq.—

"Dear Sir: Your letter of the 26th instant, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements of the Pioneers of Rochester, is received, in which you invite me to attend your Annual Celebration at the Blossom Hotel, on the 12th of October next.

"For this mark of kindness and respect I tender them my sincere thanks. Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to attend this celebration, as it would give me an opportunity of seeing the early settlers in and about Rochester, among whom I might see many of my old acquaintances— but the state of my health and the infirmities of age forbid it. My age, should I live until the 18th of January next, will be eighty years. You say at the close of your letter, that should I be unable to attend, some incidents of early settlements to be read on that occasion, are requested.

"In conformity with this request I will, so far as my memory serves me, give you some account of the first personal knowledge I had of the country in and about Rochester, and of the first settlers.

"I first came into the Genesee Country in the year 1789, from Salisbury, Connecticut, in the capacity of a surveyor, at twenty-one years of age. I came from Schenectady on a batteaux up the Mohawk river to Fort Stanwix, from thence by Wood Creek, the Oneida Lake and Seneca River, to Geneva; from thence to Canandaigua on foot by an Indian trail, and thence by an Indian path to East Bloomfield (Township No. 10—4th range). Here I found Mr. Jonathan Adams, from Massachusetts, with a large family of sons and daughters who had just

arrived and were engaged in erecting log houses. I then commenced my labors as surveyor, and lotted this town, and spent the whole of the season in lotting three other towns, and running the outlines of a number of other townships in what is now Steuben County, and returned to Connecticut in the Fall. The next Spring I again came to Bloomfield, where I built a saw mill on Mud Creek. The latter part of the season I was employed by Jonathan Fasset to survey Township No. 13; 4th Range (now the Town of Penfield). This I ran into large farm lots, except some 20 or 30 acres lying on Irondequoit Creek, which was run into about twelve hundred lots, called city lots.

"At this time there were living Simon Stone and Israel Stone, at the place where the Village of Pittsford now stands. They were the original proprietors of the Township, having purchased it of Messrs. Phelps & Gorham, and selected this spot to commence their settlement from its being directly on the Indian path leading both from the Irondequoit Landing and Falls to Canawagus, (now Avon) and from there being at the place a very fine spring. There were, also, several other persons living in the town—among them I recollect a Mr. Nie and Paul Richardson, who a few years after became the husband of Mrs. Israel Stone, whose husband had died.

"In No. 13: 4th Range, (Penfield) there was a Mr. Lusk, from Richmond, Massachusetts, living near the Irondequoit Landing, and a Mr. Allen living on the north side of the West branch of the Creek where the road leading from Rochester to Pittsford, crosses. Mr. Orange Stone lived in Township No. 13: 7th Range, (now Brighton,) at the same place where he died a few years ago, by the handsome Elm Tree and Big Rock. Mr. Chauncey Hyde lived a short distance west of him.

"This town was purchased by a company from Lenox, Massachusetts, in the year 1789–'90. Among the names of the first purchasers I recollect Capt. John Gilbert, William Walker, Caleb Walker, old Mr. Stone, father of Orange and Enos Stone, Mr. Northrop, Col. Chauncey Hyde, Prosper Polley, A. Eggleston, and perhaps some others. Old Capt. Gilbert was the surveyor who lotted the town in 1789, with whom I became acquainted that year (an excellent, worthy man). He told me at that time that those of the proprietors who had seen the town, were disappointed and dissatisfied with the quality of the land generally, and with the great marsh of the Irondequoit, and a large swamp at the southwest corner, and that they intended to sell out as soon, and in the best way they could—and most of them a few years after, did sell to Mr. Phelps.

"This year, (1789) Capt. Caleb Walker surveyed Township No. 12: 4th Range, (now Perrinton) into lots. He and his brother, Col. Wm. Walker, purchased this town, and Glover Perrin with his family settled there, where they lived for several years before any other settler came in, and until Mrs. Perrin became partially deranged, when they removed to Pittsford, where he resided until his death. Caleb Walker died at Canandaigua in 1790. This Township Colonel Walker sold to Daniel

Penfield, and in 1797 Mr. Penfield sold to Doctor Duncan, a Scotch gentleman, who left it to his son, who lately lived at Canandaigua.

"In 1789, Ebenezer Allan (then known as Indian Allan, from his having two squaw wives) had agreed to purchase a Mill site at the Genesee Falls, and that year erected a small Grist-Mill on or near the place now known as Child's Basin—the site was to contain one hundred acres. In the year 1790, Ebenezer Hunt and others purchased of Phelps & Gorham 20,000 acres of land in Township No. 1, Short Range, west of the Genesee River, which was bounded west and north by the north and west lines of the township, east by Genesee River, and south by a line parallel with said north line, and so far distant therefrom as to contain said quantity, excepting, however, and reserving one hundred acres which had been previously sold to Ebenezer Allan. The recognition of this sale to Allan, in the deed by Phelps & Gorham to Ebenezer Hunt and others, is, as far as I know, the only evidence of title that Allan ever had to that 100 acres. In 1791 I was at Allan's Mill, and the only person that I found living at or near that place, was a Mr. Dugan, a brother-in-law to Allan, who was attending the mill.

"At this time there was living at the mouth of Allan's Creek [now Oatka Creek], old Mr. Sheffer, who had purchased the farm on which he lived of Ebenezer Allan in 1789—and came there the next year. This was a farm which Oliver Phelps gave to Allan for his services while Mr. Phelps was negotiating with the Indians for the purchase he made of them in 1788. Allan then lived on the farm, and from him the Creek took its name.

"The first settler between Sheffer's and the Falls as far as I recollect, was Col. Josiah Fish, who settled at the mouth of Black Creek, and for several years was the Supervisor of the town of North Hampton, which embraced the whole of that part of the State of New York which lies west of Genesee River.

"In 1789, Hugh Maxwell, while employed by Phelps & Gorham, surveyed the tract known as the Mill-Site Tract, into townships, and in doing so he committed an error by running the west line due north and south, and the outlines of the townships within the tract, in conformity with that. It was afterwards corrected by running the west line on a course corresponding with the general course of Genesee River. This I ran in 1792. This corrected line, which is N. 22 E., accounts for the obliquity of some of the township lines.

"In 1797, I surveyed the 20,000-Acre Tract above referred to, into lots, and laid out the village lots at Hanford's Landing. At this time a settlement commenced at that place by Gideon King, Zadock Granger and others. At the same time I laid out the Allan hundred acres, conformable to the description given in Phelps & Gorham's deed to E. Hunt and others. This directed that the centre of the tract, up and down stream, should be the centre of Allan's Mill, and laid out in as near a square form as the windings of the river would permit. Old Mr. Hincher at this time lived at the mouth of the river, on the west side, and Col. J. Fish lived at, and attended, the old Allan Mill. In 1798, Eli Granger

built a small schooner, at Hanford's Landing. I was at that time one of the proprietors of the 20,000 acres, and E. Granger came to me and told me of the ridge of land now known as the Ridge Road, and proposed to go and explore it through to the Niagara River, provided I would employ a man to go with him and furnish them with provisions—which I did, and on his return he gave what has since proved a correct account of this remarkable road.

"Yours respectfully,

"AUGUSTUS PORTER."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Among the most important books ever written concerning the Genesee Country are those of Orsamus Turner. They furnish the very foundation-stones of the history of the early settlements, and are indispensible. Every writer on the history of Western New York turns to them. When Turner compiled his books, actual contact was possible with many of the original pioneers, and their first-hand stories appear in his pages. The opportunity to interview the pioneers has passed long since. For this reason, the books of Turner are of greatest value. They are as follows:

Pioneer History of the Holland Purchase of Western New York, by O. Turner. (Jewett, Thomas & Co., Buffalo, 1849; 2nd edn., 1850).

History of the Pioneer Settlement of Phelps and Gorham's Purchase, and Morris' Reserve, Embracing the Counties of Monroe, Ontario, Livingston, Yates, Steuben, most of Wayne and Allegany, and Parts of Orleans, Genesee, and Wyoming. To which is added a supplement or extension of the pioneer history of the Monroe County, THE WHOLE PRECEDED BY SOME ACCOUNT OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH DOMINION—BORDER WARS OF THE REVOLUTION—INDIAN COUNCILS AND LAND CESSIONS—THE PROGRESS OF SETTLEMENT WESTWARD FROM THE VALLEY OF THE MOHAWK—EARLY DIFFICULTIES WITH THE INDIANS—OUR IMMEDIATE PREDECESSORS THE SENECAS—WITH A GLANCE AT THE IROQUOIS, by O. Turner. (William Alling, Rochester, 1851).

On the second page of the preface of the first edition (1851) of the *Phelps and Gorham's Purchase* it appears that the work was to be in four parts: Phelps and Gorham's Purchase—Monroe; Phelps and Gorham's Purchase—Livingston and Allegany; Phelps and Gorham Purchase—Ontario and Yates; Phelps and Gorham's Purchase—Wayne; the first 493 pages to be the same. The experience with the Monroe Supplement did not justify the plan and it was abandoned. In 1852 the second (concluding) volume was issued with Supplement embracing Ontario, Wayne, Livingston, Yates and Allegany—all the other counties.

For many years Mr. Turner was a newspaper editor at Lockport, New York. He resided in Rochester for two or three years while preparing his history of the *Phelps and Gorham's Purchase*. The main body of this work was stereotyped, and the plates were destroyed when the office of the Rochester *Democrat* burned in 1857. Both of his books are now rare.

William H. Samson criticised Turner's work, as follows (Studies in Local History, No. XVII):

"Mr. Turner had an opportunity to render a public service of great importance, for the Genesee Country was full of pioneers who had felled the first trees, built the first schools, churches and stores, and had constructed the railroads and canals, and they could have given him far more in the way of personal reminiscences than he cared to gather. He did, indeed, collect much, but he threw it together with little regard to system, and as he disdained to compile an index, it is exceedingly difficult to find anything in his books, and they abound in inaccuracies. Financially his enterprises were unsuccessful and perhaps it is for this reason that he has had no successor."

The Twenty-Thousand-Acre Tract

By Moses B. King

Read before The Rochester Historical Society, March 8, 1895.

Editor's Note: Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker says *(Rochester—A Story Historical,* page 59):

"It was in 1790 that the Twenty-Thousand-Acre Tract, now partly included in Rochester, was bought by Messrs. Ely, Pomeroy, Hunt, and Breck, and in 1796-97, when the ruins of Allan's mill stood alone in the wilderness at the Falls, four families settled at Hanford's Landing, arriving in midwinter, making cabins of their covered sleighs until the new log-huts were ready for occupancy. They repaired the old mill sufficiently to make it saw boards for them, but it was not until some fourteen years after, that the first store in all these parts was opened, the store of Hanford at Hanford's Landing. The venerable building that used to stand on the east side of the boulevard was removed this spring [1884], and unfortunately before a photograph was taken, although it was on our list of illustrations. But there was neither store, nor anything else like civilization, when Thomas and Simon King, Elijah Kent, and Eli Granger kindled a fire on the snowy ground and gathered their little company around it to cook and eat their first meal in the Genesee Country. They were the first settlers upon the west side of the river below the mouth of Black Creek, excepting Indian Allan in his capricious visits to his mill, and William Hincher, who had built the first hut of a white man on the shore of Lake Ontario between the Genesee River and Fort Niagara, in the Fall of 1792, a hut whose roof was of wild grass, but which sheltered a family consisting of father, mother, one son, and seven daughters."

THE large quantity of water conveyed by the Mississippi and St. Lawrence Rivers into the ocean, convinced King James that they must drain quite a large part of the Northwestern continent, and that, if he wished a good foothold in America, he must not base his claim on the amount of land drained by the small rivers along his coast. The Hudson River had not then been discovered. He lived in a mathematical era, and was contemporary with Mercator, the map-maker; with Kepler, who discovered the science of astronomy; with Lord Napier at work on his logarithms; and Edmund Gunter, who invented the quadrant, an instru-

ment used for estimating latitude by observations of the polar star.

The king's friendly relations with Gunter suggested for him the credit of being the intelligence behind the throne, when King James first defined his claim to the American coast as being between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth parallels. But after Hudson had discovered and claimed the river, afterwards known by his name, and all the territory drained by it for the Dutch; and Champlain had discovered and claimed the Champlain and Ontario Lakes as tributaries of the St. Lawrence River for the French, then he more fully indicated his claim by grants to his colonists of territory which he described as lying between certain parallels and extending Westward to the great South Sea.

After King James's death, his son, King Charles, did not describe the boundary between Massachusetts and Connecticut to be the forty-second parallel as his father probably would have done, but tried to immortalize the Charles River by directing the line to be run due west from a point three miles south of its source, or most southern bend. Massachusetts desiring all the Connecticut River she was entitled to, sent surveyors who took the altitude of the pole star three miles south of Charles River and claimed to find the place on the Connecticut River where the pole star had the same altitude; which if correct would be due west from the point of beginning. This included the towns of Suffield and Enfield, within the Massachusetts limits, and was a subject of quarrel between the two colonies during the colonial period. There still remains a notch in the north line of Connecticut adjoining Suffield, about two miles square, belonging to Massachusetts, caused by an error in describing the corrected line; a blemish that has disfigured our maps for nearly a century marking the location of an instructing quarrel that had lasted more than a century previous, educating the people in mathematical application of latitude and longitude and movements of the pole star. One hundred years ago a person in Suffield could hear more in a short time about the north star than Frederick Douglass or Professor Swift ever knew.

Massachusetts next looked west and claimed the northern part of Columbia County to the Hudson River and wanted Livingston Manor, the southern part. She afterward looked farther westward and wanted the South Sea so as to include New York. Robert R. Livingston (who had been on the previous similar commission) and his associates representing New York, willing to give them the land to encourage immigration, favored their looking as far west as possible. They first confirmed an arrangement to give them ten towns containing thirty-six square miles each on the Tioga River; land that drained into and had been claimed by the Susquehanna and Chesapeake Bay system of drainage; also the land in the state west of Seneca Lake for settlement, it being fully understood that Massachusetts should have absolute ownership of the land if the Indian claims were satisfied.

Oliver Phelps lived in Suffield, one of the disputed towns, formerly in Massachusetts, then in Connecticut. His family were very old settlers of Windsor, the next adjoining town down the Connecticut River. When Massachusetts became the owner of Western New York, Oliver Phelps and others wanted it. They considered that the most valuable tract of land in the new territory was the portage on the west side of the Genesee River; including the navigable waters above and below the falls. They knew who could make a map of it that would be acceptable to a Massachusetts statesman, with latitude, longitude and all variations of the pole star corrected.

The surveyors commenced on the westerly bend of the Genesee River, where nature had made a place of easy access to the lower falls. From here they ran a line west; this was the center of Rowe Street, now Lexington Avenue. They also ran a line north and south, from the western bend of the river, on the plan of King Charles. This line is represented by Grape Street and Jefferson Avenue. On these two lines a "mercator map" six miles square was laid out, with meridians and parallels each one half-mile apart. Caledonia Avenue, the west boundary of the "Hundred-Acre Tract;" Jefferson Avenue, the west boundary of the village

of Rochester; Childs Street, the first west boundary of the city of Rochester and the present west city line, represent the meridians, half a mile apart; Buffalo Road, Lyell Avenue, Rowe Street and Ridge Road, the parallels, one mile apart. The intermediate half miles are not easily described, although readily traceable on the map.

This map represented the lower landing, the four falls, the rapids and water-power. The inaccessible banks on the east side indicated the west to be the practical side of the river. Mr. Phelps took this pioneer map of township No. 1, but did not "Trot it to Boston to buy a penny cake."

With the map and the Massachusetts obligations placed where they would do the most good, and competitors, including the purchasers of Township No. 1, taken in as silent partners, the firm of Phelps and Gorham became the practical owners of Ontario County in April, 1788, subject to the Indian claims, the land to be paid for in Massachusetts bonds. Ontario County was formed three months before, January 27, 1788, and included all the state of New York west of the pre-emption line, a meridian running through Sodus Bay and Seneca Lake to Pennsylvania. Oliver Phelps and his associates came here and during May and June secured the Indian claims to Ontario County, as far as the Genesee River, which the Indians said was intended by the Great Spirit to separate them from the whites.

The failure to secure the Indian title to lands west of the Genesee would cut off the map and possibly with it the confirmation of the purchase to the Genesee River. This attitude of the Great Spirit seemed very fortunate for Indian Ebenezer Allan, who had a claim on the west bank, at the mouth of Allan's creek, near Scottsville, of about five hundred acres, which would be confiscated to Phelps and Gorham according to the agreement of Robert R. Livingston and his associates.

Oliver Phelps probably saw Ebenezer Allan and said: "We have our Indian title from Seneca Lake to the Genesee. The Indians say we shall not cross." He showed Allan the map of Township No. 1, saying: "This is already sold to our

friends who aided us in our purchase." He cited the fact that the Boston "ten towns" that were conveyed to Massachusetts with Ontario County were sold the year previous (November 7, 1787) to a company, and were now fast filling up. He said: "If we do half as well as they within one year you will see one hundred families from the Connecticut River on one hundred farms in this tract." Oliver Phelps's offer apparently was to guarantee the title to the five hundred acres near Scottsville, and give Allan the Mill Lot of about one hundred acres to build mills on.

Allan appreciated the value of mills at the ford if he could secure the one hundred families for customers, and soon Mr. Phelps had another influential friend who assisted him to get a tract twelve miles wide, measured from the western bend of the Genesee River, for the mill customers to live on; and extending up the river to include fully the Allan claim near Scottsville.

The Indian title was soon secured (September 8, 1788) and the title to Phelps and Gorham confirmed (November 21, 1788). Ebenezer Allan expecting part of the hundred families in the spring of 1789, commenced the construction of the sawmill. First he erected the frame, then put in the machinery and soon had the saw at work on its own covering; afterwards he built the grist-mill.

Mr. Turner said it was during this summer that John Lusk came to Pittsford, cleared some land and applied to Allan for seed wheat. This was procured from Peter Shaffer to whom Allan had sold the 500 acres that Phelps and Gorham did not confiscate.

It was during the spring of this year that Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, in the city of New York, administered the oath of office to General George Washington, first President of the United States. Session after session of Congress met and adjourned while Allan waited for his first neighbor, until (November 8, 1790) Phelps and Gorham conveyed Township No. 1 to seven persons, five owning one-sixth each, and two, one-twelfth each.

Township No. 1 contained all the present town of Gates and enough from the south side of the town of Greece to include the present site of Holy Sepulchre cemetery. This

was bounded on the east by the "traverse" or water's edge of the Genesee River. From this was reserved the Mill Lot said to have been previously conveyed to Ebenezer Allan. When Greece was formed, March 22, 1822, the first line run in Western New York, Rowe Street, was made its southern boundary.

The next day after the execution of this deed, Phelps and Gorham reserved two townships and sold all the rest of the Phelps and Gorham purchase to Robert Morris; leaving the Allan mill to be supported by the above seven purchasers; six living in Northampton and one in Springfield, Massachusetts. Allan kept the mill about a year and a half longer, in all nearly four years, and then sold it to Benjamin Barton. He went up the river, near where somebody did live, and built another mill in the new town of Gibsonville. Barton sold to S. B. Ogden, and he to Charles Williamson in 1794. Williamson was also the owner of four thousand acres from the south side of Township No. 1. There then remained in the tract twenty thousand acres of which Oliver Phelps had become the half owner during the same year (1794). Probably about this time the map was reformed, the "20,000-Acre Tract" and the village of Genesee laid out in multiples of six to correspond with owner's shares. The present line of Lake Avenue was run from Rowe Street one and one-half miles northerly to the Landing Road. Twelve lots were laid out on the west side and twenty-four on the east. The lots below were sub-divided into twelve, making forty-eight lots in the village. The river front from Rowe Street south, not including the 100-Acre Tract, was divided into twelve parts.

Oliver Phelps, desiring to colonize and sell the tract, interested Zadock Granger of Suffield in the enterprise. In 1796, a tourists' expedition, consisting of Zadock Granger, Gideon King and others, started from Suffield to "view the promised land." Of this trip we must call on imagination to assist in furnishing some of the facts; but the incidents here related are what a party of such prospectors could, and probably did see.

About thirty miles on horseback brought them to Canaan on the left bank of the Housatonic River at the falls. The falls are about sixty feet over a ledge of limestone rock slightly broken. They are said on Connecticut authority, during high water to "possess a remarkable variety of beauty and grandeur." Thirty miles more the first day's ride brought the party to the city of Hudson. After the hostilities with Great Britain ceased this was a hamlet in Livingston Manor consisting of four families, in all eight men; one of whom was the proprietor of a canoe ferry. Another kept a small country store. A company bought the place and had it surveyed and laid out in oblong squares, with parallel streets, pleasantly located on a natural formation of land near Claverack Creek, with ample power for mills and manufactories. It had a dock to accommodate the largest ships, a port of entry, and was the most lively and active business place on the Hudson. The *State Gazeteer* says "it grew with great rapidity and soon became the center of a very extensive commercial business."

The next morning the travelers crossed the Hudson by ferry to Athens. This was not the old ferry, where each rider held the halter and swam the horse behind the canoe, but on this boat the horses as well as the riders were passengers.

Leaving Athens they went up the river road, looking back to get another view of the flourishing city, with their minds on the prospective Genesee on the Genesee. It was another thirty miles to Albany; thence they traveled westward about twenty miles more to Schenectady. They found the "Inland Navigation Company" had practically made a canal of the Mohawk River by locking around the falls and rapids connecting the upper Mohawk by canal with Wood Creek at Rome. At Little Falls a great impetus was given to business and population by the construction of the locks. The state road from Whitestown to Geneva via Auburn was cut through this year. Rome was just organized (March 4, 1796). A block-house, built a year or two before as a protection against the Indians, was at that time regarded needless. The canal across the divide connecting the Mohawk with Wood Creek, and the locks between

there and Oneida Lake were nearly completed. Everybody was jubilant along the line.

In 1790, George Scriba, a German merchant from New York, bought half a million acres of land between Ontario and Oneida Lakes. He started the town of Constantia with docks on Oneida Lake; constructed a harbor at the mouth of Salmon Creek, twelve miles west of Oswego, and laid out the town of Texas. He connected Constantia with Texas by constructing a turnpike road twenty miles in length.

Our prospectors visited Oswego and found it nearly desolate. In accordance with a treaty made by United States Minister Plenipotentiary John Jay (who was then Governor of the state of New York) the British were folding their tents and silently evacuating the place which they had occupied since the close of the Revolution in 1783. While they thought the route of the future would be the waterway from Oneida Lake to Oswego, they saw a canal almost completed, the east end within twenty miles of the Hudson and the west end twenty miles from Lake Ontario.

From Texas it was plain sailing along the coast to the Genesee River. A few days later they reached the Genesee and found the much-talked-of mills in all their lonesomeness, in a wilderness except a few trees cut away, some for the construction of the mills. Some had been sold and some sawed into lumber, which was waiting while it was seasoned and seasoning while it waited for purchasers. The five hundred dollars expended by Charles Williamson on the mills had put them in good running order.

They rode down and examined the west bank of the river, and the proposed landing, to Charlotte. Oliver Phelps called the land on the left bank of the Genesee, adjoining the falls, Canaan, from its similarity to Canaan in Connecticut. They inspected the lower falls and crossed the horse-ford, above the present site of the paper mill, rode down the east side of the river and had a view from Mr. Porter's Athens of the prospective Genesee across the river. They made a tour of the whole Phelps and Gorham purchase, including Bath in the new county of Steuben just erected, March 19, 1796.

Of the reception of our prospective purchasers we know nothing; but, with John Jay at the helm, and all fears of future hostilities on the part of the Indians allayed and everything in a condition of inflated prosperity, our tourists probably did not go hungry. They were impressed with the enterprise and energy of Charles Williamson. Although his attention was in the direction of Bath, the fact of his laying out $500 at the ford indicated his intention also to advance his interests on the Genesee. A live, energetic man, right here was a strong inducement to our prospectors to make the "District of the Genesee," their home. They returned to Suffield expecting to remove to Genesee in the spring. The young people were anxious to go sooner. They probably cast their last votes in Connecticut for a successor to Washington, who read his farewell address to Congress December 7, 1796; and during the winter, Zadock Granger's son Eli, Gideon King's two sons, Thomas and Simon, and Elijah Kent, all with their families, left Suffield, and arriving at Genesee constructed log houses on the east side of the present Lake avenue, below the Ridge road, using lumber from the mill for flooring, roof, etc.

On January 13, 1797, Oliver Phelps conveyed to Gideon King and Zadock Granger 3,000 acres of land each. In the spring of 1797, Gideon King again visited the Genesee and left his deed for record in Canandaigua, March 18, 1797. On authority of Mr. Turner, Gideon King, with his son Simon, Eli Granger and Elijah Kent, attended the town meeting, April, 1797, at the house of Peter Shaffer near Scottsville, in the new town of Northampton, which included all west of Genesee River, and all were made town officers. Gideon King built a house on the south side of the road from the present Lake Avenue to the landing, about opposite the old Steamboat Hotel. He returned to Suffield and with his wife and the remaining four children, Bildad, Mary, Bradford and Moses, accompanied by his wife's brother, Daniel Graham and wife, came and occupied the new house on the King's Landing Road in October, 1797. After living there ten months Gideon King and his brother-in-law, Daniel Graham, both died in August, 1798, and

Bildad, the third son of Gideon, died two months later in October. About this time Ebenezer Rowe, who probably bought the first farm on the Twenty-Thousand-Acre Tract, and for whom Rowe Street was afterwards named, died; also many others in the vicinity. On a headstone erected for Gideon King and family in 1830, was inscribed, "The Genesee fever was mortal to most heads of families in 1798, and prevented further settlements until about 1815."

The reader of this paper, while examining a library at Poughkeepsie for information on the within subject, was informed by the librarian that her people were intending to go to the Genesee to settle, but the deaths of so many early settlers before 1800 prevented. A large immigration was expected through the influence of the several proprietors from their homes in Northampton, Springfield, Suffield and other towns along the Connecticut River. Gideon King commenced the grading of a roadway down the steep bank of the river to the landing, and the construction of a dock along the river's edge.

Previous to Gideon King's death he arranged an exchange of the homestead in Suffield for one thousand acres more of land. The transfer of the Suffield property was made, and Gideon King had a contract for the thousand acres. After his death a party from Suffield by false statements to Simon, son of Gideon, and administrator of his estate, obtained the contract. Oliver Phelps did not convey the land. Thomas and Simon King, with their families and their sister, Mary, remained in Northampton. Ruth Graham King, widow of Gideon, with her two sons, Bradford and Moses, and her brother's widow, Lydia Goodrich Graham, returned to Suffield during the winter of 1798-9. The home was gone. They were treated with the utmost kindness by Oliver Phelps and family; Mrs. King believing, from the friendly and nearer relations of the families for many years, that it was as he said a transaction that he could not prevent. About 1802, Mrs. King, with her two sons, Bradford and Moses, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Graham, lived in New York city on John Street near Broadway; pastured cows along the creek that was dredged out

as a canal and afterwards filled up to form Canal Street. They boarded relatives and sold milk, but returned to Suffield early in 1804. Of the original seven proprietors of Township No. 1 in 1790, only two held any interest in the "Twenty-Thousand-Acre Tract" in 1797. Oliver Phelps's sale to King and Granger of 3,000 acres each left him 4,000 acres of his half interest. Justin Ely, of Springfield, Mass., still held his one-sixth. Samuel Hinckley, of Northampton, Mass., the owner of another one-sixth, had sold parts to his townsmen, John Stone and Silas Graves. The three still owned the sixth. Charles Harford, a new purchaser from Ovid, New York, had one-twelfth, and Waterman Eddy and William W. Williams, both new purchasers from Suffield, Conn., owned the other twelfth.

An agreement of partition was drawn up indicating the allotment satisfactory to all the above proprietors; but was not signed by Gideon King. He wanted another allotment or a transfer to include his 1,000 acres. On the eighth day of August, 1798, he died without signing it; leaving the titles of all the others, particularly Oliver Phelps's, in uncertainty; it being well-known that 1,000 of the 4,000 acres set aside to Oliver Phelps equitably belonged to Gideon King's estate.

On March 20, 1801, a special act was procured reciting the agreement of division between the above seven parties, and that Gideon King died previous to signing. It enacted that if all the other parties to the allotment signed it, and if it was also signed by Thomas and Simon King, two of the heirs, it should be as valid as if signed by Gideon King during his lifetime. In pursuance of this act the division was made which practically settled the titles of five of the parties to the contract and improved that of Oliver Phelps, but was not recorded until 1814.

In the spring of 1804, Mrs. King rode on horseback and alone from Suffield to Canandaigua to attend the division of her late husband's estate. In the allotment of the tract just mentioned, the land between Lake Avenue and the river, adjacent to the falls, called Canaan, was owned by Phelps, Granger and King. This had been considered the future

residence of their families. Oliver Phelps, then living in Canandaigua, gave his interest in this tract to Mrs. King, May 16, 1804, also the half-mile square of land known as the Pool and Rochester farms on Lyell Road, as a peace or some other kind of offering.

The next month, June 7, 1804, the partition was made between the heirs of Gideon King, and also between them and Oliver Phelps, which practically cleared his title and perfected his claim to the thousand acres. The conveyance of Canaan, made the month before by Oliver Phelps to Mrs. King, was afterward found to be worthless. During this summer Mrs. King returned alone on horseback to Suffield. About 1814, she came and lived alternately with her sons Bradford and Moses, in Rochester and vicinity, until her death in 1830.

Thomas, the oldest son of Gideon King, built a gristmill on the Ridge Road, dressed boulders for grinding stones, and ran the mill until the stream was destroyed by the construction of the Erie Canal. He gave his land to his children and bought another farm on Long Pond; was a trapper and hunter. All removed to Michigan, where Thomas died about 1840.

Simon, second son of Gideon, died in 1805. His family also went to Michigan, except his daughter, Mary, who was born October 22, 1799. She married Thomas Faulkner, of Wheatland, in 1817. Their son, John Gideon Faulkner, still lives on the old homestead.

Bradford King died April 13, 1875, and Moses King, July 5, 1881.

The plan on which Township No. 1 was surveyed by dividing it into half mile squares or quarter sections, was adopted by the United States surveyor general for all government surveys about 1802.

First Families of Rochester and Their Dwellings

By Edward R. Foreman

Editor's Note: Edwin Scrantom was the fifth in a family of eight children, being born in Durham, Connecticut, October 9, 1803. With his parents he arrived at the present site of Rochester, May 1, 1812. As Edwin Scrantom grew to manhood he learned the printer's trade, and became publisher of *The Gem,* the first literary paper of a magazine order published in Rochester. Naturally, he was much interested in the history of his community, and wrote a series of newspaper articles covering early village days. These articles were signed "An Old Citizen," and appeared in the *Democrat,* occasionally, over a period of seventeen years; they were numbered, and ran to one hundred and seventy-two; the first, was published in the *Democrat and American,* June 16, 1862, and the last, in the *Democrat and Chronicle,* May 1, 1879, exactly sixty-seven years from the day of his arrival in Rochester, and the year before his death, which occurred October 3, 1880.

When the Scrantom family arrived at the Falls, in 1812, they lived, for sixty days, on the east side of the Genesee River, in a shanty belonging to Enos Stone, Jr., out of which the Stone family had recently moved. This was the first frame dwelling constructed in Rochester (See illustration). In his first published letter Edwin Scrantom describes this temporary home as follows:

"The frame was four posts set in the earth, with joists between them horizontally at top and bottom, and upon these were pinned inch-and-a-half plank. These plank ran up so as to form a peak or gable ends, across which was a ridgepole supporting a roof built of slabs. There were two openings—one for the door, the other, near it, for a window. Inside, cross-pieces were pinned in just at the lower part or eaves of the roof, and on these were laid part of the way across, boards, which served for a chamber floor, and a ceiling for the room below. A quantity of stones, for a fireplace, were piled up in one end of this room, which was about 14 by 20, and rough boards for a floor were laid upon the ground, which came as near the fireplace as prudence allowed. The hearth, which was one of nature's make, was a broad one, and the smoke, when the wind of the open door did not send it rollicking through the room and into our eyes and noses, was let out at the top through an open place in the roof. We had neither cellar nor chamber. Into this place we disposed ourselves, and in it composed ourselves, for over sixty of the longest days and dreariest nights that ever wanderers saw in this world —and on the shortest allowance, not seeing an ounce of butter or tea,

coffee, or sugar during nearly the whole time. . . . On the 4th of July, 1812, we left our plank shanty on the east side, and removed to our log one on the Eagle Hotel lot."

Captain Enos Stone had three sons; Orange, Enos and Alvah. He joined with General Chauncey Hyde of Lenox, and others, in 1789, in the purchase from Phelps and Gorham, of Township Number 13, now Brighton, Monroe County, New York, where he settled his three sons, each on a good farm. That of Enos Stone, Jr., was located on the east bank of the Genesee River between the present East Main and Court Streets, Rochester. Enos Stone, Jr., and wife, settled there in March, 1810; and on May 4, 1810, James S. Stone was born. Later, Enos Jr., became an agent for Colonel Nathaniel Rochester in the sale of lots in the One-Hundred-Acre Tract. Captain Enos Stone, Sr., came to Rochester in 1816, to reside with his son Enos, Jr. He died in 1822, and rests in Mount Hope Cemetery.

January 9, 1891, a special committee of The Rochester Historical Society was appointed to investigate the history of the first house built by Enos Stone, Jr.; the committee consisting of Clinton Rogers, Chairman, Dr. Isaac Gibbard and Dr. Porter Farley. May 8, 1891, the chairman presented a report covering the story of the house, indicating that the shed then standing in the rear of 53 Elm Street was, in fact, the first frame dwelling erected in what is now the city of Rochester. The Elm Street dwelling, and the old shed in the rear, have been destroyed since, to give place for the modern structures.

In November, 1899, Charles T. Howard, of the Rochester Camera Club, took a photograph of the Enos Stone house which is reproduced herein (See illustration).

In the last letter he ever published (May 1st, 1879), Edwin Scrantom refers again to the Enos Stone house, as follows:

"As I have often described the lands here in early days in former communications, as well as some of the original houses, I have thought proper once more to speak of the Enos Stone house, which was occupied by himself and his family before May 1st, 1812, when the writer arrived at the Genesee Falls. That house stood on the bank of the Genesee, on the east side, nearly opposite the entrance to the Erie Canal aqueduct. It was a small, one-story building, and was occupied by the family a few years, until they became too numerous to be accommodated by such small limits. The building was afterward removed into a large lot near Chestnut Street called the Peck Tract, which contained about a dozen acres, bought of Enos Stone by Peres P. Peck, and by him laid out into lots and sold. This first house was removed about the year 1822, as near as can be ascertained. For many years it stood alone in a field and unoccupied, until at length the lots around it were bought, and building began to be erected around it. Chestnut Street was opened, and Court,

The Enos Stone House. The first frame dwelling erected on the east side of the Genesee River in what is now the city of Rochester. Photograph taken by Charles T. Howard, November, 1899.

See Editor's Note on opposite page.

Elm and other streets were laid out. In the course of events, the old house got hemmed in by a lot near the southwest corner of Chestnut and Elm Streets, and at this writing it is still there, in the yard back of a double brick boarding house on Elm Street. We visited the building a few days since in company with Schuyler Moses, one of our oldest citizens; Mr. Moses came to Rochester early, and was one of the persons employed in building Atkinson's mill on Johnson's Race, the first grist mill on the east side of the river. Mr. Moses built the first house on Chestnut Street, and occupied it in 1825. He remembers distinctly the old Enos Stone house, and learned from Mr. Stone himself that this building, now in the lot near Elm Street, where I have described it, was and is the veritable building and dwelling of the original pioneer.

"In visiting this relic of the past, we found it covered by matched boards, painted on the outside side. This covering is supposed to be the second, which was put on in later years. The original covering, as I remember, was of whitened clapboards. The old frame, with the old-time braces in the corners is well preserved, and shows by its structure that it is a thing of the past. The size of the building is fourteen by eighteen, and it is eight and one-half feet high in the eaves, and is covered by a steep roof. The building is of little use, being a waste room, and also is at present used by children as a kennel for rabbits. It is of consequence for the history that attaches to it, as the first house of the first resident of Rochester. There are some recollections about it to the writer that makes it of interest. The day he first called at its door, when a boy, he remembers meeting a stripling girl there. This was a daughter of Enos Stone, Miss Clarissa Stone, who is still a resident of this city. But I do not choose to say anything further of this old house, or that old meeting, and really it seems more like a dream than a reality, as the reader may well imagine. Like one going out on the ocean, who, heaving a deep sigh, sits watching the last faint lines of his native land as they fade finally out; so these far-off scenes gather melancholy thoughts, and a sigh as they are but dimly seen in the long ago. They are soon to fade out forever I know, yet the memory of them is sweet.

"I said in my communication on the sixty-sixth anniversary of my entrance into Rochester that I might, if spared to write another, write it from Mt. Hor in the southeast part of the city, but this, for certain reasons, I have thought best not to do. I am not as young as when I wrote from that forest-covered retreat fifty years ago, and shall ask to be excused. To my readers, who have read my remarks on the growth of this place for the last twenty-five or thirty years, and the very few remaining pioneers and the children of the pioneers, I bid you a kind farewell." "An Old Citizen."

The first dwelling erected on the One-Hundred-Acre Tract [excepting the huts at the Allan Mills] was the log cabin built by Henry Skinner for Hamlet Scrantom. It stood on Lot Number One, the site of the

present Powers Buildings. The cabin was completed in June, 1812, and on July 4th, the Scrantom family moved in, leaving the Enos Stone house across the river. A house-warming was celebrated with patriotic bonfires.

The first Main Street bridge over the Genesee River was completed in 1812, and published herein is a fanciful sketch of that structure showing the Scrantom log cabin across the river in its wilderness setting (See illustration).

At the right of the Main Street entrance of the Powers Buildings appears a bronze tablet erected by the late D. W. Powers for The Rochester Historical Society. The inscription is as follows:

On the Site of this Building, Hamlet Scrantom,
A.D. 1812
Built the first Dwelling House on
The One-Hundred-Acre Tract
—of—
Rochester, Fitzhugh & Carroll

A model of this primitive structure, made to realize the recollection of Edwin Scrantom, may now (1925) be seen in the tower of the Powers Buildings. An illustration of how the old log cabin actually appeared is published herein. In *The Rochester Gem* (New Series, No. 1, published January 1, 1879; the only issue of the new series) Edwin Scrantom makes the following comment on this familiar picture:

"It is fitting that the Editor of the *Gem* should commence his new enterprise with the old log house which was his first home, if such a log shanty can be called a home, in this city. Although he dictated the drawing of the log house represented in this number of the *Gem,* and paid for the plate in 1871, the engraver varied from his instructions in two essential particulars. First, he did not make a window in the south end, near the tree, about the middle end of the building, as he was instructed to do; and secondly, he left off the fence which ran around the entire building, which was a pole fence tied together with withes around small posts which were driven in the ground by an axe. And I may add that the personification of my mother feeding chickens was an invention of his, for there were not as many hens on the ground afterwards designated as a village, as appears in the plate. But no matter, the artist was a man of a rural turn of mind no doubt, and he knew there was a good place for hens around in the woods. He had no need to put a coop either where there never was one. But, a thing he should have done, was to have put a high old black oak tree where he has put a couple of cedars that never were there. This old black oak had a swarm of bees in it, and we cut it down in the fall of 1812, and it fell into State Street, shaking the ground for half a mile around with the concussion, as its giant form struck the earth with a terrible crash,

Drawing made for Edwin Scrantom of the log cabin occupied by the family of Hamlet Scrantom for six years, July 4, 1812, to 1818. This cabin stood upon the site of the present (1925) Powers Buildings.

See Editor's Note on opposite page.

smashing its immense top into a thousand pieces! I recollect the time, and the large amount of honey we secured, and better, that we got gloriously stung by the infuriated, myriad swarm of bees, that defended their rights a long time inch by inch, and never yielded till the fire that we kindled in the top, and fed by relays of brush from the near woods, made martyrs of every one of them in the fire! But the plate is pretty fair, and in more things than one, to me, is very suggestive."

In his "Old Citizen" letters Edwin Scrantom frequently described life in his log cabin home at the Four Corners and wrote the following verses in its memory:

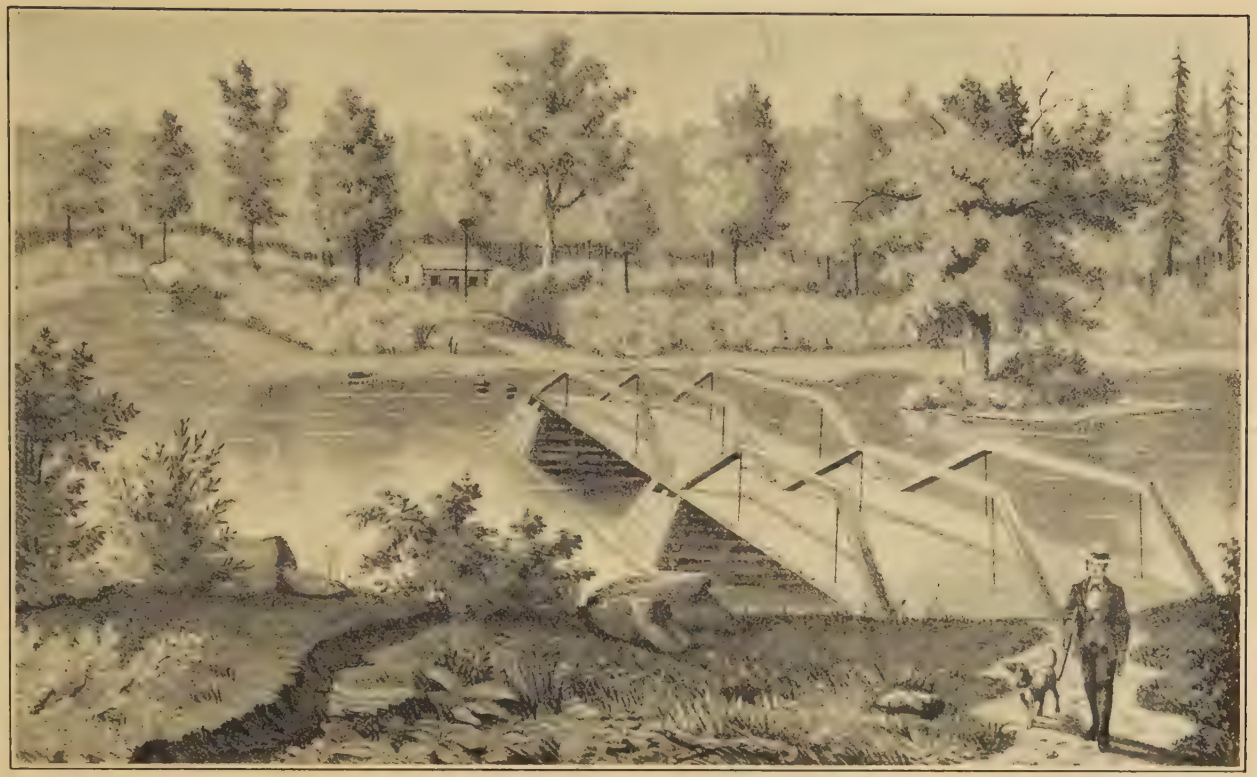
MY EARLY HOME

Back on the misty track of time,
In memory's flickering light,
I see the scenes of other days
Like meteors in the night.
The garden, with its low-built fence,
With stakes and withes to tie it;
The rude log house, my early home,
And one wide maple by it.

Rude were the sports 'round that wild home,
When little hands were twined,
And echoing woods swept back the joy,
Like voices in the wind.
And there gay birds on bending spray
Their wild-wood songs have given—
The robin sang at dawn of day,
And whippoorwill at even.

But leaves are scattered not more wild,
By autumn winds uphurled,
Than all that group of faces bright
Upon the wide, wide world.
But still on memory's page, in light
Which time can ne'er destroy,
Stand out those scenes, that house and tree,
A lost, but sacred joy.

This song was set to music in 1843, by L. Thayer Chadwick, a talented musician, who was then in this city and had a music store in the Arcade. Mr. Chadwick was engaged with the celebrated singer Henry Russell, in his concerts, which were given at that time all over Western New York with marked success, starting from Rochester.



Fanciful sketch of the Main Street Bridge over the Genesee River at Rochester, N. Y., as it appeared in 1812. In the middle distance, across the river, on the west side, appears the log cabin of Hamlet Scrantom, erected on the site of the present Powers Buildings, Main and State Streets.

Pioneer Associations of Rochester

By Edward R. Foreman

Editor's Note: The first meeting of the Pioneers called for the purpose of commemorating the early settlement of Rochester was held at the Blossom Hotel, September 30, 1847. This "Pioneer Festival" became an annual event which was repeated for many years, until the Old Guard surrendered in 1875.

Upon organization, Enos Stone was elected President; Judge Ashley Sampson, Ralph Parker and Oliver Culver, Vice-Presidents; sixty-two were present at this first Festival, or sent letters joining the organization, which, at the outset, was to comprise only those who were here prior to January 1, 1819; of the Charter Members, Ex-Mayor Charles J. Hill was the last to pass away, July 19, 1883. Later, after organization, the qualification for membership was extended to admit all who resided in Western New York prior to 1820; the number of members then increased rapidly so that, as late as 1860, there were ninety men and forty women connected with the Society.

July 15, 1856, the Junior Pioneer Association was organized, the condition of admission being that the applicant should have resided here before 1825; the limit being subsequently extended to 1830. The first officers were: President, Ezra M. Parsons, of Gates; Treasurer, George W. Fisher; Corresponding Secretary, L. Ward Smith; Chairman of Executive Committee, Jarvis M. Hatch; Chairman of the Committee on Historical Collections, William A. Reynolds.

About 1863, the Junior Pioneer Association was merged with the old Pioneer Society, and the consolidated body continued until June 8, 1875.

In 1848, were published the proceedings of the first two Pioneer Festivals, September 30, 1847, and October 12, 1848, (Butts and Merrell Press, Rochester, 1848). A copy of this pamphlet is in the library of The Rochester Historical Society; also the original Minute Book of The Pioneers of Rochester, the first record being September 14, 1847, and the last, June 8, 1875; also the original record of the Committee on Historical Collections, Contributions, and Reminiscences.

The introduction to the printed proceedings of 1847, follows:

"It having pleased a kind Providence to spare the lives of many of the first settlers, or Pioneers, of this flourishing and beautiful city, it was suggested that the hardships and privations endured by them, should be commemorated in an appropriate manner by the survivors.

"In accordance with this suggestion, several preliminary meetings were held by them, which resulted in the adoption of a series of resolutions, designed to control their future proceedings.

"It was determined in the first place, to convene a Social Meeting, to be composed of Pioneers who had settled at, or who were born in Rochester, prior to the first of January, 1819, and who were then residents of the city or its vicinity.

"After the adoption of resolutions expressive of gratitude to God, for having preserved the lives and the health of so many of them, and also of their determination to conduct the proposed celebration on principles of Temperance, a Committee of Arrangements, composed of the following gentlemen, was appointed, viz.:

"Enos Stone, "Aaron Newton,
"Harvey Montgomery, "Moses Chapin,
"Samuel G. Andrews, "Jonathan Packard,
"Charles J. Hill.

"At the meeting of the Committee of Arrangements, held at the office of the Chairman, Sept. 18, 1847, Col. A. Newton was chosen Secretary, and it was decided that the Pioneer Jubilee be held at the Blossom Hotel, on the 30th of that month.

"At a subsequent meeting of the Committee, Messrs. Silas O. Smith and Hervey Ely, were added thereto. It was also resolved, that in the event of the death of a Pioneer, whose name should be enrolled as a member thereof, it shall be the duty of the survivors to attend the funeral of the deceased, in a body."

The original Minutes of the Pioneers of Rochester contain many autographs of the early settlers, with their ages, and a record of the dates on which they came to Rochester.

The first entry in the Minute Book is as follows:

"The Pioneers of Rochester, 1847—Their incipient meetings, and the objects then proposed to be accomplished by them:

"Although the settlement of the Genesee Country, and especially that portion of it embraced within the chartered limits of Rochester, is of comparatively recent date, yet there were trials and privations connected with it which were deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a gathering of those who had participated in them, thereby placing on record, for the benefit of the present and coming generations, the experience and personal recollections of each, as connected with this interesting and trying period of Western New York History.

"In furtherance of this object, several preliminary meetings were held by the Pioneers, resulting in a published call for a social dinner party at the Blossom Hotel, on a day therein specified. This call was confined to those who were residents of, the now City of Rochester at and before the year 1818. The result was an assemblage of a large

portion of the then living, early settlers, around the Social Board—a board from which were excluded all intoxicating beverages—whose personal relations were of an exciting character; blending the grave and gay in admirable proportions, fully justifying the action which had convened so interesting an assemblage.

"The personal relations, the sentiments uttered, in a word, the entire proceedings of this initial meeting of the Rochester Pioneers, will be found of a deeply interesting character and should be chronicled *in extenso* as the first regular movement for the preservation of the more minute portions of the history of the early settlement of Western New York; thereby awarding justice to those to whom belongs the honor of laying the foundations of one of the most flourishing cities in the State.

"But the interest of the Record does not terminate here; on the contrary, will be found greatly enhanced by the addition of a long array of Autographs, by the hands of those whose toil first cleared away the dense and umbrageous forest and thereby letting the sun's rays light up the face of the flowing Genesee. To those who are to succeed the Pioneers, in the drama of life, these Autographs placed on this record by those who composed the meetings, which the succeeding pages are designed to chronicle, will possess no common interest; whether of the immediate or the more remote relationship of those whose names are here associated.

"But enough of explanation, as all needed ones will be found in the succeeding record of the incipient meetings and in the address of the President, Enos Stone, Esq., on the occasion of the gathering of the "Conscript Fathers" for the commemoration of their toils, their privations, and their triumphs, in removing the impediments, always found in the way of those on whom devolves the labor of opening up a new country, to the enterprise of the more accomplished farmer, the mechanic, and those devoted to the sciences and the arts of a more advanced civilization.

"In short, it is intended that the following Record shall be a kind of initial leaf, the beginning of what it is hoped will become a kind of annual abstract, of the sayings and doings of the 'old ones,' during each successive year, but whether this plan shall be followed or not, the example is here set by the Pioneers of 1847, who thus commit their labors to the scrutiny of those whom 'rolling years' shall bring after them."

"Rochester, Nov. 30, 1847."

The last record appearing in the Pioneers' Minute Book is somewhat pathetic:

"1875"

"Meeting of the Pioneer Society of Western New York on Tuesday, the 8th day of June, 1875. Meeting opened by prayer by the Rev. Charles E. Furnam, and a hymn by the members, and an address from the President, Gen'l. A. W. Riley.

"The Society having run down in attendance of members for the last few years, and notice having been given that a dissolution of the Society would be agitated, the Secretary explained the views of some of the leading members, and stating the origin and history of the Society, among which that it had embraced 482 members during its existence of 28 years, and there being now alive and living in the city of Rochester about 100 members who never meet with us, it seemed an indication by the public that we had outlived our usefulness, and after the discussion of various members the motion was made and carried in the affirmative by a strong vote.

"It was then moved that the books, medals, all society appertenances be deposited in the Athenaeum; when, with a farwell hymn, the Society ceased to exist.

"L. B. LANGWORTHY,
"aged 88 years."

Chronological List of Papers

Read before The Rochester Historical Society

1922 - 1925

EDITOR'S NOTE: In Volume I, Publication Fund Series (pages 245-247), appears a Chronological List of Papers read before The Rochester Historical Society. The list was brought down to November 4, 1922. Since that date the following papers have been read:

December 18, 1922, "The History of the Jews of Rochester, by Rabbi Horace J. Wolf, of Temple Berith Kodesh.

January 15, 1923, "Reminiscences of the Pundit Club," by Professor William Carey Morey, of the University of Rochester. This was Doctor Morey's last public appearance; he died at his home, January 21, 1925.

February 9, 1923, "Natural Wonders of the Southwest," by Frederick I. Monsen.

March 27, 1923, "An Outline of North Country History," by Harold B. Johnson, Editor of the *Watertown Daily Times.*

April 23, 1923, "Expedition of the Marquis de Denonville against the Seneca Indians in 1687," by George B. Selden, Jr.

June 9, 1923, Field Meeting over the Denonville Trail to Boughton Hill, Victor, N. Y., led by George B. Selden, Jr. Mr. Selden delivered several short talks at points of interest.

November 16, 1923, "Sketch of Scottsville and Vicinity," by Judge Selden S. Brown, Surrogate of Monroe County.

December 12, 1923, "Historic New York," illustrated with lantern slides, by Harry C. Ostrander, of Yonkers, New York. The speaker also showed a film illustrating the development of flowers.

January 10, 1924, "The Genesee Country—Its Place in New York State History; and the proposed Celebration of the State's Part in the Revolutionary War," by William Pierrepont White, of Utica, New York.

February 19, 1924, "Significance of the Early Religious History of Rochester," by Rev. Orlo J. Price, D. D.

March 14, 1924, "Music in Rochester, 1909 to 1924," by Stewart B. Sabin. This meeting was held in Kilbourn Hall, under the joint auspices of The Eastman School of Music and The Rochester Historical Society.

June 28, 1924, Dedication of a bronze tablet on Bevier Memorial Building, Mechanics Institute, in honor of Col. Nathaniel Rochester; also exercises at Col. Rochester's grave, Mount Hope Cemetery; under the joint auspices of the Historical Society and Rochester Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution. A full account of the proceedings appears in Volume III, Publication Fund Series.

October 28, 1924, "Three Famous Visitors to Rochester —Daniel Webster, General Winfield Scott, Abraham Lincoln," by Colonel Samuel C. Pierce.

November 21, 1924, "La Salle and the Jesuits," by A. Emerson Babcock. This was the first part of Mr. Babcock's "History of the Town of Brighton."

December 17, 1924, "The United States Marshal's Office in the World War," by John D. Lynn.

January 29, 1925, "Life in an Ancient Algonquin Village in Central New York," illustrated by lantern slides, by Dr. Alanson Skinner, Curator of the Museum of Anthropology of the American Indian, New York, N. Y.

February 27, 1925, "Experiences of an Explorer in the Deserts of Southwestern United States," illustrated by lantern slides, by Frederick I. Monsen.

April 30, 1925, "Etienne Brûlé, the First White Man in the Genesee Country," illustrated with maps, by George B. Selden, Jr.

July 11, 1925, Second Field Meeting over the Denonville Trail, covering the territory from Boughton Hill to Totiakton, and the return march, led by George B. Selden, Jr. Mr. Selden delivered several short talks at points of interest; also Dr. Arthur C. Parker, Director of the Municipal Museum, of the City of Rochester, completely described his excavations at Boughton Hill.

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